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To Anna K. Emmet
from her
friend
R. Finn
1897.

THE MOTHER CONCEALED

THE

WREATH OF FRIENDSHIP;

A

TOKEN OF REGARD.

EDITED BY CHARLES CECIL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

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THE RECONCILIATION.

"For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and perpetual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

Why was opposition raised by parents on either side to an alliance so suitable, in point of age, of property, of rank, of education, — above all, of mutual confidence and esteem, as that which Albert Manville and his cousin Amelia were constrained secretly, yet sacredly to form? Why were young persons, so exemplary for filial reverence and obedience in all other cases, and so anxious to exemplify them in this, constrained to put on the appearance of filial rebellion? On both sides, the opposition was a political one. The families, though nearly related in blood, were severed by questions rising out of the revolution of 1688, and revived, with nearly all their original force, on the death of Queen Anne, the last sovereign of the Stuart race, and the accession of George the First instead of the young Pretender.

Mr. Manville was a stanch Jacobite, as much opposed to the House of Hanover as to that of Orange; and though his son Albert had begun to waver in his early attachment to the family politics, not even his love for Amelia had yet induced him to avow any decided change; while his stern, yet fond father, had no fear of his apostacy, if he could but keep him from marrying his more liberal cousin. She was descended from a family that first joined the standard of the Prince of Orange in Devonshire, and had been taught by a mother devoted to the principles of the revolution, to identify the Stuarts with Popery, and to consider them aliens to British institutions, interests, and happiness. But to a young and ardent couple like Albert and Amelia, these questions, with all their national importance, had become completely subordinate to their affection for each other, and were lost in their anxiety to unite again their contending families on loftier and lovelier ground. They had often wondered in very early life that their parents should hate each other for the sake of kings whom they never saw, and as they grew up, they ventured to remonstrate on such a state of things. When they found an alliance with each other essential to their mutual happiness, they wondered and remonstrated still more, because political differences were allowed to stand in the way of their happiness; and that they, who had done no harm to either party, should be punished by the sacrifice of all that seemed likely to render life valuable. Objections, weak and frivolous in their view, were suffered to operate to an

extent far beyond their importance. Moreover, they were urged with so much spleen, and so little reason and kindness, that, being already independent, and expecting very soon to be much more so, the young lovers resolved, on Albert's coming of age, to steal a marriage rather than not marry at all.

They did not take this serious step without apprising the parents of their purpose, and assuring them that no opportunity would be omitted of testifying, in every affair which did not thus involve their conscience and their peace, the most faithful and affectionate regard to their parents' will. Little opportunity, however, was afforded of their putting this filial vow to the test. The widowed mother could no more endure the sight of the daughter, after she had married a Jacobite's son, than Mr. Manville could allow himself to relax in her favour when he remembered her revolutionary descent. It is difficult, indeed, to state the extent of bitterness to which they carried on their opposition to their united and affectionate children. Nor, on any principle of reason or consistency, can it be accounted for. It was not the remains of ancient rivalship, nor the hatred of contested rank, that so completely divided them; for they had formerly been in friendship with one another; while their alliance in blood shews them to have descended from one common ancestor at no remote period.

Added to the political rancour of these families, and rising out of it, they cherished a religious disaffection and hatred, not less powerful nor less virulent, but

much more difficult to explain. Every one knows that but a small portion of the friends of the Stuarts adopted the popery of James the Second. Thousands and tens of thousands, who declined the oath to William and Mary when James was exiled, continued warmly attached to the Protestant religion. Of the episcopal bench, Archbishop Sancroft and others renounced their dignity rather than what they called their loyalty, and retired into private life rather than vow allegiance to the Prince of Orange; yet, instead of being Papists, like James, they were sound Protestants, like his successor. On the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of George the First, this remarkable distinction made no conspicuous appearance, and was no longer deemed of importance. A Stuart had preceded him, and held undivided possession of the throne; and that Stuart, like her predecessor, was a Protestant and a daughter of James. Hence any one might shew disaffection to George the First, without the suspicion of Popery; though to advance to active measures in favour of the Pretender, could not but involve that suspicion—a circumstance that contributed more than all others to keep the kingdom secure, and the house of Hanover on the throne.

Such was the father of Albert; disaffected in the greatest degree to the new sovereign—accustomed to speak of him in the bitterest strain of invective and contempt—resolved on severing all connexion with those who favoured his accession and authority; yet afraid to commit himself to any positive undertaking to

restore the race of James to the throne, lest he should be deemed an enemy to the Reformed religion. The Revolution he hated, as a political event at variance with all his hereditary and loyal prejudices; but the Reformation he continued to admire, as a change in the religion of the country rendered necessary by the spirit of the times, which would no longer allow the Pope to have any authority in these realms.

Few subjects are more involved than this; and the involvement continues to this day in the ultra Tory notions of those who are the bitterest enemies of Popery, and the heartless opposition carried on against the Catholics of Ireland by those who, in all their political peculiarities and prejudices, are still friendly to the Stuarts' reign. What is the religion for which this clamorous party are pleading? They call it the religion of the church; but it is, in fact, the mere religion of the state—whatever religion the state incorporates—that they care for. If the state espoused the religion of Mahomet or of Confucius, they would contend for it with equal zeal. If the state were to become, what they affect to dread, a Catholic state, they would contrive to turn Catholics, that they might still be of the state religion. It is only because that religion happens to be on the whole scriptural, and to profess the leading principles of Christianity, that they can, with the least propriety, call it the religion of a *church;* while the circumstance of its being the religion of "the Church of England by law established," is all that enters into their anxiety to defend. It is the secular

machinery of the church, and not its sacred and spiritual principles, that appears in their view to be worthy of defence. Hence it is that the most zealous advocates of the Church are the bitterest enemies of the Catholics. Professing, as they do, many of the leading principles of the Catholic religion under the name of Protestantism—descended, as they are, from Catholic ancestors, whom they acknowledge to have been Christians in as high a degree as themselves—adopting a liturgy translated from the Roman ritual and missal almost without a deviation;—advocating the very spirit and essence of Popery in their notions of an apostolic priesthood, still invested in a Protestant church with the power of absolving from sin, and giving effect to a multitude of human ceremonies by their consecration and rank,—it might have been expected that, though separated by an Act of Parliament from the see of Rome, they would still look on their holy mother with filial reverence and respect, and that in proportion to her age and infirmities. But no! the Catholic hierarchy has been spoiled of its possessions and splendour by the predominant hand of Protestantism; and the latter feels all the jealousy, and hatred, and dread, consequent on such a deed, and would resist to blood the least encroachment of the parent church, from which it derived its property, its priesthood, its prayers, yea, its very existence on the earth!

To return from this digression. Some years passed away, and the young couple received no visit nor any communication from the parents on either side. Soon

after their marriage, they had come some seventy miles southward from the district of both their native homes, and had taken up their abode in a small, but beautiful house in Leicestershire, a few miles from the county town. Albert began gratifying a favourite propensity in rearing a few cattle of a select and novel breed; while Amelia spent the first part of her time in superintending the enlargement and decoration of the cottage, and its limited but admirable grounds; and in a few months her attention was transferred to preparing for the arrival of an expected addition to their little establishment. It would have increased their happiness to have received one acceptance of their occasional invitations to their parents, or one answer to their respectful and affectionate letters: but as they felt assured by approving consciences that no guilt of theirs had brought this neglect upon them, they were still happy. They had gained the esteem of the best circles around: the poor of their neighbourhood blessed and reverenced them; and between themselves, a hallowed confidence and love was established which there are no words to describe—it must be felt before it can be understood. Two lovely children augmented their bliss, while they varied and perfected their occupations, so far as occupations could be perfect, which no parent's tongue blest, and no parent's eye bore witness to.

In a few years, the northern half of the country became a scene of confusion and alarm, and the rapid advance of the Pretender's forces impelled many

families to flee towards London, to the abandonment of their houses and lands, and all possessions but what were secured in parts on which the feet of the invader were forbidden to tread. Among the individuals foremost in their flight, was Amelia's aged mother, whose ancestors and connexions were known to be violently hostile to the Pretender's cause, and whom, therefore, his agents treated without either justice or mercy. She arrived at Leicester, in company with a few friends, in the dead of the night, and was on the point of proceeding on the journey to London. Compelled to wait for an exchange of horses, or till those she had were recovered from the fatigue of the last stage, she was recognized by a man servant who had lived in her house, but who preferred sharing the fortunes of his young mistress.

This young man had just dismissed his beloved master on his rapid journey to London, whither he had been summoned in the emergency of public affairs, to take a post, for which he was well qualified, in the army destined for the defence of the capital and its immediate neighbourhood. The servant had been commanded to return home as soon as possible, and take special care that no stranger took refuge in the house. The old lady, he thought, could not come under this appellation in his master's sense of it; he, therefore, at once invited and entreated her to accompany him home in the chaise, rather than take, as she was wishing to do, his horse to accelerate her progress to London.

After some hesitation, the old lady consented; and, in Albert's absence, no visitor could have been more welcome to Amelia than her mother. Her visit, indeed, was rather by constraint than willingness; still it was in part a voluntary act, indicating some disposition at least to forego her former aversion to the marriage, and to let public calamity and danger compose private and domestic difference. Even if the visit had been altogether compulsory, Amelia's amiable spirit would have rejoiced in the opportunity it afforded, of making another experiment on her revered mother's compassion, and of forcing forgiveness from her, rather than not be forgiven at all.

It is doubtful whether reconciliation would now have taken place, had the old lady foreseen the early opening that was made, by the retreat of the Pretender's forces, and his complete overthrow, for her quiet and safe return to her own mansion. However, Amelia let no time elapse for her efforts; and she had received her mother's blessing, as her beloved Albert's wife, before the welcome public news reached the house. Her mother had even presented each of the children with a handsome purse, and promised if ever she was able to go back to her house, to take the eldest with her.

In a few hours after these matters were settled, the news arrived that all danger to the country was over, and the lady signified her intention of returning home without delay. Perhaps her haste was somewhat increased by the apprehension or disinclination of meeting Albert before he had been prepared by intelligence

of what had taken place. If this were the case, she was disappointed, for he returned before she could depart. On her hearing that he was in the hall, she discovered considerable agitation, and requested Amelia to seclude her in a private room, until his disposition was known to be such as to encourage her confidence. Amelia had no time to reason with her, and therefore consented; but with a smile, that one whom she knew to be incapable of a vindictive feeling towards a stranger or an enemy, should require a moment's preparation to receive with complacency her own mother.

The apartment adjoined the library, and the intervening door was of course fastened. As Albert, after refreshing himself, passed into the library, he heard a noise in the next room to which his ear had always been a stranger. He instantly tried the door, and was the more surprised because it resisted his efforts to open it. Amelia, every moment on the watch, joined him just as he was putting his hand to his sword in suspicion that a stranger might be concealed even without her knowledge. She mildly entreated a moment's delay, which his late military thoughts and movements of the quickest time could scarcely brook. However, he soon sat down in peace, received with gratitude the welcome tidings, and rejoiced the more that their mother's hope of escaping him had been frustrated.

Notwithstanding this joy, however, Albert's mind became agitated with fear for the probable fate of his father. Whether he had, in his zeal for the Pre-

tender's cause, joined his forces on their rapid march, he knew not. If he had taken this imprudent step, it must be fatal to his life, for a commission was already spoken of to examine without delay all the nobility and gentry who were but suspected of favouring the rebel claims. In this uncertainty, Albert prepared to go with his mother-in-law to the north, and there ascertain the present condition and probable fate of his aged parent.

Before, however, they could set out, he received a letter, announcing his father's arrival at the house of a mutual friend, where he wished once more to see and be reconciled to his son. He had rashly received and entertained the Pretender, and given him a handsome sum in aid of his wild project: when, therefore, the army retreated, and its subjection to the king's forces became certain, in fear of his life, he left home to obtain the advice and assistance of his son to leave the country. There was no immediate danger, and therefore Albert conducted him to his own house as a temporary refuge. There he introduced his beloved Amelia to receive his blessing; and there, too, the rival parents met, and were at last reconciled. A commission followed, and a price was set on his head; but almost sudden death superseded the act of the executioner. He died in the presence of those, with whom his last words confessed that he should have lived, and then he should have been happy.

ON GENIUS.

BY THE REV. F. A. COX, A.M.

Let us suppose a case.—A traveller, in crossing a valley, or an idler in wandering along the sea-shore, strikes his foot against a stone. He allows it to occupy his attention no longer than while corporeal suffering reminds him of the accident;—then quietly pursues his journey. This may often have occurred to the individual in question, without his being chargeable by the generality of mankind with any particular defect of mental power, or moral sentiment; stones are every where strewed in our path, and he sees nothing to delay his progress, or excite his curiosity.

A similar accident occurs to another traveller, going in the same direction. He, however, possesses an inquisitive and philosophic turn. The circumstance, simple as it is, sets in motion the intellectual machinery; and its movements will continue till he has elicited some general truth, or obtained a clue to some future discovery. He pauses,—looks around him,—reflects,—inquires,—combines,—and soon finds himself lost amidst the wonders of creation, with which he stands in close, but hitherto unsuspected connexion.

The question naturally arises—What constitutes the distinction between the first traveller, who regards the stone only as the cause of a momentary pain, and passes on with vexation or contempt, or who, examining it, is incapable of pursuing its relations, — and the second, who takes it as the text-book of knowledge, and makes it the nucleus of a system? Is it not the absence or the possession of—GENIUS? In the former we observe nothing but the operation of an instinctive faculty; in the latter, the highest exercises of rationality and intellect. In the former, we have the concentrated history of the million; in the latter, the rare and splendid exhibition of here and there an individual mind.

Will it be alleged, that if all this could be accomplished by one person, in one continuous strain of thought, it would be a proof of extensive *knowledge*, but not of *genius?* The reply is obvious: that although, when the system is *framed*, it bespeaks large and varied acquisitions, yet the inquiry respects the *capacity* of framing it, by means of that process of thought and ratiocination, which renders the accumulation of facts subservient, and, as it were, tributary to the mental power that compares, combines, and arranges them.

Every one forms at once some conception of genius, as soon as the word is uttered; but if that conception were analyzed, it would be found perhaps in few cases to be very definite. This arises from the very nature of the subject, which, in whatever light it is contemplated, seems to be encircled with a kind of cloudy grandeur

and undefinable magnificence, like the castles and giant forms of romance. It has something of an intangible and ethereal subsistence, inviting yet retiring from approach,—visible, yet not palpable ; like the blushes of the morning, or the rainbow of heaven,—having the power of incantation, yet of earthly mould. We pronounce a warm eulogium upon genius, but at the same instant inquire what it is;—lost at once in admiration and in mystery! We have already seen this great enchantress's wand waved over the philosophic adventurer, as he vanquishes the difficulties of inquiry, and ascends the steeps of science ; the spell, that holds within fixed and narrow boundaries the common mind, is broken, and the freed spirit ranges at liberty through unfrequented regions, exploring, combining, and, in a sense, creating as she soars. Nor is it merely in one, but in every department of the intellectual world, that she exercises her mighty control. She guides the glowing pencil of the painter, the finishing touches of the statuary, the frenzied pen of the poet. She breathes her inspirations into the orator, deciphers the hieroglyphics of the scholar, pours a flood of light upon the intricate mazes of the statesman, and whets the glittering sword of the patriot. Her voice is heard from the depth of ages past, and echoes from the cells of the sepulchre upon the ear of ages to come.

Is genius an original quality, or element of mind, or is it the result of mental habit and cultivation? The case supposed, in connexion with a few facts, may lead to a probable conclusion. What is the nature of that

mental power which was evinced by the traveller who, examining the stone that impeded his progress, assiduously tracing its history and ascertaining its qualities, detected and developed a science? Why do we invest him with the honours of *genius?* The reason is manifestly this, — that he has the power of combination, invention, and discovery. It is not that he possesses it in an unusual degree; for it is commonly not possessed at all, and is therefore characteristic: for though, to a certain extent, most minds can combine, and some in an extraordinary manner, yet they cannot invent and discover. It will of course be understood that we intend, the faculty of discovering by means of the processes of experiment and induction, not the accidental detection of what occupied no previous thought, or was the result of no previous preparation, implying skill and capacity. Before the combining and inventive faculty has been employed, it is in a very inferior sense only that it can be called discovery: it is rather the *medium* of discovery, and may happen to the clown as well as the philosopher, while the latter only is capable of making an accident the stepping-stone of science.

The story of the *Telescope* will furnish an illustration. A spectacle-maker's son, it is said, was amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his fingers and thumbs, till he perceived the weathercock of the church spire opposite, much larger, and apparently much nearer than usual, and in an inverted position. This excited the astonishment of the father, who ad-

justed two glasses on a board, in such a manner that he could at pleasure vary their distances, and thus formed the rude imitation of a perspective glass. The account of Borellus is, however, generally the most credited. He relates, that JANSEN, a spectacle-maker of the same place, and a man of great ingenuity, was experimenting upon the power and peculiarities of lenses, when he made the discovery, and very soon afterwards applied it to the construction of telescopes, and the observation of celestial phenomena. GALILEO heard only at Venice, that an optical instrument had been devised which seemed to bring distant objects near, and, without any farther information, gradually matured the instrument, by means of which he discovered the inequalities of the moon's surface, the spots of the sun, and its rotation, and the satellites of Jupiter. The difference between the boy playing with the lenses, and which might probably have occurred, so as to communicate the first hint, and the spectacle-maker Jansen and the astronomer Galileo, was, obviously, that the former might be a playful and common-place boy—the others were men of genius, who possessed the skill to comprehend the bearings, and devise the applications of a matter of mere accident, or, at best, of mere experiment. And the distinction between the artist and the philosopher, and the thousands of other persons to whom the same information might have been given, consisted in the pursuit of the subject, in which was developed the faculty of invention and combination.

Blaise Pascal may be selected, from innumerable others of the same class, as another instance in point. It is sufficiently common for boys to amuse themselves, by drawing lines and figures upon a slate, a floor, or a wall. The father of Pascal was a mathematician, but having no inclination to encourage his son in a similar pursuit, refused to enter into any considerable explanation of a question he proposed to him on the subject, and interdicted his researches in that direction. The inquisitive mind of Pascal, however, was not to be restrained. In his hours of recreation, he was accustomed to go alone, and draw figures in charcoal, upon the floor of his apartment. At length his father accidentally entered the room, and was astonished to find his son surrounded with geometrical diagrams. Upon a minuter investigation, it was found that he had advanced through the regular series of demonstrations, without the least assistance, to the discovery of the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen, he composed a treatise on the Conic sections; at eighteen or nineteen, he invented his famous arithmetical machine, by which all numerical calculations, however complex, may be made without any arithmetical skill in the person who uses it; and, at a subsequent period, he was consulted by the most eminent men of the age, respecting difficulties they were unable to solve.

To refer to the most illustrious of all discoverers, Sir Isaac Newton. The falling of the apple may, or may not, be apocryphal. An incident of this descrip-

tion, which millions had seen without producing any particular train of reflection, could not be lost upon one of such observation and capacity. It is at least certain, that while sitting alone in his garden, reflecting on the power by which all terrestrial bodies gravitate toward the earth, it occurred to him, that as this power is not sensibly diminished, at any distance from the centre of the earth, there seemed reason to think it might extend much farther than was generally supposed: for instance, to the moon, whose motion would be influenced by it, and the body itself retained in its orbit by this force. By pursuing this simple idea, he at length arrived at the law of universal gravitation, and laid the basis of those discoveries, which the power of genius alone could bring forth from the depths of obscurity. In Newton were united extraordinary sagacity, diligence, and perseverance. He was accustomed to say, that if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry, and patient thought: the object of his pursuit was constantly in his eye, and never relinquished till he had obtained it,—while over all his endowments modesty threw an attractive charm. Sometimes genius assumes a repulsive attitude and manners, but here she at once awes by her majesty, and wins by her smile: she appears a spirit of unearthly mould, glowing with heavenly fire, and moving with celestial grace.

The two qualities of mind which have the nearest resemblance to genius, and with which it is not unfrequently confounded, are *taste* and *imagination:* from

the rest it is plainly distinguishable. *Memory* has no alliance with it, though some philosophers have viewed them as almost identical; but surely the capacity to retain what is brought by others, is essentially different from the ability to invent what is new oneself. *Judgment* too is evidently dissimilar; for, although this faculty implies the power both of combining and discriminating, yet it has nothing of a creative character; it may be wise, but cannot be brilliant—it may form a sage, but never can produce a genius. *Imagination*, though allied both to taste and genius, ought not to be confounded with them: it assists the faculty of discrimination, and supplies wings to the adventurousness of genius. Where imagination operates alone, it produces absurdities, and does not necessarily, and in its detached exertions, imply extraordinary power: it may even be a weakness of intellect. Besides, though we may have been led to the notion of the superiority of this faculty of mind, and considered it as the principle of genius, from some of its splendid emanations in the poets; there is little room for its exercise, and, in fact, little proof of its existence, in instances where the opposite qualities of patient research, and slow ratiocination, have penetrated the arcana of nature.

"An uncommon degree of imagination," says Dugald Stewart, "constitutes *poetical genius*;" and to this conclusion he is led, by conceiving of this power of imagination as an "accomplishment formed by experience and situation; and which, in its different gradations, fills up all the interval between the first efforts of

untutored genius, and the sublime creations of Raphael, or of Milton." But if the power of imagination be a cultivated habit, should we not rather say that a poetical genius stimulates imagination, and holds the same, or an analogous relation to it, with those which he justly denominates simple powers of the mind, attention, conception, and abstraction?

Taste is by some regarded as more of a sister seraph, and here we find a perplexity similar to that which occurred when the question was proposed, What is genius? In general, however, taste may be considered as the faculty of discriminating what is beautiful in nature, or art, accompanied with a corresponding *feeling* of its excellence; a feeling which has in it, usually, something of passion and enthusiasm. Elegance in writing, magnificence in architecture, skill in painting, sublimity in nature, are objects of taste; and have to do not only with sensations, but conceptions, and trains of thought. Taste operates through the medium of the judgment, and is, in reality, the *determining power*, when the object presented is to be pronounced upon as fair or perfect. The standard is ideal; for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks of the Farnese Hercules, which is one kind of beauty; the Gladiator in the palace of Chighi, which is another; and the Apollo of Belvidere, which is a third; the perfection of these statues cannot consist in any thing which is the immediate object of sense, either external or internal, but in something, which, being perceived by the eye, is referred by the understanding to what we know of the characters of Hercules, Apollo,

and the Gladiator, and which we believe it was the intention of the statuaries to express.

But whatever may be said of taste, it may at least be distinguished from genius, in this respect—it has no power of invention. A man of the most correct and most cultivated taste, may neither be able to solve a mathematical problem, impress with animation the painter's canvass, elicit the melody of music, or produce the descriptions of poetry; and yet he may be capable of appreciating their respective merits. On the other hand, a man of real genius both executes and appreciates. Taste is perhaps usually a concomitant of that transcendant talent, to which we apply the noblest epithet; but there are too many proofs of the contrary, to allow us to believe that they are identical. The former is more limited in its range than the latter, and more restricted in its applications. There are even whole classes of discovery of which it cannot judge, and, in many instances, there is obviously no subsisting connexion. It is the province of genius to discover a geometrical demonstration, and to unfold the laws and systematize the phenomena of nature; but it is not the province of taste, neither does taste assist in the inquiry: its province is simply to pronounce upon the merit of the investigation. It is the prerogative of genius to annihilate the prejudices of centuries, to circumnavigate and traverse, and perfect the geography of the globe; to plan the overthrow, or establishment of empires; but taste was never made for a reformer, an adventurer, or a hero. Minds of the very first order have been noto-

riously destitute of this quality, while it has adorned those which could have no pretensions to be ranked amongst the chieftains of intellect.

The question has sometimes been proposed, whether *eccentricity* of conduct ought not to be deemed an essential concomitant of genius? That some men of superior ability have been eccentric; that is, in their general habits, or in particular instances, have exhibited a remarkable deviation of practice from the ordinary modes of society, is indisputable; but that such irregularities constitute any feature of intellectual character, viewing it in its essence, may be justly doubted. Were the subject attentively investigated, it would probably be found that this quality has been attached to comparatively few; that in those cases it has resulted from bodily rather than mental temperament, or from some traceable defect of early education; and that there are numberless examples of the existence of this peculiarity in persons of very inferior intellectual powers.

Absence of mind has been often mistaken for an indication of extraordinary talent: but though it may consist with genius, and sometimes accompanies it, there is no necessary connexion. In many cases it is literally, as it is termed, an *absence* of mind, that is, a *want* of it; in others it proceeds from the balance of the mental faculties having been lost, so that some particular capacity is in disproportionate exercise: but so far from real genius producing this effect, we apprehend it is rather the *vis*, the controlling energy, the magic power, which, like gravitation in nature, preserves the equipoise of the other faculties.

The vulgar notion of the inseparable union between genius and eccentricity is one of the most pernicious that ever excited juvenile pride and ambition. Many a real blockhead has set up for a profound genius; and, by carrying into maturer life the antics, the childishness, and the waywardness of the nursery, for which he ought to be posted in some modern Dunciad, has secured by wealth or accident, a precocious fame, which has only aggravated the vexation of proved incompetence, and ultimate disrepute. Instead of every little eccentricity being adored and imitated as a mark of greatness, a good system of education will treat it as a mental excrescence and deformity. When it is the natural appendage of a great mind, it is sometimes sufficiently amusing; but when it is assumed by insignificance of intellect, to gain attention, the effect resembles that of seeing a mountebank exalted upon stilts.

Some men of real genius have, however, we fear, piqued themselves upon their eccentricities, and, what is worse still, upon their *indolence*. This circumstance has therefore, induced another inquiry, namely, whether this latter quality is characteristic of pre-eminent intellect? The supposition that it *is*, must certainly be ranked amongst popular errors. If by indolence, indeed, is meant mere indisposition to physical effort—mere dislike of the drudgery of labour—the supposition may then be correct; for mental vigour has a tendency, especially in some constitutions, to produce corporeal inactivity; but men of exalted genius have usually, so

far as the mind is concerned, been men of indefatigable industry: they are often at work when others imagine the mind to be inactive, or when others are asleep; and it is an absurdity to suppose that a man can be great without knowledge and practice, or that knowledge can be absolutely intuitive. He who has the most materials, possesses the greatest means of invention; and it is by an habitual contemplation of the best models, that we learn to excel: the incapacity of collecting and using these materials, constitutes dulness. It is admitted that HOMER had acquired all the learning of his times; and the sublime PINDAR was, during several years, a student under those whom he afterwards surpassed: all the ancient philosophers, among whom PYTHAGORAS, SOCRATES, PLATO, and ARISTOTLE may be reckoned the greatest, devoted years to travel and research. Of the latter, in particular, whom his master (Plato) designated the *mind* of the Academy, it is recorded, that he collected and copied an incredible number of manuscripts, and sometimes abridged them, for the purpose of storing his memory with their contents. The two great orators of antiquity devoted themselves to study:—CICERO was educated at a public school,—at the age of twenty-eight he went to Athens to study the Greek philosophy, and, in the very busiest period of a busy life, constructed rooms and galleries for literary intercourse at Tusculum, and sought to accumulate a library for his old age. "Pray keep your books for me,"—thus he writes to Atticus,—"and do not despair of my being able to make them mine; which if I can com-

pass, I shall think myself richer than Crassus, and despise the fine villas and gardens of them all." The assiduity of DEMOSTHENES, in qualifying himself for an orator, is proverbial; and, whatever may be thought of Plutarch's story of putting pebbles in his mouth, it is certain that he laboured with incessant care to obtain perfection in his art. He is said to have copied Thucydides eight times over with his own hand, and to have committed a considerable portion of his writings to memory. Similar illustrations might be taken from modern times, were it necessary,—from BACON downwards; of whom Walpole has said, that "he was the prophet of arts of which Newton was afterwards to reveal;" and Addison, that "he had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful light graces and embellishments of Cicero." But this part of the subject is too obvious to require further demonstration.

While neither eccentricity nor indolence are to be reckoned among the concomitants of real genius, as allied with knowledge, and fed and fostered by its influence; there is one quality which ought to be distinctly marked as frequently, if not commonly, attached to minds of the very finest texture, and of the purest order —it is *modesty*, the modesty of true science. While others dogmatize, they investigate; and their prevalent desire being less to display their attainments than to increase them, the consciousness of limited success is more than counterbalanced by the overwhelming conviction of a yet unpenetrated region around them. The

direct effect of progress in genuine science is less to produce an impression of the *extent*, than of the *limitation* of our knowledge. What we have acquired is but an inconsiderable portion of what is yet attainable,—a mere fraction of the mighty whole; and the amplitude of the vast field becomes more obvious, as our knowledge increases—the horizon widens and enlarges as we ascend. The comparison, therefore, is always *against* the true philosopher, in his own estimation; his knowledge is actually more, but comparatively less; the mountain becomes a mole-hill, and all his fancied accumulations shrink into the apparent diminutiveness of an atom: then, when he discovers that he knows nothing, he begins to be wise; when he finds himself a fool, he commences the genuine philosopher!

What Bacon says of knowledge, may be affirmed of genius—it is POWER; but its value is to be appreciated by the purpose to which it is devoted. The influence of the individual possessed of this quality, may either be highly detrimental, or inconceivably beneficial to society; millions may deplore or rejoice in its existence. Whatever, consequently, tends to give it a right direction, converts that into a blessing which *might* be noxious, or, at best, neutral. Such is RELIGION, whose influence renders it all it is capable of becoming. By sanctifying its character, and directing its application, it imparts the finishing touch of excellence; and constitutes it at once the ornament of life, the basis of improvement, and the best inheritance of yet unborn generations.

Happily there have been individuals, and some have been already named, whose crown of earthly fame has not only been entwined with the laurels of literature, and science, and genius, but has sparkled with the gems of virtue, and the glorious adornment of piety. ADDISON, SELDEN, PASCAL, EULER, BACON, LOCKE, HALLER, BOERHAAVE, BARROW, NEWTON;—but on what a catalogue have we entered, and where should it terminate!

We conclude a subject only glanced at, with a single reflection.

It is truly astonishing, that such a being as man should be able to explore so extensively the works of an Infinite Power. That a diminutive creature of a few feet in height, whose measuring rod is but a few inches, who is so bound down by an irresistible gravitation to a small spot, on a little rounded particle of dust, floating in air; that such a being, and so situated, should dive into the mysteries of time and space,—should discover the movements, and ascertain the laws which govern them, of ten thousand worlds,—should adventure to look into the decrees of Heaven, and touch the mighty balances that poise the universe; nay, that he should take even a sublime flight, and penetrate the recesses of truth, and the mysteries of revelation, till he expatiates upon themes "which the angels desire to look into,"—is passing strange; and evinces at once the superiority of *mind* to *matter*, and the goodness of God in imparting a capacity so wonderful to a being so insignificant!

In conclusion, the writer has only to express his

regret, that the prescribed limits of this Essay have prevented his entering more fully into the subject, which he is well aware deserves an extensive investigation. These few thoughts, however, if they cannot satisfy inquiry, may serve (and he will then be content) to promote it.

O SAW YE MY MARY?

O saw ye my Mary, when, light as a fairy,
She glides through the dance as on gossamer wing?
She seems from earth springing, and yet to earth clinging,
Like summer when blushing her farewell to spring.
O saw ye my Mary, sae brisk and sae airy?
She's winsome, she's blythe, and she's fair as she's free;
And while she is roaming, frae sunrise till gloaming,
Her heart bounds wi' lightness, her eye beams wi' glee.

Would you picture our meeting, our mutual fond greeting,
When we whisper our vows 'neath the moon's silver beam?
The world's richest treasure, compared to such pleasure,
Is but an illusion, a phantom, a gleam.
Her fair form caressing, her balmy lips pressing,
I yield me a captive in love's silken chain;
I've a kind heaven o'er me, and rapture before me,
For Mary has promised that she'll be my ain.

ELLEN;

OR, THE LONELY GRAVE.

Thou didst not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrenched away,
Just when those ties were strongest,
Bernard Barton.

Whose is that nameless grave, unmarked even by a rude stone or simple flower? And why is it lying solitary in the loneliest corner of the churchyard, beneath the frown of those dark trees, that in the storm swing their branches so heavily above it, and cast over it a desolate gloom, even in the brightest hour of summer sunshine? Why is it apart from those other hillocks, that lie smilingly together, as though it alone were excluded from the peaceful communion of the dead?

That grave does not cover one who withered on the stalk of human life, and then quietly dropped from it in the sere and yellow leaf; nor one that was plucked by the spoiler in the bud of infant promise; nor yet one who shed the leaves of life in the full beauty of maturity;—it is not the grave of an old person, who sustained

life as a burden, and at last welcomed death as a refuge; or of the child who, snatched from the cherishing arms of its parents, was followed by them with deep but sinless sorrow; nor is it a matron's grave, "whose lovely and pleasant" life is embalmed in the memory of many friends. No—it is the memorial of a "sleepless soul that perished in its pride;" of one who made her grave with her own hand, and lay down in it without the Christian hope of awaking in heaven; and but for the terrible recollections of her last hours, which the grey-haired villager sometimes whispers in the ears of thoughtless youth, of one once so fitted to inspire affection and contribute to happiness, we might say in sorrow and in truth, "her memorial has perished with her."

There is an old man, feeble and nearly blind, often wandering about the churchyard, but not as he was wont in former and happier days. *Then*, he leaned upon the arm of a fair and affectionate child, who cheered him by her smile, and soothed him by her tenderness. Like a hoary and tottering column wreathed with luxuriant ivy, her youthful influence preserved him from desolation, and partially concealed even his decay. Throughout the summer evenings the churchyard was their favourite resort, for the old man loved to rest upon a grave, and survey the wide and lovely valley lying at his feet, made glorious by the setting sun; while his spirit would melt within him, as, turning from that magnificent display of this world's beauty to the surrounding memorials of its perishable nature, he

felt himself "a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, as all his fathers were." And then would his young companion press near him with the deep affection of a young and untroubled heart, lay his head on her bosom, and bend over it till her long golden tresses mixed with his hoary locks, like sunbeams upon mountain snows. Then would she whisper to him sweet assurances of her filial love, or sing to him a stanza of some old quiet melody; till, with the eloquence of a faded and now tearful eye, he blessed her as the comfort and the glory of his age.

But he is now a neglected, desolate old man; he has no companion in his evening walks,—"none to watch near him,"—to smile upon him, or to speak kindly. Day after day, or stormy or fair, or summer or winter, he haunts that churchyard, and resting against the dark trees which shade that lonely corner, sighs bitterly over the neglected hillock at their feet:—and bitterly *may* he sigh, for his Ellen sleeps in that nameless, solitary grave.

Alas! how few comprehend the workings of a woman's soul! how few know the altitude of virtue which it can attain, or the depths of sorrow and degradation into which it can descend! The days of a woman's life glide along in sameness and serenity, like the tiny waves of a summer brook; her manners wear the same unperturbed aspect; her habitual thoughts and feelings seem to preserve a like "noiseless tenor;" and therefore few suppose that the anxieties of ambition, the strivings of passion, or the fierce tumults of pride,

disappointment, and despair, can possibly exist beneath so quiet a surface. We forget that women are essentially capable of feeling every passion, good or bad, even more powerfully than men. We associate them too much in our thoughts with the petty details by which they are surrounded, and deem them constitutionally trifling, because from education, necessity, and habit, they are continually placed in contact with trifles. God forbid that the majority of females should manifest, or even know the passionate depths of the soul! Comparatively few acquire a knowledge which involves the surrender of their happiness, and too frequently also the sacrifice of their worth; but those few afford us warnings—salutary though terrible instruction to the rest of their sex. Ellen was one.

Reflective, passionate, and proud, "emotions were her events." Not merely the mistress, but the companion of her own thoughts, the being of solitude and reverie, the child of impulse, and the slave of sensibility —while she *existed* in the real world, she could be said *to live* only in the ideal one of her own creation. Ambitious, yet unable to appreciate the true distinction which should be sought by women;—cherishing that morbid refinement of feeling, which destroys usefulness and peace by magnifying the evils of life, while diminishing their many alleviations;—dazzled by the gaudy fictions of imagination, and deluded by the vain flatteries of her own heart—she turned with disgust from the simplicities of nature and the sobrieties of truth,—from the regular routine of common duties, and

the calm enjoyments of every-day life. Restless, weary, and discontented, she longed for something that should satisfy the grasp of her imagination—something that should fill the aching void within her heart. Alas! she forgot that this "infinite gulf can only be filled by an infinite and unchanging object."

Thus, by degrees, a complete change came over her spirit;—a change which those who surrounded her could not understand, and with which therefore they could not sympathise. The rose faded from her cheek, the smile played less frequently and less sweetly round her lips, sadness too often shaded her young fair brow; and her manners, once so warm and courteous to all, became cold, abrupt, and reserved. These changes were not the work of a day; though the necessity of concentrating their history in a few short sentences makes that appear sudden and rapid, which was in reality gradual and slow.

Perhaps had Ellen at this critical period of her life been taken into the world by some judicious friend, and gently introduced to things as they *really are*, her mind might yet have recovered its energy and her spirits their tone; but limited to the seclusion of a village, she was debarred those little pleasurable excitements, whether of scene or society, which were necessary to prevent a mind like hers from preying on itself; and she yielded with proportionable enthusiasm to the first influence which broke the monotony of her life. That influence was love;—love as it ever will be felt and cherished by one of Ellen's disposition, in all the

delirium and danger of intense passion. But alas! if she proved in her own experience the full truth of the observation, that "love is the whole history of a woman's life," she equally proved the justice of its conclusion, "that is is only an episode in the life of a man." A complete novice in the study of character, and accustomed to view every object alternately through the glare of imagination or the gloom of morbid sensibility, it required little exertion to make her the dupe of a being, who added to seniority of years a consummate knowledge, not merely of books, but of men and manners, and the world; one, skilled to wear all aspects, suit all characters, and speak every language—excepting that of simple reality and truth—one of that class of men, who treat the young hearts they have won like baubles, which they admire, grow weary of, and fling aside.

But Ellen knew not this;—and beguiled by the thousand dreams of romantic love, the present and the future shone to her ardent eye, alike glorious with happiness and promise. "Her soul was paradised by passion:" every duty was neglected; every other affection superseded by this new and overwhelming interest. Even her own kind father felt, and sometimes sighed over the change; for he remembered the days when *his* comfort was the first and last of Ellen's anxieties, and *his* love her great and sufficient joy. But how could he chide his darling—the single ewe-lamb left of his little flock—the beautiful being that, like a star, irradiated the gloom of his evening pilgrimage!—he could not do

it; and he made those excuses for her inattentions, which Ellen's better feellings would not have dared to offer for herself.

At length, however, she discovered the fatal truth—that the passion which had formed the glory, the happiness, and indeed the whole business of her life, had been but one of many pastimes to her lover. Circumstances separated them: and after lingering through all the sickening changes of cherished—deferred—and annihilated hope,—she knew, in all the fulness of its misery, that she was forsaken and forgotten. It is well known, that a strong mind can endure a greater portion of mental suffering, without its producing bodily illness, than a weak one can. Many other girls in Ellen's situation would have had a violent fit of illness, been given over by their doctors, have recovered to the surprise of their friends; and after looking pale and interesting for a few weeks, would have married some one else, and lived very comfortably for the remainder of their days. Ellen was not such a character.

When she knew that the visions of fancy, and the blossoms of hope were for ever scattered and destroyed, the stranger would have supposed her insensible to the blow. But "*the iron had entered into her soul.*" Throughout the whole of the night on which she received the "confirmation strong," she sat in her chamber motionless and solitary; she neither spoke, nor wept, nor sighed; and though every passion warred wildly in her bosom, she sat and "made no sign:" and in the morning she resumed her station in the family, and

went through her usual occupations and domestic pursuits with more minuteness and attention than she had manifested for a considerable time. Many knew the trial which had befallen her, but none durst offer sympathy; for the pride that sparkled in her eye, and the deep calm scorn which curled her pale lip, alike defied intrusion, and forbade inquiry. She conversed, but appeared unconscious of the meaning of the words she mechanically uttered; she smiled, but the sweet expression of her smile had vanished; she laughed, but the melody of her laugh was gone: her whole bearing was high and mysterious. Now, her whole frame would shudder as at the suggestions of her own thoughts; then again, she would resume the quiet stern determination of her former manner:—one moment, her lip would quiver, and her eye fill with tears of mingled grief and tenderness; but the next, her burning cheek, compressed lip, and firm proud step, bespoke only deep and unmitigated scorn.

But who can portray the mysterious workings of pride, passion, doubt, horror, and despair, that crowd upon one who meditates self-destruction? Oh! there is not the being in existence who may imagine to himself, in the wildest and most horrible of his dreams, all that must pass through the soul before it can violently close its earthly career! Could we summon from his scorned and unholy grave one who has lain down in it with his blood upon his own head, he only might adequately paint the emotions of that little hour between the action and its consequence! he only de-

scribe his state of mind, when the flimsy arguments which had cajoled his reason had vanished like evening shadows—when the sophistries which had lulled his conscience rose up like horrible deceits — when the home, friends, duties, comforts, even the life itself, a moment before so despicable, appeared of an overwhelming importance;—and when, more terrible than all, he was left to grapple alone and altogether with the anguish of his body and the dying darkness of his soul —with the near and unveiled view of eternity, and the dread of future and unmitigated vengeance!

The sun was retiring behind the dark hills, like a warrior in the pride of victory, and field, and stream, and forest, lay glowing beneath them, in all the "melancholy magnificence of the hour," when the old man sought his beloved child, to take their accustomed walk in the churchyard. In vain he sought her in her flower-garden, in the arbour of her own planting, and in his quiet study. At length he tapped playfully at her chamber door, and receiving no answer, he entered. There indeed was Ellen! There she stood—every limb shivering in that warm summer evening, while the cold perspiration gathered on her brow, and neck, and arms! There she stood—her fair hair dishevelled, her eye wild and glazed, and her whole countenance changed with mental and bodily torture: she might less be said to breathe than gasp; and the very motion of her dress shewed how wildly her heart throbbed beneath it. "Are you ill, my child?" said her father, terrified by her appearance. "Speak to me,

my love," continued he, with increasing agitation, as he perceived the agony depicted on her countenance. Twice she strove to speak, but each effort was unavailing; no words escaped her parched and quivering lips;—at last, grasping his hand with convulsive energy in her cold and clammy fingers, she pointed towards the fatal phial, yet upon her table. The hideous tale was told!—The old man gave one long miserable groan, and the next moment fell senseless at his daughter's feet. There she stood, now turning her intense gaze upon her father, as he lay extended on the ground; and now, upon that setting sun, that bright sky, and brighter earth beneath it, which she must never, never view again!

But oh! the depth of that darkness within her mind —that sickening desire of life, and that overwhelming certainty of death—the stinging conviction of her sin and folly—and the dread of impending judgment! All these, in a moment, passed over her soul like the ocean-billows in a raging storm, sweeping away in their fury every refuge of hope, every trace of consolation.

But it is time to draw the curtain over a scene "too loathly horrible" for thought or description. Succour was ineffectual—comfort unavailing! She existed for a few hours in agony and despair; and when the morning sun arose to gladden and refresh the earth, all that remained of the once fair and gentle Ellen, was a livid and distorted corpse.

A VISIT TO MILTON ABBEY.

AN EPISTOLARY FRAGMENT.

Our late pedestrian excursion to Milton Abbey has been one of the most gratifying description. Our company was composed of a select party of the friends of my youth; the time one of the most delightful mornings of June; the distance two miles only from the place of my nativity. The first part of our journey was through a pleasant coppice: the path was fringed with strawberries and fragrant wild flowers. We then passed the skirts of an extensive wood, and ascended a hill crowned with a clump of lofty firs: it is known by the name of Windmill Ashes. From this eminence you have a commanding view of the country for twenty miles round: when the sun shines, you may distinctly discern the Needles of the Isle of Wight, catch a glimpse of the ocean over the waving line of coast, and at times distinguish miniature vessels gliding along on the verge of the horizon, till they "vanish into thin air." I am told this is one of the landmarks first discovered by the crews of vessels sailing in the Channel. I remember

with what sensations of delight I used to catch a glance of the ocean, and the magnificent ideas I formed of the world of waters, before I had yet otherwise seen the sea: with what wild enthusiasm I read the poetical description of nature on this spot, and how I panted to celebrate the scene in verse. The love of nature, the love of my country, and admiration of the CREATOR, all struggled in my breast, while I exclaimed aloud,—"Island of bliss, amid the subject seas!" &c.—and "suited the action to the words," with an energy which, on reflection, startled me, lest I should have been observed, and exposed to the ridicule of some uninspired passenger.

Having scaled a style or two, we came to the brow of the hill whence you look down into a valley, through which a road runs, and on each side of it is a row of cottages, built by the lord of the manor, the Earl of Dorchester, for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the old town, which has been, in a great measure, demolished, to make room for the new improvements. The gardens are on the slope behind the houses, and have a picturesque appearance. The new town is without the park wall, which runs along on the opposite hill, and encloses his lordship's extensive home domain. The hills are clothed with pine, oaks, ashes, lime, beech, and chestnuts in all their rich variety of form and foliage. Among the Gothic ruins of the old town there stood here and there a house of monastic appearance, reminding us of ages past, when the place was in its prosperity. The old abbey church is a noble Gothic pile; it was at

this time under repair, but we found our way to the top of the tower, where the prospect well rewarded us for our pains. The leads of the church were adorned with initials, dates, and footmarks, and decked "with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture," of village swains, who had reached that proud eminence, and carved with their knives those records of their exploits. I added my initials to the number; while this reflection passed over my mind:—"Where are now the heads that planned, and the hands that executed, these rude designs? Many of them are laid in the silent dust, and some scattered to the ends of the earth! But these puny efforts, as some eminent writer observes, evince 'a thirst for immortality in the humblest mind!'" An infant son of the Tyrconnel family, formerly lords of the manor, fell from the battlements of this church, and, being buoyed up by his clothes, was taken up unhurt. The interior of the church presents a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, with "long-drawn aisles,"

> "And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

I remember with what veneration I have often looked into an old black-letter Bible, and a Common-prayer book, which the piety of our forefathers had caused to be chained to an antiquated wainscot desk, for the edification of the few who could read, perhaps, in the infancy of the Reformation. One could not but compare the gross darkness that covered the people of those

days, and the paucity of religious instruction, with the meridian light and abundant knowledge of the present day. We need not travel far to consult the sacred oracles chained up in ponderous tomes; we have Bibles and Prayer Books so portable, that we can carry about in our pockets a body of divinity which we may consult "when we rise up, and when we lie down,—when we sit in the house, and when we walk by the way." Kings and princes patronise the scriptures, and aid their distribution: the noble, the wise, and the learned, condescend to become the "instructors of babes;" while our ships waft the word of life from pole to pole. Wo be to us if we abuse our privileges!

Here is a beautiful monument of pure white marble, erected to the memory of the lady of the present earl of Dorchester, executed by Banks, or Bacon, I forget which. The lady is represented lying on a sumptuous couch, and her lord hangs weeping over her: the figures are exquisite. There were some old paintings of the Apostles very indistinctly to be seen, the chancel being embarrassed with scaffolding, and many parts of the church quite inaccessible but to the workmen employed therein.

We next took a hasty view of the princely mansion adjoining. The servants being allowed to shew the house to strangers, though it was still in an unfinished state; we had access to only a part of the rooms, some of which were still unfurnished, but all lofty, spacious, and magnificent. In front is a lawn of vast extent, and in the centre of it is a fine sheet of water. Ser-

pentine walks wind through the extensive groves and pleasure grounds, and at every turn the eye is delighted and surprised with statues, grottoes, fountains, and artificial ruins. As we rambled through these enchanting avenues, I could almost fancy myself transported into a second garden of Eden, beyond all the cares and sufferings of mortality. A moment's reflection, however, brought me back, and convinced me that the time of this enjoyment would be at best limited to three or four hours; and that a throb of the gout, or a twinge of the tooth-ache, would dissolve the charm, and enable a man to form a just estimate of the value of these pleasures. Nor would any wise man envy the noble owner his possessions, for we understood he chiefly resided in town, and only honoured this beautiful seat with short occasional visits; so that it is truly said, that a man's happiness consists not in the abundance of the things that he hath, but in his capacity of enjoying them: in fact, I do really question whether his lordship ever enjoyed two or three hours of such unmixed satisfaction and delight as we then did; though he could look around him and say, "all these things are mine!" When the shades of evening drew on, we took our leave of this delightful spot, and returned home by the way that we came, to a humble cottage and a plain repast; after which we retired to rest, and reposed as sweetly as though we had been the possessors of all that we had seen during the day.

POPULARITY;

OR, THE FALSE TITLE.

" Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinced, am proud to mend:
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own the change which conscience wrought.
For such a change as this let justice speak,
The heart was honest, though the head was weak."

Fuller, the church historian, remarks, with his usual quaintness and wit, of an elder brother:—"he is one who made haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his tidings." Without entering into the merits or demerits of the law of primogeniture, which some consider the source of all our national burdens, and others, the staff and support enabling the nation to endure them, it may be observed, that on the individual in whose favour it operates, or promises to operate, the law may have a most injurious effect. In one of weak judgment, combined with warm and boisterous passions, nothing can be imagined more evil in its tendency, or more lamentable, than is frequently witnessed in its effects. What is usually called good-nature, will some-

times strangely come in aid of this result, and, by winning the applause and securing the submission of the multitude, contribute to produce a hatefulness of character, which might have been obviated by the individual knowing from the beginning that he had to trust to a virtuous and honourable course alone for success.

Events have sometimes occurred in this changing world which have put the important fact just stated to the test. An apparent heir to great wealth has been intoxicated with his prospects and possessions, and with the popularity that a little good-nature enabled him, by such ample means, to secure. Identifying opulence with greatness, and deeming popular suffrage all the public approbation worth enjoying, he has rushed into every evil excess, gorged himself with luxury and vice, and if conscience at any moment stung him with remorse, the wound was healed by an appeal to the good name which the multitude around awarded him.

But the scene has changed, and with it the character and conduct of the man. His heirship proves to be only apparent; his title is weighed in the balance of equity, and found wanting. To refer to the quotation of Fuller again,—he came not only *soon*, but rather *too* soon, into the world; and he is brought down from his proud elevation, to suffer inferiority and dependence—perchance, deficiency of support;—at all events, scorn and contempt from those whose plaudits once were the sweetest music in his ears. The best, remains to be told. His moral course alters with his social condition;

and that not so much through necessity, springing from the lack of means to support his former vices, as through a deep conviction, produced by adversity, of their guilt, and a sincere desire to exchange them for that sum of Christian virtue, which is at once the highest honour and the richest wealth. One threatening obstacle alone remains to the formation of a really good character,—he must suffer reproach; but he soon finds this an auxiliary in his new purposes; nay, a condition of their becoming accomplished.

Those who wish a tale to produce the greatest effect, are careful, at the beginning, not to anticipate its main incidents—a fault which has now been committed to the full. No train of startling discovery, and no succession of unexpected events, now remain to be found in the narrative. Still, as a recollection of facts, which occurred about the time of the accession of George the Third to the throne, it may not be found uninteresting; especially to those readers who take pleasure in witnessing the chastisement of vice by calamities it brings upon itself, while a seasonable reformation of the vicious and suffering character prevents his entire ruin and destruction.

Hastings, the hero of our story, succeeded, on the death of his father, to the family title and estates; his next, and only brother, being then in Hungary, the chosen companion of a French Marquis, whither they had gone on certain speculations which rendered it improbable whether they would early, if at all, return. One cause of the brother's absence, and without which it

is likely his attachment to the Marquis would not have taken him from home, was a strange prejudice against him on the part of his mother. This was accompanied by as strong a partiality for Hastings, and a determination to gratify him to the fullest extent of his passions and her resources. This imprudent conduct of the mother divided the hearts of the sons from each other, and produced those evil consequences in the first and favoured one, which seldom fail to follow a young man's command, under a parent's sanction, of superior and available wealth. Hastings grew up as vain and ambitious a coxcomb as ever disgraced an escutcheon, and withal so ignorant of the elements of learning, and so deficient in the knowledge of common life, that had not his mother been equally so, she must have been perfectly ashamed that he was known to be her son.

Still he was a young man of some feeling, which might with opposite training have given rise to qualities both amiable and useful. He discovered an early condescension of manners towards the servants of the mansion and the poor tenantry on the estate. There was also a sympathy in their sufferings, and a disposition to relieve them, which rendered him when a child an object of general admiration. But these things the mother repressed and discouraged as early as she could, and in their room taught him, as far as he could be taught, to look on the lower and working classes as his slaves, entitled to no better treatment than cattle, and to not half so much attention as his own numerous horses and dogs. Under this baleful influence, Hastings

grew up into a mixed character of pride and meanness, hectoring and familiarity, contempt for the lower orders, and yet confidence in them. He was as much compelled as he was disposed to make them his companions, since such of his rank as were well taught disdained his company; while he was too conscious of deficiency in learning and manners to seek their society.

On finding himself despised by his equals, and by many of his inferiors in rank and property, he consoled himself that he was popular; and he boasted of this so much, that the lower orders, finding that they were of consequence in his esteem and essential to his happiness, magnified him as their greater idol, gathered around him at all public meetings, formed a clan which he could at any time command for whatever purpose he pleased, and kept the neighbouring gentry and yeomanry in dread of speaking or acting against him, as their aversion would have prompted, and their interests often required.

His mother claims a few moments more attention. Incidents occurred during a lingering illness, and as her death approached, which excited some hope that sincere penitence followed a career of vice, for which early and confirmed ignorance alone could plead the least excuse. The most cruel and unreasonable of her domestic vices has been mentioned, and is repeated in some of its chief aggravations for the reader's warning. It was not a partiality for the more worthy of her two sons; then it would have been accounted for to her

credit. It was not a preference of the one that loved his mother best; then it would have been imputed to a grateful, though somewhat of a selfish cause. It was not a distinction in favour of the more wise and prudent of the two; then she might have gained at least the honour of an observant and intelligent discrimination. It was rather a species of favouritism, involving as well as entailing almost every circumstance of moral and mental disgrace; while, seated amidst the unapproachable mysteries of a depraved heart, there was no possibility of the most skilful friend administering to it the least efficient correction. Children labouring under natural infirmity, especially derived from her who bore them, have received much more of her affection, as well as attention, than the rest, and she has been justly praised for the preference. Common humanity dictates that the love and care of parents should be called forth in larger measure, to compensate, as far as possible, the deficiency of nature. But to cherish and avow the partial passion, when no cause of this kind exists, and amidst the inferiority or absence of moral claims, is one of the most unpardonable of maternal sins. Love is here expended where there is little or no love in return; while children of docility and affection, who would repay maternal fondness, are neglected and despised.

Of these truths and others, which the mother of Hastings had held in derision, or of which she never thought, during health, she became convinced by a course of providential reading, on her bed of lingering disease. The woman chiefly in attendance on her was,

for her station, well instructed; and what was better, she had a disposition to instruct others, and that without fear of offending those on whom she was dependent. Her son, a neighbouring peasant, had been seriously injured in his morals and condition by the *patronage* of Hastings, and she avenged his cause, as she often observed, by an effort to enlighten the dark and dying soul of Hastings' mother. She was successful. During a long absence of Hastings, she persuaded his mother to consent that Manvers, her other son, should be informed of her confined and dangerous situation. Anxious to receive the last blessing of even such a parent, he hastened to England, and arrived at the mansion before Hastings returned, or knew that he was sent for.

The mother was at this time become almost insensible, and often inquired in a wild incoherent manner after *her child* and *Manvers*—the different names she always gave her sons. When the latter had refreshed himself, and it was thought he might enter his mother's room, he was introduced by the clergyman in attendance with the greatest caution, and by an indistinct mention of his name.

"Is it my child?" the wandering mother asked.

"No, dear mother," he answered; "it is only Manvers."

Now the reason and conscience of the old lady were roused. She sprang up in her bed with a strength that had appeared to have left her for ever. Clasping Manvers in her withered arms, she said, as soon as tears and

sobs would allow:—"It is one of my children—it is my best child." The effort was too great for her wasted frame and flickering life, and she sunk back, to speak, and soon to breathe, no more.

During his absence, Manvers had given the fullest instructions to his legal adviser, and the clergyman of the parish who was his warm and faithful friend, to claim possession of the estate and title in his name, in the event of his mother's sudden death; and he had received from them intelligence of her illness, just before the welcome intimation of the clergyman reached him, that his mother desired his return. His first proceeding after the funeral, was to dispatch a message to Hastings, that his title stood in considerable doubt, and would be disputed at whatever cost and pains without delay. This brought the latter back with all possible speed, an effect, which the news of his mother's death and burial, just before failed to produce. On his arrival, he strove to rouse the inferior tenantry to action in his defence; but preparation had been made, effectually to obviate this expected resistance to a lawful claim, and he preferred accepting a handsome compromise with Manvers, to entering a court of law or equity, where exposures would be made equally disgraceful to him and to his mother.

The bitterest ingredient in Hastings' cup of adversity, was the unlooked for absence of the applauding welcome, that always before awaited his return. He thought he could have borne all things else with resignation, had his popularity but remained. For the title

he had always cared but little: it had sometimes been an incumbrance on the levity of his character, and a restraint on the vulgarity of his pleasures and pursuits. The property he would gladly have retained; but he reflected that, with a greatly diminished income, his expenses would diminish in as great a proportion, and might lessen in a much greater. But, that he should not be held in the least respect—that all the money he had expended, to purchase the plaudits of the multitude, should now be lost—that every tongue should be silent in his praise, and not a cap or a hand, move to salute him—that his numerous devotees should so quickly be bending before the shrine of another; and that the solemn injunctions of the new idol, should scarcely be sufficient to prevent their greeting his ears with most unwelcome sounds, this he deemed unpardonable in them and found intolerable to his own spirit.

It produced, however, one good effect—accelerating his resolution to retire from the province, and fulfil a promise of marriage with one whom he had long striven in vain to seduce, and on whose fidelity, affection, and virtue, he could implicitly rely. He left the district, followed by one servant, so early in the morning, that he hoped to reach a sufficient distance unnoticed; but scarcely had he passed the bounds of the estate before his ears were assailed by the bitterest execrations of an old gipsy from an adjoining crag. She had often shared to gross intemperance, his most lavish bounty, and her brood were for years supported on his estate:

Drawn by J. M. Wright. Engraved by J. Heath

THE GYPSY'S BENEDICTION.

but the source was now dried up. She had nothing to expect from the new system of Manvers, who resolved to discountenance all forms of vagrancy. The steward had driven her from the park, and forbidden, under heavy penalties, that she or any of her tribe should appear within view of the house. And now, in the language of perfect rage, despair, and vengeance, she dismissed Hastings for ever, as she declaimed, to *his own place!* He heard the fullest expression of her hatred, without betraying the least symptom of uneasiness, and he passed on, mildly commanding his servant not to notice it either in the form of mirth or resentment.

This incident contributed its full share towards confirming the new and good resolutions of Hastings. It came seasonably in aid of the treatment he had received on the estate, to awaken him to the frail tenure on which popularity is held. The danger with him on this point soon was, that he might attach too little importance to public opinion, and that, from having been thrown from the lofty pedestal of an idol, he might be careless of standing well in the view of the new society into which he was going. Into this danger he certainly would have fallen, if, with his new position in life, he had retained his old principles. The loss of popular favour, would have been immediately followed by a hatred of the populace, had he not been taught by recent events, the evil of the system on which he had acted—had he not been trained by

his new circumstances, to a gradual, but real and decided approbation of a virtuous course.

On Hastings' journey towards the place he had chosen for his future abode, he took an opportunity of calling on the respectable and excellent woman, who had attended the last days of his mother, to receive from her what he had long wished to know, the state of her mind in the apprehension of death. He had no view of receiving from her any thing else; and was surprised when she put into his hand a box of valuables, with which she had been entrusted. On opening it, a short note lay at the top of its contents, which he read without hesitation, in the woman's hearing.

"My Child,

"I have one dying request to make, which, as you hope to meet me before God, you will as soon as possible comply with. It is, that in whatever condition you are, you will make Maria your wife. This box contains a few things, which she may require before she can become so.

Your dying Mother,

M——s."

The good woman became pale as he began to read, and fainted as he went on. On her recovery in a few minutes, she said with uplifted hands, "I am innocent of all this; she wrote every syllable herself without my knowledge; she sealed the note and locked the box with her own hand; and as she gave it me, she said, 'I can trust it with you;' and so she could trust it with

me, sir, for never has an attempt been made to see what it contained."

Hastings checked her, by observing that he could not understand her meaning. "If you had written the note, or advised my mother to write it, there would have been no difference. Before I came here, I had well resolved to make Maria my wife; my only fear is, that she will think my condition too low; but if that be altered for the worse, I trust my character is changed much more for the better."

"Sir," said the good woman, "I will remove this fear from your mind, if you will remove another from mine. I have been thought to have injured you. It was I who entreated the clergyman to send for your brother, because *my sister* could not die in peace without seeing him; and his return has thus reduced you."

"Your sister!" exclaimed Hastings, "am I then speaking to the good aunt, which my mother often mentioned to me?"

"I am your mother's only sister," answered the woman: "I have seen better days. I came into this neighbourhood at considerable sacrifice, that I might be ready to step in to her aid whenever she wanted me. While I could do no good, and might have done harm, I stood aloof; but the moment I was wanted, it was my joy to be of service to a sister whom I always loved. And my daughter! how will she rejoice, when I tell her of your reformation, for never could a husband be loved more, than she has always loved her cousin Hastings!"

" Then, for heaven's sake, let me see her! or rather let me first make Maria my wife," said Hastings.

Maria entered at the moment, and his surprise and joy may be imagined in beholding them both in one person.

THE SEASONS.

It is pleasant, in Spring-time to look from the door,
Upon fields that are barren and dreary no more;
On the tree's tender green, and the myriads of flowers,
That start into life beneath sunbeams and showers.

It is pleasant, of Summer to mark the rich glow;
The blue sky that tinges the waters below;
The breeze that springs up at the close of the day,
And wafts to the sense the sweet odour of hay.

It is pleasant, in Autumn to mark, o'er the plain,
Asleep 'mid the poppies, the heavy brown grain;
The trees, with lithe branches that tend to the ground,
Weighed down by the bursting fruit, tinted and round.

'T is pleasant in Winter, when drear and when cold,
With no leaf on the trees, and no sheep in the fold,
To think on the comforts which all seasons bring,
And expect with delight the return of the Spring.

THE INDIAN ORPHAN.

A TALE.

Surely there are
Some stars whose influence is upon our lives
Evil and overpowering: it is those
That blight the young rose in its earliest spring;
Sully the pearl fresh from its native sea;
Wing the shaft to the youthful warrior's breast
In his first field; and fade the crimson cheek
And blue eyes of the beautiful. L. E. L.

Yes, I remember well how she would sit of an evening and watch the sky, while her eyes flashed with light, as wild, as intense, as the brightest star on which she gazed; and when my kiss awakened her from her dream, I remember too, the warm heavy tears that were on the cheek she pressed to mine. "Thou art not like thy mother, my fair child," she would exclaim; "may thy life be unlike hers too!" and the words came forth so gently, and her voice was so sweet! I better loved to sit by her knee, and listen to her sad soft song, than to chase the fairest butterfly that lay like a gem on the roses I delighted to water. But my mother's voice grew feeble, and darkness settled on

her eyes; her lip was pale and parched, and when I hung on her neck, she told me she was sick and faint, and wept: she would lie for hours on the mat, and an old woman who came to see us sometimes, said she was dying. Dying !—I knew not what she meant, but I felt sad, very sad, and went and lay down by my mother; but the hand I took was burning, and the pressure was so slight I scarcely felt it.

It was a beautiful summer sunset,—not those soft gradual tints which melt on the evenings I have since seen in England; but the sunset of a southern clime, all passion, all flame—the sky was crimson; the Ganges was crimson too; its waves flashed through the green foliage that overshadowed it, like the gush of red meteors through the midnight clouds. My mother called me to her; I knelt by the mat, while she told me to look on the glorious sky, and said it was the last she should ever see; that like that sun she was passing to darkness and silence, but not like that sun to return. She said she looked for the arrival of a stranger; and if he came after her spirit had fled—" My child, you will remember your mother's last words—tell him I have loved him even unto death; my latest prayer was his name and thine." She leant back, and gasped fearfully, then lay quiet as if she slept, yet her eyes were open and fixed upon me. I remember yet, how I trembled before that cold and appalling look. It grew dark; I lay down close to her side and fell asleep. The morning sun was looking cheerfully forth when I awoke:—my mother lay so still, so motionless, that

I believed her to be yet sleeping, but her eyes wide open and bent on me, tempted me to kiss her; even at this moment the chill of that touch is upon my lips. For the first time I shrank from her; I spoke, but she answered not; I took her cold hand, but instantly loosed it: it fell from mine—she had said she was dying—could this be death? I felt a wild, vague conviction that we were separated for ever; but the very despair of separation brought with it the hope of reunion; I might die too.

I was repeating, with incoherent rapidity, "My mother, let me die with you!" one arm round the neck of the corpse, the other fanning backwards and forwards, to keep away the flies, and my cheek resting upon hers, when the door of the hut opened, and a stranger entered. I looked up with wonder, not unmixed with pleasure: the splendour of his scarlet and gold dress, the white waving plumes of his helmet, soon attracted a child's attention; but child as I was, one glance at his face fastened my gaze. The deep crimson of exercise had given place to a hue of ghastly whiteness; every feature was convulsed; his deep broken sobs as he sat by the bed, his face covered with his hands, yet startle my memory: at last I remembered my mother's words, and hesitatingly approached him, and repeated them. He started, and clasped me in his arms. I felt his tears on my face; he seemed kind, yet fear was my principal sensation, as wringing my hands and my mother's together, he said in words scarcely audible: "Abra, my care of our child shall

atone for my desertion of thee!" Others, his attendants, now came in: to one of these he gave me in charge; but when they strove to raise me from the body, I struggled in their hold, and grasped a hand, and implored my mother to keep me. I was, however, carried away, weeping the first tears of sorrow I had ever shed.

My course of life was completely changed: I was placed in the family of a Mr. and Mrs. L—. They had many children of their own, educated under their own roof; to my father it therefore appeared a most eligible situation: to me it was one of unceasing mortification, of unvaried unhappiness. Mr. and Mrs. L. considered me as an incumbrance, which their obligations to Mr. St. Leger did not allow them to throw off; and their children as a rival, though from my being the daughter of an Indian, as a being inferior to all. But this very repelling of my best affections caused them to flow the more strongly where their current was not checked; the memory of my mother was to me the heart's religion; my love to my father was the sole charm of existence. I grew up a neglected, solitary, and melancholy girl, affectionate from nature, reserved from necessity; when I was suddenly summoned to attend the death-bed of my father. He breathed his last in my arms. I never left the corpse—I watched the warmth, the last colour of life depart, till the hand became ice, the cheek marble. He was buried in his uniform; my hand threw the military cloak over his face: even when they nailed down the coffin I remained,

though every blow struck on my heart as the farewell to happiness, the last words of hope. They bore the corpse away; and as the physician forbade my attendance at the funeral, I watched the procession as it passed the window. The muffled drums, the dead march, seemed sounds from the grave; stately figures paced with slow and solemn steps; with their arms and eyes bent down silently to the earth, I saw them move onward; I lost the sound of the heavy measured tread, I only caught a distant tone of the now faint music. I sprang forward in desperate eagerness; the sun was at noon; my head was uncovered, yet I felt not the heat: I followed, and reached the grave as they were lowering the body to its long, last home. The whole scene swam before me, and I was carried back insensible by some who recognised me. On my recovery I was coldly informed that my father's property, left wholly mine, insured me a small, but independent fortune; and that his will expressed a wish for my immediate departure for England, assigned to the care of a Mrs. Audley, a distant relation of his. Every thing was prepared for my departure: an orphan, with not one either to love or be loved by, I was perfectly indifferent to my future destiny. The evening before I embarked, I went to bid farewell to my father's grave; there was a storm gathering on the sky, and the hot still air and my own full heart, oppressed me almost to suffocation. There was no light, save from the fire-flies which covered the mansion, or from the dim reflection of the red flames which had been kindled

on the banks of the river. I reached the grave; the newly turned-up earth of its mound was close to another, where the green grass grew in all its rank luxuriance. I looked upon the plain white stone; it was, as my heart foretold, graven with my mother's name, which had hitherto been concealed from me. I sat down; tears of the most soothing gratitude fell over the graves; I felt so thankful that they were united in death. It was to me happiness, that earth had yet something to which I could attach myself; only those who have wept over the precious sod which contains all they loved, all they worshipped, can tell how dear are these lonely dwellings of the departed. I knelt, prayed, wept, and kissed the clay of each parent's grave by turns; and only the red light of the morning warned me to depart. I went home and slept, and the fearful dream of my feverish slumber yet hangs upon me. I was alone, in a dark and wild desert; the ground beneath was parched, yet the sky was black, and red streaks of light passed over it. I heard the hiss of serpents, the howl of savage beasts; my lips were dry and hot; my feet burned as they pressed the fiery sand; and my heart beat even to agony; when suddenly freshness and sweetness breathed around—there came sounds of music and delightful voices; bright and beautiful forms gathered on the air; I found myself in a green and blessed place. Two came towards me—my father, my mother! they embraced me, and I awoke soothed, with their smile visible before me, their blessing yet breathing in my ears. The next day I embarked,

and we set sail immediately; yet I had time to contrast my own forlorn neglectedness with the lot of others; and bitterly did I feel the kind farewells, the blessings implored on my companions. I envied them even the sorrow of parting.

At length the sun set in the waters, and till the final close of the evening I lingered by the side of the vessel. It was a calm sky: not a shadow was on the face of heaven, not a breeze ruffled the sleeping waves, no sound nor motion broke the deep repose; but repose was at this moment irksome to my soul. Was I the only one disturbed and agitated? A cloud, a breath of wind, would have been luxury — they would have seemed to enter into my feelings, to take away my sense of utter loneliness. I left the deck, for there were hurried steps around, and my idleness weighed upon me like a reproach; I felt useless, insignificant; there were glad voices talking close by my side—there were tones of hope, exultation, sorrow, and affection—I could sympathise with none of them. I hastily threw open the window of the cabin, and saw the country I was leaving for ever, like a line in the air, and all but lost in the horizon. No one can say farewell with indifference; and there I leant, gazing on the receding land anxiously, nay even fondly, till darkness closed around, and I could no longer even fancy I saw it. Lost in that vague, but painful reverie, when the mind, too agitated to dwell on any one subject, crowds past sorrows and future fears upon the overburthened present, time had passed unheeded, and the moon, now

risen, made the coast visible again. It must be agony to the heart to say a long, and it may prove an eternal farewell, to all connected with us by every link of early association and affection of many years' standing; to the mother whose smile was the light of our childhood; to the father whose heart goes with us; to all who have shared in our joys and our griefs: this, indeed, must be an overflowing of the cup of affliction; but even this painful accumulation of feeling was preferable to mine of single and complete isolation. It is soothing to reflect, that we are dear to those we leave behind; that there are some who will treasure our memory in the long hours of absence, and look forward to our meeting again; for never does the moment of reunion rise so forcibly on the mind as at that of separation. These thoughts are like rain-drops in the season of drought. But I looked on the land of my birth, and knew there was not one to call a blessing on her far away; not one to wish the wanderer's return! the cold earth lay heavily on the hearts that would have throbbed at my departing; the eyes that would have wept, were sealed by death, in the home of darkness and forgetfulness, where joy and sorrow are alike.

The voyage appeared short, for I had nothing to anticipate, and the glories of the ocean suited my feelings. I have looked on the face of nature with love and with wonder; but never have I had that intense communion with her beauties which I have had at sea. At last the white cliffs of England came in sight: they were hailed with a shout of delight; it had no echo in my heart.

But it was when we arrived in port, that I more than ever felt how very lonely I was. The whole ship was bustle, confusion, and happiness; numbers were every moment crowding the deck—there was the affectionate welcome, the cordial embrace, words of tenderness, still tenderer tears; all was agitation, anxiety, and delight. There was one group in particular, a sailor whose little boy was so grown that he did not at first recognise him—the delight of the child, two inches taller with pleasure—the half affection, half pride, glowing in the fresh island complexion of the mother—every kindly pulse of the heart sympathised with them. I felt doubly an orphan as they left the deck. At this moment a young man addressed me, and announcing himself as the son of Mrs. Audley, the lady with whom I was henceforth to live, led me to the boat which waited at the side of the vessel; and a short journey brought us to Clifton, and the cottage where Mrs. Audley resided. How vividly the thoughts and feelings which crowded that night about my pillow, rise upon my memory! I think it is not saying too much of that natural instinct which attracts us to one person, and repels us from another, when I call it infallible. There is truth and certainty in our first impressions; we are so much the creatures of habit, so much governed in our opinions by the opinions of others, we so rarely begin to think, till our thoughts are already biassed, that our intuitive perception of good and evil, and consequently of friend and foe, is utterly neglected. If, in forming our attachments, instead of repeating what we have heard, we

recalled our feelings when we first met, there would be fewer complaints than are now of disappointed expectations. First impressions are natural monitors, and nature is a true guide. My impressions were delightful—I slept contented and confiding; and my spirits next day were worthy of the lovely morning that aroused them.

Mrs. Audley's cottage, the landscape, and the sky, were altogether English: the white walls, the green blinds, the open sash-windows, the upper ones hung round with the thick jessamine that had grown up to the roof; the lower ones, into which the rose-trees looked; the blinds half-way down, just shewing the cluster of red roses and nothing more, though they completely admitted the air, loaded with the breath of the mignionette; while the eyes felt relieved by the green and beautiful, but dim light which they threw over the room. It was like enchantment to step from the cool and shadowy parlour into the garden, with its thousand colours; the beds covered with annuals, those rainbows of the spring, the Guelder rose, the laburnums, mines of silver and gold; the fine green turf; but nothing struck me so much as, beneath the shade of an old beech tree, a bank entirely covered with violets. It may seem fanciful, but to me the violet is the very emblem of woman's love; it springs up in secret; it hides its perfume even when gathered; how timidly its deep blue leaves bend on their slight stem! The resemblance may be carried yet further—woman's love is but beautiful in its purity; let the hot breath of passion once sully

it, and its beauty is departed—thus as the summer advances, the violet loses its fragrance; June comes, but its odours are fled—the heart too has its June; the flower may remain, but its fragrance is gone for ever. Flowers are the interpreters of love in India; painting in the most vivid, but in the softest colours, speaking in the sweetest sighs: while each blossom that fades is a mournful remembrancer, either of blighted hopes or of departed pleasures. I would give my lover violets; the rose has too much display. *J'admire les roses, mais je m'attendris sur les violettes.* The rose is beauty—the violet tenderness. And the country round was so placidly delightful. I had been used to the sweeping shadow of gigantic trees, to oceans of verdure, to the wide and magnificent Ganges; but the landscape here came with a quiet feeling of contentment on the heart. I remember so well the first time I ever walked on the downs! The day had been very showery, and the sky was but just beginning to clear; the dark gloomy volumes in which the tempest was rolling away, were but little removed from clouds of transparent whiteness, and between, like intervals of still enjoyment amid the hopes and fears of life, gleamed forth the deep calm blue of the horizon. Faintly coloured like a dream of bliss, a half-formed rainbow hung on the departing storm, as fearful of yet giving a promise of peace. Every thing around was in that state of tremulous repose, which succeeds a short and violent rain. The long shadows and double brilliancy of the light from the reflecting rain-drops contrasted in the scenery, like sorrow and

joy succeeding tears. Never could the banks of the Avon have been seen to greater advantage. On one side of the river rose rocks totally bare, but of every colour and every form; on the other side banks equally high were covered with trees in their thickest foliage; the one nature's stupendous fortress, the other her magnificent pavilion of leaves. One or two uncovered masses appeared, like the lingering foot-prints of desolation; but in general, where the statelier trees had not taken root, the soil was luxuriantly covered with heath, and the golden-blossomed furze. On the left, dew and sunshine seemed wholly to have fallen in vain: riven in every direction, the rocks had assumed a thousand different shapes, in which the eye might trace, or fancy it traced, every variety of ruin, spire, or turret—the mouldering battlement, the falling tower. Here and there a solitary bramble had taken root, almost as bare and desolate as the spot where it grew. The contrast between the banks, was like prosperity and adversity. I do think, if ever anybody was happy I was, for the next two years. It is strange, though true, that the happiest part of our life, is the shortest in detail. We dwell on the tempest that wrecked, the flood that overwhelmed—but we pass over in silence the numerous days we have spent in summer and sunshine.

Mrs. Audley was to me as a mother, and Edward and I loved each other with all the deep luxury of love in youth. It was luxury, for it was unconscious. Love is not happiness: hope, pleasure, delicious and passionate moments of rapture—all these belong to love, but

not to happiness. Its season of enjoyment is when its existence is unknown, when fear has not agitated, hope has not expanded the flower it but opens to fade, and jealousy and disappointment are alike unfeared, unfelt. The heart is animated by a secret music. Like the Arabian prince, who lived amid melody, perfume, beauty, and flowers, till he rashly penetrated the forbidden chamber; so, when the first sensations of love are analysed, and his mystery displayed, his least troubled, his most alluring dream, is past for ever. Edward was strikingly handsome; the head finely shaped as that of a Grecian statue, with its profusion of thick curls; the complexion beautiful as a girl's, but which the darkly arched eyebrows, the manly open countenance, redeemed from the charge of effeminacy, his eyes (the expression of "filled with light" was not a mere exaggeration when applied to them); and then the perfect unconsciousness, or, I should rather say, the utter neglect of his own beauty. He was destined for a soldier and for India; and perhaps there is no career in life whose commencement affords such scope for enthusiasm. However false the fancies may be of cutting your way to fame and fortune, of laurels, honours, &c. still there is natural chivalry enough in the heart, to make the young soldier indulge largely in their romance. At length the time of his departure came: Edward was too proud to weep when he bade adieu to his mother and me, his affianced bride; but the black curls on his fair forehead were wet with suppressed agitation, and when he threw himself on horseback, at the garden

gate, he galloped the animal at his utmost speed; but when he came to a little shadowy lane, apparently shut out from all, I saw from my window that his pace was slackened, and his head bowed down upon the neck of his steed. They say women are more constant than men: it is the constancy of circumstance; the enterprise, the exertion required of men, continually force them out of themselves, and that which was at first necessity soon becomes habit — whereas the constant round of employments in which a woman is engaged, require no fatigue of mind or body; the needle is, generally speaking, both her occupation and amusement, and this kind of work leaves the ideas full play; hence the imagination is left at liberty to dwell upon one subject, and hence habit, which is an advantage on the one side, becomes to her an additional rivet.

For months after Edward's departure, I was utterly miserable, listless, apathetic — nothing employed, nothing amused me: but I was at length roused from this state of sentimental indolence by a letter from him: he wrote in the highest spirits; his success had been beyond his utmost expectations; and soon, he said, he might hope and look forward to our joining him in India. I have a great dislike to letter-writing: the phrase "she is an excellent correspondent," is to me synonymous with "she is an excellent gossip." I have seen epistles crossed and recrossed, in which I knew not which most to pity—the industry or idleness of the writer. But every one has an exception to his own rule, and so must I; and from this censure, I except letters

from those near and dear to us, and far away. A letter then, breathing of home and affection, is a treasure; it is like a memento from the dead, for absence is as death, in all but that its resurrection is in this life. I felt a new spirit in existence; I lived for him, I hoped to rejoin him. I delighted to hear my own voice in the songs he was soon to hear; I read with double pleasure, that I might remember what he would like: but above all else, painting became my favourite pursuit; every beautiful landscape, every delicate flower, every striking countenance which I drew, would, I thought, be so many proofs how I had remembered him in absence. I almost regretted the fine cool airs of a summer evening, the low sweet songs of the birds: I could make for him no memorials of them. Another letter came; and soon after we prepared for our embarkation, and a second time I crossed the ocean. The voyage which had seemed so short before, I now thought never-ending; every day the bright shining sea, and the blue sky seemed more monotonous; a thousand times did I compare our fate to that of the enchanted damsel, in one of Madame de Genlis' tales, who has been condemned by a most malignant fairy to walk straight forward over an unvarying tract of smooth green turf, bounded only by the clear azure of the heavens. But we reached India at last.

What is there that has not been said of the pleasure of meeting, yet who has ever said all that is felt—the flow of words and spirits, the occasional breaks of deep and passionate silence, the restlessness of utter happi-

ness, the interest of the most trivial detail—and when on our pillow, the hurry of ideas, the delicious, though agitated throbbing of the heart. To sleep is impossible, but how delightful to lie awake! But my first look at Edward, the next morning, made my pillow sleepless again, and sleepless from anxiety. The climate too surely had been slow poison to him: his bright and beautiful colour was gone; the wan veins of his finely turned and transparent temples, had lost the clearness and the hue of health; and often his voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as if speaking were too great an exertion. Still he himself laughed at our fears, and pressed the conclusion of our marriage. I wished it too, for I felt it was something to be his, even in the grave. It was the evening before the day fixed for uniting us, when he proposed a visit to a spot I had often sought alone—the grave of my parents. Once or twice during the walk, I was startled by his excessive paleness, but again his smile and cheerfulness reassured me. We sat down together silently. I was too sad for words: a little branch of scented flowers in my hand, was quite washed by my tears. A cloud was flitting over the moon, and for a short space it was entirely dark; suddenly the soft clear light came forth more lovely than before. I bade Edward mark how beautifully it seemed to sweep away the black cloud; he answered me not, but remained with his face bowed on his hands. I put mine into them—they were cold: I saw his countenance—it was convulsed in death.

EUSTACE;

OR, THE WASTED LIFE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"And when he had what most he did admire,
And found of life's delights the last extremes,
He found all but a rose hedged with a briar,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams."

DRUMMOND.

It was late in the evening of a November day, in 18—, that, after two days and nights of incessant travelling, I reached London, and proceeded to a house in —— Street. Every one knows the feeling with which he knocks at the door of a sick friend, when he fears to learn that his errand is lost, that he shall be greeted with those death-bell words—"You are too late!" In the present instance, my impatient summons was answered by a respectable middle-aged servant man, whose mournful countenance so realised my apprehensions, that I forbore to make any direct inquiry—indeed, I had not the power.

The domestic was at no loss to understand my emotion; "Dr. F——," said he, "is with him."

"*Is* with him," said I, "thank God!" and gathering hope from this ambiguous phrase, I ran up stairs with eager haste.

A door opened as I reached the landing, and the physician came forward; he was well known to me by reputation, and his appearance at the present crisis, made me feel towards him as a friend. I grasped his offered hand, and approached the room door.

"Mr. Mandeville," said he, in a kind but firm tone, "that room you must not enter at present,—it grieves my very soul to say it, but you are too late; all is just over!"

I replied by wrenching myself from the grasp that strove to detain me, and in another moment stood beside the bed of death. Dr. F—— followed me, apprehensive of consequences; but the scene therein disclosed, effectually calmed my impetuosity, and I became still from the very power of my emotion.

I felt as if suddenly placed in a sepulchre; the room was hot and dark, so that I breathed and distinguished with difficulty; when my eye grew accustomed to the gloom, the first object that I discovered was the ghastly face of my friend, stretched in the attitude of sleep, but it was the dull cold sleep of death.

Yes! there, mute, and unconscious of my presence, lay the one whom I had last seen brilliant and in health; imaginative, refined, passionate, the very genius of change and contradiction; courted, uncontrollable, wayward, wilful; a spell to others, a torment to himself; yet, withal, my first, last, dearest friend—

there he had died, unattended, but for the voluntary offices of a poor servant—friendless, but for a stranger! Again and again was my sight blinded by gushing tears; again and again did I dash them away, and rivet my eyes afresh upon the splendid wreck before me. By degrees I became able to examine more minutely, the change which had passed upon his form and features, and something like comfort arose from the contemplation. Disease had wasted the one; on the other, care and emotion (those vultures of the soul) had left dire traces of their triumph; but over all, there brooded a calm, which, in the brightest hours of life, I had never witnessed. He lay in a half-reclining position—the head bowed upon the bosom,—the lips somewhat apart, as if he had died whilst preparing to speak; and smiling,—for death, which had arrested the words, had spared the smile that prefaced them. His white and attenuated hands were gently clasped; his whole figure was at rest; and the wild play of a countenance, once proud, even in its beauty and its tenderness, looked not more pale than tranquil. I bent forward to kiss the brow; its chill clamminess startled and shocked me, and I uttered a cry of grief and astonishment, as if then, for the first time, I had become sensible of the certainty of death.

Dr. F—— now interposed, and quietly urged me to retire with him. "We have," said he, "many arrangements to make, much to talk over; and poor Eustace charged me with many messages for you—to-morrow you shall return here, but to-night—nay, you

must leave the apartment now; you need food and rest too." "Food—rest," repeated I, impetuously; however, I suffered him to lead me away into an adjoining room. Ordering up some refreshment, of which he entreated me, for my health's sake, to avail myself, he left me for awhile, to give the directions now rendered indispensable. In about half an hour he returned; I had not stirred from the spot in which he left me standing. He shook his head in a manner at once half-friendly, half-professional. "This," said he, "will not do; I must rule you as I used to rule Eustace; *he* was always obedient, both as a patient and as a son." Here his voice trembled, and he became silent. I threw myself on the sofa, and burst into tears. The benevolent physician sat down beside me, and mingled his tears with mine. When I grew composed, I entreated him to give me all the information he could, respecting my departed friend, of whom I had wholly lost sight during the last five years. Again and again I reprobated the cruelty that had kept me in ignorance of his danger.

"Do not blame the dead," replied my companion gravely; "Eustace never consented, till the day on which my letter of summons is dated. I wrote the instant he would permit me; till then, I had not heard of you; for till then, Eustace never gave me his whole confidence. He interested me from the first day of my attendance, and I felt convinced that as he was no common character, his had been no common life: but you know he had a proud spirit, and privation and

self-reproach are not in themselves softening influences. Previous to our confidential intercourse, I perceived that there was a warfare going on in his mind, a strife between good and evil, a conviction of error, with a hardy desire to brave it out; a determination to "die and make no sign,"—but he could not do so. The better influence gained the victory; then he gave me the history of his career, and bade me send for you. From that hour he sank, but from that hour he became tranquil."

"And how died he?"

"As it peculiarly became him that he should die—*humbly*. Tranquillity in death is frequently open to suspicion; at least, it is not in itself a sufficient evidence of safety; but in the case of tumultuous, passionate characters, it is, to my mind, the most satisfactory evidence we can have that the heart is right with God."

"And had he forgotten me?" said I, "me, his chosen friend!"

"Do not be tenacious," replied Dr. F———; "he remembered you to the last moment; he had few others to remember, for the world left him long before he left the world. Look," continued the speaker, holding up, as he spoke, a packet, which I perceived to be addressed to myself, "here is proof that he remembered you, and proof also that he disobeyed me, for he employed himself in writing these sheets when utterly unfit for the exertion. To-morrow you will peruse them."

"To-morrow!" I exclaimed, snatching the precious memorials as I spoke; "this night—instantly."

I broke the seal, and endeavoured to read, but my eyes refused their aid; they would only weep. My companion saw my inability. "Nay, then," said he, "I will read them to you; Eustace had at last no secrets from me, and he bade me comfort you when he was gone; come, you shall be to me what Eustace was. I will fancy you his brother; give me the papers."

I gave them into his hand. "Now, then," said he, "if you will not sleep before you hear their contents, at least you *shall* eat before I read them; you have need of strength, even to listen."

I obeyed, to be freed from his friendly importunity; and he then commenced his melancholy task.

EUSTACE'S LETTER.

"Henry, I have known for some time that I must die, but I was too proud to let you come and close my eyes, for I could not bear that you should see my humiliation; that you should find your once brilliant friend without fortune, without fame, without friends: but I thank God for giving me a better mind, and now I trust you will reach me whilst I belong to the world of living men. Should you arrive too late, pardon your friend in this thing, and believe, that with all his other sins of an evil heart, and wasted life, he has carried it to that Being who saves when all else reject. Oh, my Henry, do you ever think of our bright boyhood! of those days when the heart had a summer, long and

luxuriant as Nature's? do you remember that old grey rock behind your father's house, whence we used to watch the sun rise? and that dingle, so green, and cool, and silent, yet withal so bright, where we used to lie at the foot of the large beech-tree, looking up through its branches at the glimmering blue sky, and talking of that which resembled it—the future? That dingle haunts me like a remembered dream; in the feverish hours of dissipation, in the dark ones of disappointment, even in these, my dying ones, I have seemed again to behold its sunny greenness, and felt, by turns, reproached and saddened. But this is vain! The leaves and the singing birds of that season are long since dead, and the fancies and desires that were their parallels, are dead too. Pain and pleasure are alike transient, but good and evil long survive—they are remembered by their consequences. You cannot have forgotten, then, that strange, perverted, gifted being, who exercised such a powerful influence over both our minds,—such a fatal, such a lasting one on mine. With his knowledge and his eloquence, his enthusiasm and his levity, his wild estimate of the powers of man; his daring doubts, and more daring assertions; his genius, which admired the loveliness of virtue, his secret infidelity, which despised the obligation of duty—you cannot have forgotten him, but to you he did little harm. You listened to his tales of other times and other lands, to his caustic sketches of life, and splendid visions of unattainable felicity, as to the words of a sorcerer; but good sense and an unambitious tempera-

ment preserved you from lasting injury. You went to other scenes and forgot him. It was far otherwise with myself. His words sank into my soul, like sweet deadly poison, working destruction. He kindled up my ambition, but he did not direct the flame; he made me conscious and proud of my energies, but he never taught me their use; he disgusted me with acknowledged principles and customary pursuits, and gave me instead vain and vague ideas of distinction. My imagination was full of dazzling sentiments, but my ideas were undefined and impalpable; my mind was a chaos of light, and power, and splendour, without aim and without order, without rule and without principle. One desire took possession of me, the desire of power for its own sake; for the gratification of my own pride, as a proof of my superiority. To go through this dusky world a dazzling, courted, wonder-raising being, a "splendour amidst shadows"—with no definite aim beyond that of gaining the greatest possible influence over the greatest possible number and variety of minds; careless whether it produced good or evil, bane or bliss, in its results—this, as well as I can recal my past state of mind, was my ruling passion. Every study, book, character—my own heart, conversation, bore on this one point; every thing, even the contemplation of nature, became an art. I do not mean that all this was done avowedly and on system; it was the natural result of an artificial habit of thought. The first evil consequence was discontent. Time, talent, feeling, all were wasted in dreaming myself into possession of the power I longed

for. I could no longer surrender myself to the enjoyment of the beauties and pleasures by which I was surrounded; the idea that a world existed, in which I was formed to shine, but from which I was excluded, embittered every hour of my life. I sprang, therefore, like a bird from an opened cage, when the moment arrived which allowed me to enter that world, and enter it my own master. For a long time the versatility of my ambition blinded me to its inherent meanness, just as its novelty, for a time, precluded weariness. To have been distinguished as a mere man of fashion, or pleasure, or even literature, would have disgusted me by its exclusiveness: eminence in any profession, however honourable, would not have satisfied me, it would have required patient drudgery; least of all, would eminence in goodness have suited me, because then I must have sacrificed my corrupt motives of action. No, my aim was to embody and unite a portion of all the qualities required in all these pursuits, and create a profession for myself—that of pleasing and gaining power; to be, in short, a modern Alcibiades; equally at home, whether leading a gay revel, or imbibing Socratic wisdom. Oh, those days! those months! those years! I cannot recount the wild excitements which filled them; even you saw not the one-half of their transitions, for knowing that you disapproved full many of such as you did know, I seldom sought your society, but when wearied into steadiness: and at last you went abroad, and I saw you no more. It was not from any diminution of real regard that I ceased

to answer your letters, but I became gradually enthralled by the habit of mind that had at first been optional. I lost the power of steady remembrance, of patient continuance in any thing: constancy lasted just as long as excitement; the past, the future, and the distant, were alike nothing; the new, the near, and the present, were all in all. But there was a feeling for you, a remembrance of our boyish attachment, that triumphed even over caprice. Otherwise, man, or woman, or child, alike repented intrusting me with any portion of their regard; for when I had gained the power I sought, they generally ceased to excite an interest strong enough to stimulate me to attention, in which case they tired me, because they had claims on me which I could not dispute, and had no will to acknowledge. At first I felt relieved when one by one dropped off, leaving me at liberty to please myself, and please others; but by degrees I awoke to a sense of dreariness, and of mortification, arising from the discovery that, at last, no one suffered on my account, because none trusted me beyond the hour. By degrees, too, I felt my mind lose its vigour and elasticity; every object and occurrence appeared to me in such various aspects, according to the mood of the day, that I really had no fixed opinions of any kind, no attachment to any particular habit of thought. To form a decision and abide by it, was all but impossible; my good and evil being alike the result of impulse, and so interchanged, that my friends always found something to blame in my best actions, and something to praise in my worst. Opinion was the breath of

my soul, consequently, I was ever vibrating between elation and depression: whilst my efforts received praise, I did well; when praise was withheld, I could do nothing. My mind had no root in itself, but derived its nourishment from extraneous sources. When they dried up it withered. The dread of sinking into a *mediocre* tortured me, and the more this dread possessed me, the more did I discover, that the native element of genius is simplicity of purpose, or rather the absence of all purpose whatsoever. I was what I originally desired to be, a person whom society courted, but I found that I had lost the power of becoming any thing better. This conviction induced a melancholy, misanthropic turn of thought; my head was waste, and my heart empty; I grew reckless and self-accusing. These feelings were much deepened by a severe and long-protracted illness. The gloom and stillness of a sick room contrasted forcibly with the gaiety and glare from which they had snatched me; and the neglect of most of my companions, now that I was unable to give or receive amusement, obliged me to many reflections that might have been called wise, had they not resulted from mortified vanity, rather than a convinced judgment. There was one person, however, who visited me for the very reasons that others forsook me—because I seemed less disposed to be gay than grave. This was a clergyman, whom I had occasionally met at the house of a mutual friend, and with whom I had once travelled half a day; a slight acquaintanceship, but it sufficed to give him a right to inquire after my health, and

manifest those little attentions which invalids are particularly fond of receiving from strangers. But the origin of his visits lay in the interest he had conceived for me, in his belief that I was capable of becoming a valuable character, and in his desire (for he had the ambition of benevolence) to influence me for my own good. Many circumstances contributed to make him succeed in winning my confidence: he was my senior; he was my superior in rank; he excelled in moral energy; but the secret of his power lay in his simplicity. His, however, was not the simplicity occasioned by ignorance of men and books; nor yet the superficial simplicity of phrase and deportment; it was the genuine and transparent integrity of a strong mind, that judged of all things by the unerring standard of right and wrong. He was wholly a character of truth, principle, and duty; of "austere yet happy feelings;" alike devoid of sentiment and subtlety. I never could understand his fancy for myself; yet any motive, unsupported by the strongest regard, would not account for the watchful, forbearing kindness which I constantly received from him. He strove to clear my mental vision of the dimness contracted by perpetual self-gazing; to make me perceive glory in self-control; happiness in living for others. He was gifted with much natural eloquence: and when he characterised and compared the objects for which I had lived and those for which it was worth while to live; when he unmasked the splendid vanities which had hitherto enthralled my imagination, pourtraying at the same

time the eternal and sufficient good which might yet be attained—my heart burned within me to forego a life of littleness, and evidence a nobler style of being. I was perfectly sincere, but perfectly self-deceived. The old spirit was at work in another form; my imagination was still lord of the ascendant, and what appeared to be the triumph of a new principle, was only the triumph of a new excitement. Hitherto I had contemplated religion and its acquirements with dislike and scepticism, partly the result of ignorance, and partly of early prejudice. I was now aroused to regard it with intellectual and absorbing interest. The grand outlines of Christianity must ever, when fairly stated, command the homage of the mind; my present instructor possessed singular powers of appeal to the heart and conscience, and like one suddenly transported into a new and lovely region, my mind was filled with wonder, enthusiasm, and delight. My former habits and associations really appeared contemptible, and the idea that there existed a power by which I might emancipate myself from their thraldom, and remould my character into what should deserve and command confidence, filled me with rapture. I commenced a crusade against myself, and for a time all went well. The stern, the simple, and the despised virtues, which can only be based upon Christian principle;—the occupations which have solid utility as their object; the character of Christ, which is unquestionably the most wondrous and magnificent ever realized on earth—all these, really arrested my attention, and as long as they

did so, produced a marked and beneficial effect upon every habitude of thought, word, and deed. As may readily be supposed, I was all devotedness to my new friend; and he, half in hope, and half in fear, suffered me at last to form a new bond of union with himself and his principles. Many blamed him, and at last he blamed himself; but for awhile, as I said before, all went well. I was happy; I was occupied; I was contented in retirement; I loved a woman who thought me trustworthy, and that woman was Constantia. Yes, I loved her, for a time, in sincerity, and she was one more than worthy of that love, even had it retained to the end its warmth and integrity; for she was tender, serious, thoughtful, gentle; reposing and full of repose; timid, exclusive—in all things womanly. I was struck with the singleness of her notions, her delight in nature, her complete freedom from worldliness. But I believe her crowning charm was, that I found it difficult to win her affection, and because, when at last awarded, it was with a genuine intensity that I had never witnessed, at least never excited before. Her love for me, when fairly roused, engrossed, subdued, enchained her: I became her idol, her life's unbroken thought; and not merely every person, but every duty became painful that interfered with devotedness to myself. Her brother remonstrated on the ground of religious principle, but she was emparadised in a dream that steeped her judgment in oblivion, and she loved the more for finding that she already loved too well. Alas! alas! that what at first occasioned me purer joy than I had ever ex-

perienced in my whole life, should eventually have wearied, nay, produced disgust! That the wreath of flowers should have changed into gyves and fetters! That the very fact of being endowed with despotic power, should have tempted me to abuse it; to rend a soft and gentle heart that shewed no image but mine. But thus it was. As novelty wore off, and excitement diminished, my bosom sins, ambition and instability, revived; and in proportion as they did so, my new course of life became less easy, less pleasing, less suited to me. My religion had been wholly imaginative, and the beautiful but baseless fabric began to fall to pieces. My spirit began to be once more feverish and restless; my feelings to fret under the curb of self-restraint; something like a glory gathered over the world I had left, something like a mist over the one I now inhabited; I remembered my brilliant days, and sighed. I was constrained to admit, in my judgment, that goodness, and virtue, and rectitude, and utility, were good, and virtuous, and right, and useful—but I felt them insipid: there was no grounding passionate interest on the people and things connected with them; for they were no longer gilded by the sun of my imagination. In an unfortunate hour too, the individual whom I may well call my evil genius, again crossed my path; he was the meteor-character he had ever been, and years had only increased his power of caustic raillery on all subjects opposed to his own views and feelings. From a mingling of pride and shame, I disguised, or rather attempted to disguise, the real state of my mind; but

he saw through it, and his wit winnowed me, not of the chaff, but of the wheat of my little remaining attachment to truths and principles, and persons who were governed by them. A vain mind, whatever may be the talent connected with it, is always at the mercy of ridicule cunningly handled; and he was an adept. But I must acquit him of wrong intentions, as far as Constantia was concerned. He thought her unfit to retain influence over a spirit like mine; but he scattered his levities regarding her, more from inability to be serious on any subject, than from iniquity of purpose. Then he did not believe in the deep and pure intensity of her affection for me; woman's constancy was, in his opinion, the most fabulous of fables. He measured her character too by the world's standard, or rather by the standard of his own perverted taste; and, because she varied from it, pronounced her uninteresting. She certainly was not a woman formed to be courted in society; not one fitted to draw paladin and peer to her feet—not, in a word, what a vain worldly heart would in brilliant circles take a pride in owning. The gold of her character lay beneath the surface, but her affection had brought it all to light for me, and I at least ought to have been satisfied. Had my affection towards her been of the right kind, the conversation of the individual alluded to, would have made me forswear his friendship for ever; but in truth, it was like a spark falling upon tinder—I was previously prepared for its influence, and instead of resenting, received it. Our intercourse was limited. There were many reasons

why England, as a residence, displeased him; he was now on the eve of leaving it again, and endeavoured to persuade me to accompany him, and become, as he phrased it, less militant in my notions. This I declined, avowing circumstances as a reason, but in reality I had neither courage nor generosity to act on the principle of *mort sans phrase;* so he left, making his farewell such a sweet and bitter compound of flattery and ridicule, that my ears long tingled at the remembrance. He departed, and I remained behind, not with the settled purpose of playing the villain, but in a temper of mind that naturally induced this consequence. Some characters undergo few changes, and those few are gradually effected, and between every such change there is a twilight interval of deliberation and prelude; they have intermediate moods—neutral tints. Neither one nor other appertained to my nature. From change to change, from fancy to fancy, I passed at once and altogether, and none but myself could have traced the steps of progress. It was thus in my subsequent conduct to Constantia. My love for her had, like every thing else, been merely based on imaginative feeling, and therefore it was essentially unstable and selfish. I had no real fault to find with her, but she ceased to excite me; I grew weary of her society, fretful at the idea of her claims upon me, vexed even at the undecaying nature of her regard for me. I do not mean to say that all these feelings were evidenced in my manner; at the worst of times there was ever about me a milkiness of nature that shrunk

from giving wilful pain, and I really strove hard to *seem* all I had once been without seeming. Mere spectators, and even her brother, were deceived; Constantia alone discovered the true state of my heart; for Constantia loved, and felt, what can only be felt, not described, the thousand differences between attention and tenderness. A strong and happy love can afford to seem negligent in manner, because, by a single word or look, or even tone of voice, it can, and does yield a payment of delight far surpassing all that can be done by active service. Constantia missed these signs of true love; not that she ever breathed a syllable of reproach, or even entreaty, but she grew pale, and sad, and silent. This, and the conviction that I was the occasion, irritated me; and when we were alone together, which I avoided as much as possible, I grew moody, constrained, captious. Her brother at length perceived that all was not smooth, and claimed the right of interference—but Constantia roused her gentle nature to the effort, and precluded its necessity; she set me free from my engagement, and I was blind, weak, worthless enough to accept my freedom, and to rejoice in it. Of course, we never met again. I received one letter from her brother (once my friend); it was as beseemed both characters, stern and sad. He told me of the misery I had inflicted—of the hopes, as regarded myself, I had raised and blighted—of the esteem he had once felt for me—of the fear he now felt. He gave me keen counsel as a man—he forgave me as a Christian. He died shortly afterwards of a

malignant fever, and Constantia is—I know not where: but oh, my friend, if it be possible, discover her abode, and bear to her my dying testimony to her worth and her wrongs. Her forgiveness I do not ask, for it would grieve her could she think I deemed her capable of retaining any angry emotion towards one she once loved. Tell her, that the hour which has degraded many things in my estimation, has only established her; tell her whatever may render my memory less painful. Yes, Henry, we parted, and I returned to my old world; but I took not back my own old self: for the knowledge of right clung to me, though the will to obey its dictates had departed; and this knowledge stamped a darker character on every subsequent error and suffering. I returned to the world, but the remembrance of what I had lost and left, haunted, tortured, maddened me; but it could not restrain, could not lure me back. Hitherto, though my life, with the exception of the period just described, had been vain, wild, and useless, it had possessed some redeeming traits—its frivolity had been blended with feeling—its dissipation with literature and refinement; but now my soul required deadlier opiates to lull it into forgetfulness, and it quaffed them—reckless alike of the present and the future, of degradation and of remorse. I feel it a *duty* to reveal the extent of my aberrations; and after my separation from Constantia and her brother, they were dark and many. My downward course was no longer taken by the 'thousand steps,' but by the 'single spring;' I became a

gambler, I became, but for an accusing conscience, an abandoned man; one whom the circles that had once owned as their ornament, rejected, disowned, condemned. My companions were like none that I had ever before associated with; fallen as I was, I despised and hated, even whilst I mingled with them. And what was the bond of our union? Sympathy in sin; fellowship in evil: of regard, esteem, kind offices, the friendships between the spirits of darkness included as much. This career could not last. It could not last! In one little year, one short revolution of spring and summer, autumn and winter, one year which gave strength to the tree, and stature to the child, sufficed to make me a ruined man! one year, that scarcely ripens the seed of a frail flower, sufficed to bring down my strength to the feebleness of infancy; ploughed deep furrows on my brow; dissipated my fortune; and dug my grave! I stood, at last, a very prodigal; homeless, but for a hired lodging; friendless, but for a servant who forsook my evil days, to return and comfort my sorrowful ones; companionless, but for the spectres roused by memory and remorse! My narrative draws to a close, and it is well, for my strength ebbs with every page; but it *must* hold out till I have told all—till I have paid a tribute to one who came to me in my low estate, who has been to me physician, pastor, brother, friend. Oh, thank him, Henry, for having been to me all that you would, had you been near me; oh, do *you* thank him, for I shall soon be able to thank him no more. He tells me I must die, and I feel that he tells me the

truth. In my best hours, and in my worst, death has been perpetually on my mind; it has covered me like a dread presence; weighed me down like an ocean; blinded me like a horrid vision; imprisoned my faculties as with bars and gates of iron. Often and often, when in saloons alive with mirth and splendour, I have seemed the gayest of the inmates, this thought, and fear of death, have shot through my mind, and I have turned away, sick and shuddering. What is it then to approach the reality? to feel it very near—nay, close at hand? stealing on, and on, and on, like the tide upon the shore, not to be driven back till it has engulfed its prey? What is it to apprehend the time when you must be a naked, guilty, trembling spirit, all memory, and all consciousness, never again for a single moment to sleep, or know oblivion from the crushing burden of the 'deeds done in the body?' Henry, beware! for a dying bed may be made a place of torment, hell before its time: and the remembrance of past life, stripped of all its deceptions, shrivelled into insignificance, appearing, in connexion with eternity, but as a tiny shell tossed on the broad black surface of an ocean! then again, the intense importance of that very insignificant fragment of time, and the intense remembrance of all that occupied it—its schemes, and dreams, and sins, and vanities, sweeping across the mind in solemn order, like a procession of grim shadows, with death waiting to embosom all. Oh! well may I smite upon my breast, and cry, with all but despair—'woe is me for the past! woe, woe, for the past!' I had health, and I have ruined it,—friends, and I flung them

from me,—I had talents which I perverted,—influence, which I abused,—time, which I have squandered; yes, I had health, and friends, and time, and influence, and talents—where are they? what am I now? Every dream is dissolved,—every refuge of lies is plucked from me,—every human consolation totters beneath me, like a bowing wall,—and all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, could not bribe from my soul the remembrance of a single sin. Ambition, pleasure, fame, friendship, all things that I have loved, lie round me like wrecks, and my soul is helpless in the midst of them, like the mariner on his wave-worn rock. And now, my earliest friend, farewell; you will blot this word with your tears, but it must stand, a record of our ended friendship. Mourn my lost life,—but oh! mourn not for me; rather rejoice, that even in these my last hours, a spirit of contrition has been given me from on high, and that I go where I can offend no more the patience that has borne with me so long. It is not for me to depart with boasting confidence, yet something must I say, of the light that has risen upon my soul in its darkness, of the hope, that, like a spark, flies upwards, not, I trust, to expire. Ask you whence arises this hope? it is here, grounded upon a single phrase, on a few words, that may be uttered in a moment; but they are strong, sufficient, glorious—'With Him is plenteous redemption.' These sustain me; to these I cling with the energy of self despair; these enable me to drink my last draught of life, and finding death at the bottom, to find it not bitter. One penitent sigh to my

wasted years; one thought of human love and blessing to you, brother of my boyhood,—and now, farewell—farewell!"

Four days after reading the foregoing melancholy document, Dr. F——, and myself, committed the remains of its writer to the grave. We laid him there with sorrow, not unrelieved by consolation, and bade adieu to his sepulchre, in hope. For myself, dwelling only on the first and last days of his life, his memory is shrined in my heart as something "pleasant, but mournful:" dwelling on that portion of which his letter is the record, I am not ashamed to own that I find the remembrance salutary for myself. His dying anguish, on the review of a wasted life, often stimulates me to caution and watchfulness; his very hand-writing

> Is like a bell,
> Tolling me back from him unto myself.

For him too, for Eustace, knowing that hope was in his end, with thanksgiving to the power who bestowed upon him, we trust, a new heart, and another spirit, I would rejoice that he is freed from the possibility of change; that no fear can evermore arise, lest he should swerve from a holy course; that his warfare is accomplished, and his repentance "placed beneath the safeguard and seal of death and immortality."

ON THE WISDOM OF OUR FATHERS,

COMPARED WITH THEIR CHILDREN'S INANITY.

BY MARK SPENCER, GENT.

As my former observations concerning the decline of ancient poesy were not wholly devoid of savour on the palates of the readers of these times; and as I feel well assured that so much wholesome truth cannot be digested by the public without manifold good arising therefrom, I have been induced to follow up the subject by some general remarks upon the gradual decadency of mankind.

And to this I am the more strongly moved, seeing that my candle now burneth dimly; and if anything I write can benefit the world, or be as a way-mark to my beloved grandson, it behoveth me no longer to defer a task which else I may never perform. The oblivion of age threatens to overwhelm all my recollections of a generation now well-nigh perished from the earth; and I will turn from this volatile century, back for a few moments into the past, whilst memory retains force to bear me there.

Every fresh review of the men and times which have been, convinces me that they are as Colossi compared with the men and times that now are. Should any be

unwilling to assent to this proposition, I will point to the monuments of mind they have left us, as to Great Babylon that they have builded. "Let those that would comprehend their greatness, surpass them in their works."

Cast from you, my readers, that doubting prying spirit, which is reckoned by many a sure index of a vigorous intellect; and which seeketh to profane all holy reputations of the olden time by the rude hand of the sceptic. Trust me, it is but a poor quibble of vanity, which would persuade us that nothing really great ever has been done, because we can do nothing really great ourselves. Moreover do not tell me of the diffusion of knowledge in these days. I do sorrowfully confess, if that be reputed a concession, that knowledge is now so generally diffused and scattered that the fragments can never be reunited, and are wholly undiscernible in the gross mass of imbecility. All this spreading forth of all knowable things, is merely beating into leaf as flimsy as gossamer, the solid gold bequeathed to those of modern times by the old necromancers. But the spell is lost, wherewith they conjured; the secret whereby they converted the basest ores into treasure. The sages of to-day may toil at all hours, and under all aspects of the planets, yet in their crucibles the rich metal never shines forth from the transfigured mass; so they have taken themselves (as I have said above) to beat out the wealth which they inherit. What matters they gild with the leaf thus produced, I will not here discuss.

If in another view, it be narrowly looked to, this same diffusion of which men so fondly boast; it will, I fear, be found the cause of many of the evils whereof I now complain. Of old there was but one road to fame—through deserts. The world of unlettered and incompetent men had no voice nor judgment: the wisest of the learned formed the lists and judged the combat. The knight of those days, had to win the spurs he sought to wear, ere he could rank in the bright host whom the nation really "delighted to honour." Now, in place of meeting that pure severe ordeal, the aspirant may receive a hundred various ranks from a hundred different classes of judges, of all assignable degrees of competency. The idle are roused to no strenuous exertion—but falling a little back, or it may be, only ceasing to press onward, they may yet rest under the shadow of some crown of honour, wherewith they seem content. Dull must that author be beyond all remedy, who findeth not his admirers somewhere or other amidst a world of readers and critics. Narrow beneath all computation must be that intelligence, which cannot refresh, with a scanty rill, some one out of the many thousands now athirst for some species of mental recreation or knowledge.

All arts, you tell me, are now made easy; and little to my mind, will be well done by a generation like the present, fond of making things easy—that is, of taking its ease in them. Here it were no labour for me to seem very profound to some of my readers, by shewing how really high things suffer by being made low; and

how things which in their essences are exquisitely abstract or compound, cannot be made royally "plain to the most ordinary capacity," without their real nature being, for that purpose, somewhat changed. But, I shall readily be conceived by those, who may yet retain the desire and the power to dive beneath the surface of my discourse: and wishing not to be too wearisome to the idler sort, I omit here narrowly to inquire whether the *real* knowledge of some things, be not retained by very few; and whether the place of an author, abandoned as *unreadable*, be not often filled by one, who is better received because he is more superficial. In one of the works which now-a-days attempt to be facetious it was argued, with some humour, that, from the continual breaking up of rocks and stones to form the road, lately brought into use by one Macadam, there would result the terrible calamity, that, in time, all the solid masses in the globe would be reduced to small fragments or powder. Something like this, if applied to the mind, is to be feared in sober earnest, and without figure of speech, from the operation of the ephemeral popular authors, who are engaged in laying highways for all future voyagers, "through dense, or rare."

Many will, by these remarks, be reminded of the old fable of the vintner, who, having lost a cask of wine in the lake near his house, speedily demanded his nectar back from the waves; and was delighted to find the whole recovered with large usury. But he somewhat transcended the moderns in the force of his perceptions. Though he never divined the reason *why* the flavour of

his wine was lost; yet his senses speedily informed him of the change.

Considerations akin to these often make me sad, and the more, when I see innovations which are wholly monstrous, greeted with applause as advances in the improvement of mankind. Were then your fathers altogether blind and uninformed, ye sons of this evening sunrise? We looked upon the works of our ancestors, with the reverence of a boy handling the bow and spear of the vigorous warrior. With long continuance of athletic toils and exercises, we trained our limbs from youth to manhood; and deemed ourselves worthily descended from the chieftain, when we rolled away the stone which buried his arms, and could wield his sword in battle. Our sons have chosen no such arduous probation: they tell us, that our weapons were ill-fashioned, and make to themselves tiny playthings to suit their feeble strength.

This decay operateth mentally and corporeally: such care is now taken to live softly, smoothly, and healthily; such appliances for ease and safety of travelling by land and sea, are diligently sought from machinery, that even were anything worth calling an enterprise left to achieve, I doubt whether any one remains who could achieve it. The same decline hath reached our libraries: of late years, folios have been wholly discontinued; now, those who call themselves men of letters begin to complain loudly that quartos are too ponderous. Nay, it is a veritable fact, that within this very month, I heard a literary coxcomb say, that "he never

could wade through the bulk of two enormous thick octavo volumes!" The age following this, must doubtless, to go on in well doing, revive the ancient monarch's whim of condensing all lore and wisdom in some few short sentences. But had they his despotic power to enjoin the performance of this task, where shall they find the sages, who can embody or expound these aphorisms?

I must speedily conclude, for my bodily feebleness remindeth me by how frail a tenure is held the existence of one who can boast, that for three-quarters of the last century, his dress and figure have been perplexed by no changes; save the renewals which decay hath occasionally made necessary in the former, and the ravages of age in the latter.

I could have wished that my dear grandson would promise me to present, unimpaired, to the next generation (time and chance excepted) the true pattern, outwardly, of what men have been.

But, as peradventure, when youth hath somewhat passed over, vanity may yield her sway to reason, and my memory may avail more with him than my present precepts; I shall bequeath him some suits of dress and plain clothes, as well as my library of old books, for his models in parts and figure.

The decline in intellect is grievous: but "who would not weep," if it appear upon consideration that there is no less decline in virtue and manliness of character in men, and sensibility and dignity of soul in women. Shall I seem altogether extravagant and absurd, if I trace much of this decadence to the vehement testing

of old opinions and feelings—the nervous dread of antique prejudices; the eager search after new truths of a doubtful colour? This frantic agitation may break up many errors, and discover some hidden things; but I grievously fear, that much that is high and heroical, or refined and delicate in feeling and character, are hereby irrecoverable lost and destroyed.

It is a fine thing doubtless, this "*quid inde?*" "*cui bono?*" reasoning—a smart discerner of fallacies, a sure touchstone, an unerring balance. But the diamond abideth not this testing: and even he, who boasted, in the verse of the old poet, that he would weigh the Deity and his works, found many things above his hand.

"For in his scale they would not stay at all."

There are divers chivalrous customs and sentiments, which, to rash youth, may seem romantic and absurd, and not to be visible or nearly allied to any use in reason. Yet many of these have been devised and matured in the excellence of the most exalted wisdom; and supply a subtle, though abundantly efficacious, check to the low and grovelling tendency of worldly cares and pursuits. Thus had our fathers willed that society should always bear in its forms the antidote to its inroads on the integrity of nature—the seeds of its own regeneration. But these institutions now are like unto the inestimably precious manuscript in the hands of the zealot, who deems it useless if it agree with his code of faith, and pernicious if it differ; they resemble the sculptured images of grace and strength, beneath

the hammer of the iconoclast. And it is agonizing to reflect that when once destroyed by fanaticism or ignorance, like the poem or the statue, they may be eternally lamented, but can never be restored!

[*Respect for the years of Mr. Spencer, has induced the insertion of this essay—but the editor does not avow unqualified accordance in the sentiment.*]

WOLVES.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave;
Burning for blood, bony, and gaunt and grim,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murd'ring savages away.
Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought;
But if, appris'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate),
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave.

Thomson.

JANET DONALDSON;

OR, THE WEE WOMAN O' LOCH LOMOND.

A TRUE STORY.

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

Fifty years ago the people of North Britain practically understood what a *Solitude* meant; in these days we know it only by the term and descriptions;—loneliness of situation, remoteness from the dwellings of men. There are no solitudes, no lonely dwellings such as existed in former times, when retirement was such, that it was little short of exclusion from society; when the arrival of the old bagpiper, or the wandering pedlar, with his little basket of wares, was considered an event in the family; an event which never failed to assemble the entire household, not only to gather all the news that was going, but to hear the old minstrel play "On Ettrick's banks in a summer's night," or "Farewell to Lochaber," and to purchase from the pedlar glasses, ribbons, and the four Seasons painted in such intensely bright colours, that, by the children, they were deemed nothing less than exquisite! Neither a Claude nor a Titian, with the chaster taste of after times, ever called forth half the admiration.

BEN LOMOND & LOCH LOMOND.

The solitude in such situations was often so unbroken, that in a calm day you might hear a horse's hoof for miles off; and then as to guests, they were a thing of such rare occurrence, that a dinner put not only every person but every animal about the place in requisition, from the anxious mistress downwards to the very herd-boy and the old mare Maggie. Preparation itself constituted a great part of the enjoyment, for in those days conversation was not very intellectual; all the care was, that nothing might be wanting in kindness and hospitality. The visit ended, every thing returned to its wonted course; the wardrobe received its long-hoarded dresses; the old carved press its snowy *napery;* and then, perhaps, many a month would pass over ere another stranger would break in upon the solitude.

What a change does this country exhibit since art and science have given such facility to travelling! now every mountain and every valley are visited; every rural haunt, famed for beauty, is explored, not only by the painter, the poet, and the curious traveller, but by all classes of the community.

This intercourse, we must allow, civilizes mankind, and introduces important blessings into society, but it necessarily destroys much of that originality and simplicity which are so delightful to be met with. Collision may polish character, but it lessens individuality. Perhaps it is a foolish prejudice in favour of old times, but we should wish to see some of those strong characteristic traits, which grow up in seclusion, preserved amongst

our peasantry; we should rejoice to perceive all ranks Christianized in heart, but not all modelled and stereotyped either in manner or language. We would not have all solitude destroyed by perpetual frequency, nor all spontaneous feeling checked by imitation.—But alas! we are afraid that ere another fifty years have passed away, there will be no individuals like WEE JANET—no solitudes like those of Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond.

> "Lone, mang trees and braes it reekit,
> Hafflins seen, and hafflins hid,"

There stood the cottage where Janet Donaldson, the subject of this narrative, resided: she was a woman of unusually short stature, and, by old and young, was always called *Little* Janet Donaldson. But, if her figure were diminutive, her humanity and benevolence of heart were warm and expansive. In contemplating her little history, one cannot help regretting that a being of such tender and compassionate feelings should have had to struggle with poverty and hardship through the whole of her pilgrimage; for she was literally a servant of servants; one who was expected to run at everybody's call, as if she herself were incapable of fatigue. The very children imposed upon her patient good-humour, and would climb upon her back and add to her burden as she returned from the distant well, with her pitcher of water in one hand, and a bundle of sticks in the other. She wore a man's large slouched hat tied under the chin in all seasons, both within doors and without; and in the winter, when she could no longer work in

the fields or tend the cattle, she spun hard all day, and thought her labours well repaid, if, in the evenings, her earnings amounted to a few pence. Her diminutive stature prevented her from ever being hired as a regular servant, so that when she was employed, she received only the wages of a girl. In those days the pay of the peasantry was very small, so that in all her life poor Janet rarely possessed more than a few shillings at one time; consequently, a sum of money that we should deem insignificant, would to her appear immense.

For a short period Janet left her little cottage at the foot of the mountain, and went to live at Langholm with her brother, who rented a small farm there; in his service she never received any wages, so, as a compensation for her labours, he at length presented her with a little Scotty calf, which she was to rear and sell for herself.—How she tented it—how she watched its growth as she drove it to the pasture, and how hard it was to part with this her *first* possession, even for all the money its dappled sides would bring, we may not declare. But to A—— Fair *wee* Janet Donaldson set off with her little Scotty:—her own simple narrative shall relate the sequel.

"I selt my bonnie cow at A—— Fair for three pund ten, and was just turning hame again, right glad o' heart, wi' the money a' safe i' my pocket, when at the town fit what should I see but a meikle crowd o' folk, an i' the vera midst o' them a', a puir man wha stood wringing his hands an greeting unco sair; sae I spiered what was the matter, an they telt me he had just buried his wife,

an they were e'en taking him awa to gaol because he couldna pay his mailens.—'An how meikle is't?' spiered I; and they said it was three pund ten.—Then I was sae wae, sae vera wae for the puir man, for the widower, to see him greet sae, for he'd just lost his wife, that I e'en gied him a' my money—my three pund ten! that I had selt my Scotty for. I said, 'Here puir man, here ye shall hau it a'.'—But the warst o't was, I was sae wae, sae very wae, and sae dinted that I never minded on to spier the puir man's name. Sae when I gat hame fra the fair, an telt them a' what I had done, oh the weary life my brother led me! he was e'en like to turn me out o' the onset, an ca'd me monie a puir silly daft body, an aye telt me I would never see a plack o' my money again.—But it was just that day six weeks, for weel I mind on, I heard somebody knock at the door, an a man spier gin a *vera wee* woman didna live there ca'd Janet Donaldson? 'It's me! it's me!' I said, an rinning to the door, wha should it be but the vera puir man's ain sel! an right justly did he pay me a' my money again, my three pund ten! an' treated us wi' a crown bowl o' punch forbye."

This narrative was often repeated to the writer, when a child, by a near relative who resided at B——, and who was intimately acquainted with the circumstance. —By her benevolence, Janet's severe poverty was softened and relieved, and such was her simplicity of character and confidence in that benevolence, that she was wont to say, "I'll never apply to the parish as long as ye hae either milk or meal i' the house." A. H.

THE SMUGGLER.

I spent the whole of last summer, and a part of the ensuing winter on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of its sea-ports and bathing places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled that the forest trees dip down their flexile branches into the salt waters of the Solon sea; and green lawns and healthy glades slope down to the edge of the silver sands, and not unfrequently to the very brink of the water. In no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely throughout England. Early in August, I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my head quarters there, and from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice. But a guide-book is at best an unsympathising companion, cold and formal as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out indeed the principal monuments and chapels, but passing by unnoticed a hundred less outwardly distinguished spots, where feeling would love to linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

For want of a better, however, I set out with my silent guide, but soon strayed wide of its directions, rambling away, and often tarrying hours and days in places unhonoured by its notice, and perversely deviating from the beaten road, that would have conducted a more docile tourist, and one of less independent taste, to such or such a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, or summer-house, or pavilion, built on purpose to be visited and admired. But I did not shape my course thus designedly in a spirit of opposition to the mute director, whose (not unserviceable) clue led me at last amongst the romantic rocks and cottages of Shanklin, Niton, and Undercliff. It led me to those enchanting spots and to that lovely vicinity; but to entice me thence, was more than its inviting promises could effect; and finally I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage of grey native stone, backed by the solid rocks, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven profusion of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting eaves. Days, weeks, months, slipped away imperceptibly in this delicious retreat, and in all the luxury of lounging felicity. Mine was idleness it is true, the sensation of perfect exemption from all existing necessity of mental or corporeal exertion;—not suspension of ideas, but rather a season of unbounded liberty for the wild vagrant thought to revel in, to ramble at will beyond the narrow boundaries assigned by the claims of business or society, to her natural excursiveness. Summer passed away—the harvest was gathered

in — autumn verged upon winter, and I still tenanted the rock cottage. Nowhere are we so little sensible of the changes of season as in the sea's immediate vicinity; and the back of the Isle of Wight is peculiarly illustrative of this remark. Completely screened from the north by a continued wall of high rocky cliff, its shores are exposed only to the southern and westerly winds, and those are tempered by the peculiar softness always perceptible in sea-breezes. On a mild autumn day, or bright winter's morning, when the sun sparkles on the white sands and scintillating waves, on the sails of the little fishing boats that steal along the shore with their wings spread open like large butterflies, or on the tall grey cliffs, tinted with many coloured lichens, a lounger on the beach will hardly perceive that the year is in its "sere and yellow leaf," or already fallen into the decrepitude of winter. And when the unchained elements proclaim aloud that the hoary tyrant hath commenced his reign, when the winds are let loose from their caverns, and the agitated sea rolls its waves in mountainous ridges on the rocky coast, when the sea-fowl's scream is heard mingling in harsh concord with the howling blast; then, oh! then,—who can tear himself from the contemplation of a scene more sublimely interesting than all the calm loveliness of a summer prospect? To me its attractions were irresistible; and besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the charac-

ter of sea-faring men, even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond their own shores. The fisherman's life indeed may be accounted one of the most constant peril. For daily bread, he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tillers of the ground rest from their labours—when the artisan and mechanic are sheltered within their dwellings—when the dormouse and the squirrel hide in their woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow banks and trees, or resort to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements—for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced intercourse with danger that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood—insurmountable perseverance—almost heroic daring; and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of deportment towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fisherman, that these men are forward in effronting peril. The temptation of contraband trade too often allures them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade has extended almost to an organized system; and in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by government, it is too obvious that the numbers of these

"free traders" are yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly, and vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly in the Isle of Wight, almost every seafaring man is engaged in it, to a less or greater extent. For the most part they are connected in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence; and there is a sort of free-masonry among them, the signs and tokens of which are soon apparent to an attentive observer. "The custom-house sharks," as they term them, are not their most formidable foes, for they wage a more desperate warfare (as recent circumstances have too fatally testified), with that part of our naval force employed by government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on the station are perpetually hovering along on the coast; but in spite of their utmost vigilance immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and nowhere with more daring frequency than in the Isle of Wight.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known to me. I have always a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these people, in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never insensible) to the details of their feelings and opinions, and of their family concerns. With some of my new acquaintances I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous, as well as hazardous nature of their secret traffic; and many wives and mothers sanctioned with approving looks and half-constrained expressions, my

remonstrances to their husbands and sons. These heard for the most part in sullen down-looking silence (not, however, expressive of ill-will towards me), or sometimes answered my arguments with the remark, that "poor folks must live;" that "half of them during the war had earned an honest livelihood in other ways; but now they were turned adrift, and must do something to get bread for their little ones; and, after all, while the rich and great folks were pleased to encourage their trade, it was plain they could not think much harm of those who carried it on." This last was a stinging observation, one of those with which babes and sucklings so often confound the sophistry of worldly wisdom. Amongst these humble families there was one at whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and lingered longest, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was wedged in a manner into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every slanting ledge, the hand of industry had accumulated garden mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation; and immediately before it, a patch of the loveliest greensward sloped down to the edge of the sea-sand, enamelled with aromatic wild thyme, and dotted, next the ocean, with tufts of thrift, centaury, and eringo, and with the gold-coloured blossoms of the horn-poppy. The peculiar neatness of the little cabin had early attracted my attention, which was further interested by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large tall man of about sixty, distinguished in his person by an air of uncommon dignity, and by a dress, the peculiarity of which, together with his commanding carriage, and

countenance of bold daring, always suggested the buccaneer of romantic legends to my fancy. He wore large loose trowsers of shaggy dark blue cloth, a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with grey, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and buckled in at the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which two pistols were commonly stuck, and not unfrequently an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a second belt of broad white knitting, to which a powder-flask, a leathern pouch, and often a thick short duck-gun, were suspended. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head, and his thick black hair was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked with locks of perfect whiteness. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the harmless avocation of a fisherman was his ostensible employment, though, to all appearance, not very zealously pursued, for, in the day-time, he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore in the broad sun, or strolling by the water's edge, or cleaning the lock of his gun, under the shadow of a projecting crag, than busied with the hook and line in his little boat, or mending his nets by the cabin door. At almost all hours of the night, a light was seen burning at the cottage window, and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, if (as was sometimes my custom) I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot towards my own habitation.

At such an hour I was sure to find the female inmates (the wife and widowed daughter of the man I have been describing), in a state of visible perturbation, for which

it was easy to assign a cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women. Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained from his youth up to "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his business in great waters." For many generations, his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the north of England; himself had been bred up a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, for they had pointed from his very cradle to a seafaring life; and all his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure, were spent on the briny element, close to which, at the head of a small bay or inlet, stood his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year, his father died, leaving him (an only child) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination. The temptation was strong:—tumultuous wishes, and powerful yearnings, were busy in his heart; but he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheritance, partly influenced perhaps, in his decision, by his attachment to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand was very shortly its richer recompence. The widowed mother continued to dwell under her son's roof, tended, like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law as loving as Ruth, but happier than the Hebrew matron in the possession of both her children.

Many children were born to the young couple, "as likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon," said

the wife of Campbell, from whom, at different times, I gleaned the simple annals I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He increased their store with the increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to claim it. She never grudged her labour, and a better nor kinder husband than she was blessed with, never woman had. To be sure, he had his fancies and particular ways, and when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the bay that was near their farm (the worse luck), for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat shooting wild-fowl in the dark winter's nights. But no harm ever came to him, only their eldest boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without a glistening eye) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor." And the father called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not control those of his child, especially as he had another son, a fine promising lad, who took willingly to the business of the farm, and already lightened his father's labours. The mother grieved sore at the parting of her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother towards her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such anxious tenderness as only mothers feel, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son's enterprising hopes; and at last the youth won from her an unwilling consent. And when she shook her head

mournfully to his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts, for her and his little sister, coaxed a half smile into her tearful looks by concluding with—"and then I will stay quiet with you and father, and never want to leave you again."—"My Maurice left us," said the mother, "and from that time everything went wrong. Before he had been gone a month we buried my husband's mother; but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though we felt it sorely." In addition to his own land, Campbell rented some acres of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrement. After many tedious and apparently frivolous delays, particularly irritating to Campbell's impatient spirit, the cause was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion that impartial justice was banished from the land of his fathers. This fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness,—haunted him like a phantom in his fields, by his cheerful hearth, in his once-peaceful bed, in the very embraces of his children, "who were born," (he would tell them, in the midst of their innocent caresses) "slaves in the land where their fathers had been free men."

In this state of mind he eagerly listened to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who had embarked their small capital on an American project

and were on the point of quitting their native country, to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States. In an evil hour Campbell was persuaded to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants. The tears and entreaties of his wife and children were unavailing to deter him from his rash purpose; and the unhappy mother was torn from the beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously in the persuasion that if her lost child was ever restored to his native country, to the once happy abode of his parents his first steps would be directed. The ship in which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly possessions, performed two-thirds of her course with prosperous celerity; but as she approached her destined haven, the wind, which had hitherto favoured her, became contrary, and she lost sea-way for many days. At last a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst over her with tremendous fury. Three days and nights she drove before it, but on the fourth her masts and rigging went overboard, and, before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the confusion, which had assembled every soul on deck, the leak was not discovered till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet: and, though the pump was set to work immediately, and for a time kept going by the almost superhuman exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing; and to betake themselves to the boats

was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into one of them, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his eldest son and daughter, and to descend himself with their mother in his arms, when a woman, pressing before him with despairing haste, leaped down into the crowded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures mingled with the agonizing shriek of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. The other boat was yet alongside, and Campbell was at last seated in her with his two surviving children, and their unconscious mother, who had sunk into a state of blessed insensibility when the drowning screams of her lost little ones, rung in her ears. Five-and-twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water, and a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist on the subsiding of the storm, towards the evening of the first day's commitment, in that "forlorn hope," to the wide world of waters. Their compass had been lost in the large boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of ever reaching land, from whence they had no means of computing their distance. But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them, and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neared, and the ship proved to be a homeward bound West India trader, into which the perishing adventurers were received with prompt humanity; and on her reach-

ing her appointed haven (Portsmouth), Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his once flourishing family, once more set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small part of his little property ; but the whole residue was insufficient to equip them for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his trans-Atlantic scheme as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of the Almighty. Once, in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of Wight, and the remembrance of its stone cottages and beautiful bays was yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing-boat ; and for a time the little family was subsisted in frugal comfort by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprising young man, the owner of a pilot vessel. In the course of three years she brought her husband as many children, and during that time all went well with them ; but her William's occupation, a lucrative one in time of war, exposed him to frequent and fearful dangers, and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a perishing vessel, his own little vessel foundered in the attempt, and the morning's tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge

in the humble cabin of her father, and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims, and the little family but just contrived to live, barely supplied with the coarsest necessaries. When temptation assails the poor man, by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, is it to be wondered at that he so often fails, when others, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding? Campbell (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers who carried on their perilous trade along the coast; and from that time, though comparatively plenty revisited his cottage, the careless smile of innocent security no longer beamed on the features of its inmates. Margaret struggled long, with well principled firmness, against the infatuations of her husband and son; but flushed with success, and emboldened by association with numbers, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heartsick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the angry frown of him who had been for so many years the affectionate sharer of her joys and sorrows, she first passively acquiesced in their proceedings, and in the end was persuaded to contribute her share towards furthering them, by secretly disposing of the unlawfully-obtained articles.

During my abode in the Isle of Wight I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these (consisting of a widow lady of

rank and her two grown-up daughters) I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the youngest daughter, who was threatened by a pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the island, and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, "a cottage of humility," about three miles from my own cabin at the Undercliff. They were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in their company formed a pleasing and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life; and in the dearth of society incident to their insulated retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even to welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles. One November evening my ramble had terminated at their abode, and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the tea-table, when a powdered footman entered, and spoke a few words in a mysterious half-whisper to the elder lady, who smiled and replied, "Oh, tell her to come in; there is no one here of whom she need be apprehensive." The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was drawn lower than usual over her face, and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was wrapped closely round a figure that seemed endeavouring to shrink itself into the least possible compass. At the sight of me she half started, and dropt her eyes with a fearful curtsey. "Ah, Margaret!" I exclaimed, too well divining the object

of her darkling embassy. But the lady of the house encouraged her to advance, laughingly saying, "Oh, never mind Mr. ——, he will not inform against us, though he shakes his head so awfully. Well, have you brought the tea?"—"and the lace, and the silk scarfs?" chimed in the younger ladies, with eager curiosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the important budget, with their own fair hands, from beneath the poor woman's cloak. "Have you brought us our scarfs at last? what a time we have been expecting them!"—"Yes, indeed," echoed lady Mary, "and depending on your promise of procuring me some, I have been quite distressed for tea—there is really no dependence on your word, Mrs. Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress you with a just sense of your christian duties, amongst which you have often heard me remark, (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same lesson), that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential—Well! where's the tea?"—"Oh! my lady," answered the poor woman, with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain our trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers as punctually as we would wish. I have brought the silks and scarfs for the young ladies, but the——" "What! no tea yet? Really it is too bad, Mrs. Campbell; I must try if other people are not more to be depended on."—"Indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get it for your ladyship; but there's

such a sharp look-out now, and the Ranger has been laying off the island for this week past, our people haven't been able to get nothing ashore, and yet I am sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat these three nights, in all this dreadful weather; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they're out again;" and the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window, against which the wind beat dismally, accompanied with thick driving sleet, that half obscured the glimpses of a sickly moon.

The lady was pacified by these assurances that the foreign luxury should be procured for her that night, if human exertions, made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid for, after some haggling about "the price of blood," as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated. Mrs. Campbell received it with a deep sigh, and, humbly curtseying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily, as it were) stealing an abashed glance towards my countenance as she passed me. She was no sooner out of the room than her fair customers began to expatiate, with rapturous volubility on the beauty and cheapness of their purchases—an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. "Ay, but," observed the prudent

mother, "you were in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains; but it's always the way—and yet I winked and winked at you both. I should have got those things half as cheap again."

Indulgently tender as I am inclined to be to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends a part of what was passing in my mind. At first they laughed at my quizzical scruples, and replied to them with the common-place remark, "that the few things they occasionally purchased could make no difference; for that the people would smuggle all the same, and find encouragement from others, if not from them." And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences whether *all* who encouraged the trade were not, in a great measure, answerable for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost in the prosecution of it, they bade me not talk of such horrid things, and huddled away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke any thing rather than remorse of conscience and purposed reformation. My "sermonizing," as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually enlivened our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune—and the young ladies not in a singing mood. Their mamma broke her netting-thread every three minutes; and from a dissertation on the degenerate rottenness of modern cotton, digressed insensibly into a train of serious observations on the dangers impending over church

and state from machinations of evangelical reformers—ever and anon, when the storm waxed louder and louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic complaints of the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with government against the safe landing of the precious bales.

The storm did rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak, I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage parlour into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, and both were driven into my face by the south-east blast, with a violence which obliged me frequently to pause and gasp for breath. Large masses of clouds were hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale light gleamed at intervals with ghastly indistinctness along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. As I pursued my way, buffeting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to me to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and labouring of planks, the

splash of oars, was distinguishable, I thought, in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats (a black speck on the billows) was discernible, making her way towards the shore. At that moment another boat, close in shore, shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me, whose tall remarkable figure I recognized for Campbell's in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle re-echoed by another and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet, and the sea-foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me; and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's day-light way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a lanthorn and a guide,

should the younger Campbell chance to be at home. I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within gleamed across her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intense breathlessness, and with eyes rivetted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. My steps on the loose shingle at length reached the ear, and she darted forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Amy! thank God! here's your father." The young woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. "Oh, sir! I thought——" was poor Margaret's eloquently unfinished ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake; "but you are kindly welcome," she quickly added, for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son——Oh, sir! they are both, both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all, the Ranger's boats are on the look-out for the lugger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen. I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceable at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain; we had promised my lady, and the cargo was to be landed to-night. Oh, sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think"——and the poor woman burst into tears. This was no time for admonition and reproof, or for the consolatory remarks so often addressed to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this,"

or "This would not have happened if you had listened to me," or, "Well, you have brought it all upon yourself." The consequences of their illicit traffic were now brought more forcibly home to the minds of these poor people, by the agonizing suspense they were enduring, than they could have been by any arguments I might have laboured to enforce. I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder: and independent of that, there were other too reasonable grounds of apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently; but, at all events, he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang, expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lanthorn to continue my homeward path, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for abiding with them in this their hour of need. A cheerful fire brightened the interior of the little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates *had* at least been those of peaceful industry. The fire-light gleamed ruddy red on the clean brick floor; a carved oak table, and a few clumsy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery; and one, distinguished by capacious arms, a high stuffed back, and red cushion, was placed close beside the ingle nook, the accustomed seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand, on the high mantel-shelf, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few

china cups, some long-shanked drinking glasses, and sundry tobacco stoppers, of fantastical figure, were ranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its rows of yellow ware; its mugs of various shape and quaint diversity of motto and device; its japanned tray, and mahogany tea-chest, proudly conspicuous in the middle. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and to the rafter various articles of the same description were appended; but Campbell's duck gun, and his two clumsy pistols, rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had apparently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it rested idly on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted in mournful solicitude on the anxious countenance of her mother. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman: not beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by lashes of unusual length, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the shallow hue of sickness; her lips were whiter than her cheek, and her uncommonly tall figure slender and fragile as the reed, bowed down with the langour of weakness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young

heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her timid, tender nature, was weighed down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and her brother had engaged in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face, I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid, and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!"—"My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so? You, who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your poor father fell into evil company, and listened to their temptations, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and you and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry? and where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender kiss, were Amy's reply to these fond assurances. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the re-doubled violence of the storm fearfully roused them

from that momentary abstraction, and they started and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseeching comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waves was indeed tremendous; and I felt too forcibly convinced, that if the poor Campbells were indeed exposed to it, in their little fishing boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave. There was a chance, however, that the landing of the contraband goods might have been effected by the crew of the lugger without help from shore, and, in that case, the prolonged absence of the father and son might arise from their having proceeded with them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the conscious pair, but the ray of hope gleamed with transient brightness. A gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent; now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without,—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle, declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by the old clock that "ticked behind the door" in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable looking book, that lay with a few others on

a hanging shelf, near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and as she picked it up, and replaced it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's first born. "Ah, my dear son! my good Maurice!" ejaculated the heart-struck mother; "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me. Thou wert the first to leave me, and now"——She was interrupted by the low inarticulate murmur of a human voice that sounded near us. We all started, but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone; it was that of one of her little ones talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay, opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstasy was he welcomed! With what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles! But the joy was transient, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehensions; for, disengaging himself almost roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back into it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife.

"My son! my son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arms, "what have you done with him? He is dead! he is murdered! Oh! I knew it would come to this." "Peace, woman!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he started up wildly from his chair, with a look of appalling fierceness—"Peace, woman! your son is safe:" then his tone suddenly dropping to a low hoarse murmur, he added, "*This* is not *his* blood;" and he flung on the table his broad white belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. "Campbell!" I cried, "unhappy man! what have you done? to what have you brought your wretched family? For their sakes escape; escape for your life, while the darkness favours you." He trembled, and looked irresolute for a moment, but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied, "It is too late; they are at my heels—they tracked me home;" and while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the shout of loud voices was heard; the door burst open, and several rough looking men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the cottage. "Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated; "we have you at last, though the young villain has given us the slip."—"Villain!" shouted Campbell; "who dares call my son a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued quiet tone, "but I am in your power now; you may do what you will:" and once more he seated himself in sullen submissiveness. The women clung weeping around him, his unhappy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what

has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly. For all his rough way, he is as tender-hearted as a child. Richard! Richard! speak to them; tell them it is a mistake." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted up his eyes from the ground on which they were fixed. "No mistake at all, mistress," said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must just fit him with a couple of these new bracelets." And so saying, he began to fasten a pair of handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed, indeed, almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who, having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from the bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, "Send away naughty men, grandad—naughty men frighten Amy."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electrically by the loving tones and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave with deep convulsive sobs, and for a moment the tears of the old man and the child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened to his left wrist, pressed painfully on her tender arms, and as she shrunk from it, he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His brow was wrung

with a sudden convulsion, but its distortion was momentary, and turning to his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby; I little thought, dear lamb, she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene; even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently executing their task of fitting on the other manacle, when again steps and voices approached; again the door opened, and a second band appeared at it, a group of sailors, likewise, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched culprit before us, whose aim was not the less fatal for having been almost unconsciously taken in the bustle of a general conflict. "We've missed our boat, and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach," said one of the new comers, in reply to an exclamation of surprise from those who before occupied the cottage. Campbell's agitation was dreadful: he turned, shuddering, from the sight of his victim. The women stood petrified with horror. I alone, retaining some self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid, apparently a corpse, on three chairs, near the door. Comprehending my purpose, the humane tenderness of poor Margaret's nature surmounted her agonized feelings, and she came trembling to assist in the painful examination. The young man's face was turned from us towards the wall,

and almost covered by the luxuriant hair (a sailor's pride) which, escaping from the confining ribbon, had fallen in dark wet masses over his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down from his side, and on taking it into mine, I found that it was already as cold as marble, and that no pulse was perceptible in the artery. Margaret had, as expeditiously as her agitation would permit, unclosed his sailor's jacket, and checked shirt; and though she started and shuddered at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, she persisted heroically in her trying task. His neck handkerchief had been previously untied, and stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black string passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily moving it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medallion, (a perforated gold pocket piece), and her eye glancing towards it at the same moment, a half-choaked exclamation burst from her lips, and looking up, I saw her standing motionless, breathless, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, and her eyes starting almost from their sockets, in the stare of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on the suspended token. At last a shriek (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins) burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband, even the unfortunate man himself, to the spot where she stood absorbed in that fatal con-

temptation. She looked up towards her husband, (on whose brow, cold drops of agony were quickly gathering, whose white lips quivered with the workings of a tortured spirit)—she gazed up in his face with such a look as I shall never forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expressions of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of her's, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a low steady voice, "Look there! *Who* is that, Richard?" His eyes rivetted themselves with a ghastly stare on the object to which they pointed, then wandered wildly over the lifeless form before him; but the tremulous agitation of his frame ceased, the convulsive workings of the muscles of his face changed into rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified, in the very burst of despair. Once more she repeated, in the same calm deliberate tone, "*Who* is *that*, Richard?" and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the dark locks that had hitherto concealed it. "There, there!" she shrieked—"I knew it was my son!" and bursting into a frenzied laugh, she called out, "Amy! Amy! your brother is come home—come home on his birth-day. Will nobody bid him welcome? Richard, won't you speak to your son, to our dear Maurice? won't you bless him on his birth-day?" And snatching her husband's hand, she endeavoured to drag him towards the pale face of the dead. He to whom this heart-rending appeal was addressed,

replied only by one deep groan, which seemed to burst up the very fountain of feeling and of life. He staggered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features, and he fell back as inanimate as the pale corpse that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the heart of the brain-struck mother.

The mind which will not be content with its condition is its own torment. People are only miserable because they are not where they would be,—because they do not what they would do,—because they have not what they would have. Wish not to be where you are not,—to do what you cannot do,—to have what you have not;—but rather, be willingly where it is necessary that you should be,—do without opposition what you are obliged to do,—be contented with what you possess;—and you are at least as happy as those who command you, and surpass you in riches, in power, and in prosperity.

THE DELIVERANCE.

It was a Sabbath afternoon early in the year, and a crowded congregation were seen leaving a small kirk in the mountains of Perthshire. The annual celebration of the sacrament had taken place there that day, which had attracted, as is usual in Scotland, great numbers of persons even from parishes at many miles distance. The services of the day were now over, and the people separated into different groups as they took their respective roads homewards; all, even the youngest and most thoughtless, walking on with a quietness and seriousness of deportment befitting the holy day, and the solemnity of the occasion which had called them together. A numerous party set out together to the eastward, conversing as they walked along, some on the more worldly topics of country discourse,—the state of the weather, the crops, and the markets; others, on the various services they had that day heard, and the gifts and graces of their respective ministers. Their numbers gradually diminished as one party after another branched off up the glens, or over the hill-paths leading to their distant farms and cottages, until at

last only four persons remained. These were Donald Mac Alpine and his wife, who lived at Burnieside, to which place they were now fast approaching; and his brother Angus, who, with his son Kenneth, had come that morning from Linn-head, about five miles further.

A February evening was closing in dusk and cold, with every appearance of a stormy, wet night, when the lights in the casements of the farm at Burnieside appeared flickering in the distance, cheering the hearts of Donald and his wife with thoughts of the comfort of their own warm hearth, and their children's hearty welcome, after the fatigues and weariness of their day's journey. Angus and Kenneth entered with them, to rest and refresh themselves before they proceeded onwards; and, as they were much beloved by their young relatives, they met a welcome, only second in cordiality and delight to that given to the parents. The large and happy party were soon seated comfortably round a glowing peat fire; and cheerfully partaking, after thanks had reverently been paid to the Giver of all good, of an excellent and substantial supper. When it was over, Angus summoned his son to depart.—"Come, Kenneth, my boy, it is getting late, and we have five long miles to go yet." Donald, who had risen to look out into the night, now endeavoured to persuade his brother and his nephew to remain where they were till morning. "The wind is rising, and driving the hail and rain before it, and it is pitch-dark. I cannot let you leave this warm hearth on such a night."—"Nay, Donald, we must go, indeed. What would Marion and poor little

Lily say if we did not come home? We know our road well, so we need not be afraid of the darkness; and as to the wind and rain, we are used to that, and the warm fireside at Linn-head, and a good bed, will be all the more welcome after it. So, good night, Donald; good night, Janet; good night, children."—"Well," replied Donald, "a wilful man must have his way; but mind when you come by the Black Linn. It is a very fearful path along there on a dark night."—"As to that, Donald, I do not think either Kenneth or I would fear to pass the Linn on the darkest night in the year; we know every rock and stone so well. We are almost at home when we have got there." Angus then taking up his thick walking staff, and Kenneth slinging over his shoulder the little wallet in which he had carried their simple dinner, they ventured out into the storm, and the hospitable door of Burnieside was reluctantly closed behind them.

For some time they trudged on without much difficulty, though the wind and rain beat directly in their faces, and were gradually becoming more violent. In the intervals between the gusts, the father and son conversed together, and Kenneth was pouring forth some of the feelings which the day's services had excited in his pious and serious young heart. He was now about fifteen years of age, the pride and delight of his parents, and of his sister Lilias, who was a year or two older than himself. Marion Mac Alpine, his mother, had from his infancy cherished the hope, that this her only son might become a pious and useful minister in

the church; she wished, like Hannah with the youthful Samuel, "to give this child, for whom she had prayed, unto the Lord all the days of his life; and as he increased in stature, his parents' hearts glowed within them as they marked his studious, serious disposition, and the heavenly-mindedness of his simple character. The great object of their desires was to afford him the advantages of a college education, and the toils by which they strove to secure the means of doing so were made sweet both to his father, mother, and sister, by the love with which they regarded him. Lilias, indeed, looked on Kenneth as on some superior being. She was a sweet-tempered, active, industrious girl, and though her mental powers were not fashioned in so fine a mould as her brother's, she had a heart to love and admire him, and would have made any sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, to have added to his happiness or promoted his welfare. His progress in learning, under the care of the good minister of Linn-head, had been very rapid; and as both his age and his acquirements were now such as nearly to fit him for college, it was intended that he should be entered a student at the University of Glasgow in the following year.

"Father," said the boy, "that was a fine discourse of Mr. Muir's, 'the Lord is a very present help in trouble.'"—"It was, Kenneth; but one to be better understood by the aged than the young Christian."—"Just what I thought, father. The words went like fire into my heart; yet, to me, they were but words of promise; to you, and others, who have gone through

suffering and tribulation, they were words recalling blessed experience. So far in my life, thanks be to God, and under Him, to you, and my mother, and dear Lily, 'the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage;' but I know it must needs be that afflictions come, and when they do——" "May you find the truth and power of the promises," interrupted his father. "Amen!" said Kenneth, with fervour.

In these sweet communings, they beguiled the weary way. They had proceeded more than three miles of the distance, and had entered a deep defile in the mountains, at the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. This river, at all times considerable, now swollen by the melting of the snows, roared along its rocky channel. It entered the defile about a mile and a half higher up, over a tremendous precipice, forming one of the wildest and most terrific cataracts in the Highlands, which was known in the country by the name of the Black Linn. The water was precipitated into a deep, dark chasm, where it boiled and wheeled with terrifying impetuosity, and then broke away with fury through rents and channels in the rocks, which the force of the stream had in the lapse of ages worn. This scene of awful sublimity was surrounded by abrupt walls of rock two hundred feet in height, grey and bare, and overshadowing the depths below, so that the rays of the bright sun could never penetrate further than to paint a rainbow on the spray of the fall about midway of its descent. A narrow and unprotected

mountain road led up the defile past the cataract to the village of Linn-head, which, on such a night, would have been far from safe to less experienced travellers than those who were now toiling along it. They were wet, cold and weary; and the force of the wind pouring down the glen, the cold and sharp rain beating in their faces, and the pitchy darkness of the night, began almost to bewilder them. They ceased to speak, but struggled on in silence. At length, by the increased roar of waters, they perceived that they were approaching the Linn. "Courage! my boy, we shall soon reach home now," said Angus. A fresh and more violent gust of wind bringing a heavy hail shower, obliged them to turn from its fury. Again they groped their way afterwards. "Father," said Kenneth, in a voice whose tremulous tones were almost drowned by the fury of the elements, "we have missed the path—we are on the wrong side of the oak tree—we are on the top of the crag over the Black Boiler, I am sure—take care of yourself—I am trying to find——" A piercing cry of agony, heard above the rushing of the winds and waters, froze the father's heart within him. "Kenneth!" he cried, in a voice of horror, "my child, my child! where are you?" There was no answer. The unhappy father called again and again. The torrent rushed on in its resistless might, and the wind howled past him, till his brain was almost maddened by the roar, and the solid rock beneath him seemed to tremble, as if an earthquake were shaking the globe to its foundations. He flung himself on the

ground, and dragging himself along, felt, with outstretched arms, for the edge of the precipice. His hand at length reached it, where the broken earth, and some tufts of grass hanging by their slight fibrous roots, shewed the very spot where it had yielded under Kenneth's tread. He looked over, and strained his eyes in the vain endeavour to pierce the thick darkness beneath. All was hid in deep gloom, except where a gleam of pale light marked the broken, foamy edges of the falling waters far, far below. A sickness, like death, fell upon the heart of poor Angus, as the conviction forced itself on him, that his child was indeed gone—lost to him for ever. He tried again to call, but his voice refused to give utterance to a sound, and having groped his way back to the oak tree, the land-mark already mentioned, he leaned against it for some moments as if to collect strength, and then, making a desperate effort to move forward, he reached the village. All the lights in the cottages were by this time extinguished for the night, except those which gleamed from his own windows, whose brightness shewed that those within were still waking and watching for the return of their absent ones. Marion and Lily had just heaped the fire with fresh wood and peat, which threw a bright cheerful light round the cottage. The singing kettle, hanging on the hook over the fire, sent its light clouds of curling vapour up the wide chimney. Before the fire was a small table, with the great family Bible lying on it, in which Lilias had been reading to her mother, till the increasing storm, and

the growing lateness of the hour, began to awaken their anxiety for Angus and Kenneth's return, and prevented their giving to the word of God that undivided attention, without which they thought it but a mockery to read. They sat listening to the wind and rain beating against the cottage, sometimes expressing their anxieties to each other, then striving to forget for a time the sense of them, by busying themselves in all the little arrangements they could devise, for the comfort of the wet and weary wanderers. At length a hand touched the outer latch. "Here they are!" exclaimed the listening inmates. But almost a minute elapsed before that hand found courage again to try and open the door. When it did open, and the pale and horror-struck figure of Angus entered, a sense of awful calamity in an instant struck both Marion and Lilias. He closed the door, and leaned against it, as if he could neither speak nor move. "Kenneth!" they both exclaimed. "The Linn—the Linn—lost!"—was all that the unhappy father could utter. Then staggering to his chair, he burst into a passionate flood of grief, so unlike any thing his wife and daughter had before witnessed in his steady, composed character, that, for the moment, they lost all thought of every thing else in the endeavour to soothe him. But the relief of tears seemed to take the heavy load off his heart, and before long he could with great calmness tell of the awful bereavement they had sustained, and endeavour, in his turn, to comfort the stricken hearts of his wife and daughter. A family of sorrow, they sat by the

dying embers of their hearth that long and bitter night; but an unskilled pen may not dare to describe their feelings, nor the power of the consolations from on high, which visited them in their affliction.

Towards morning poor Lilias, exhausted by sorrow, had sunk into a deep sleep, with her head resting on her mother's shoulder. Angus kept walking continually to the little window, to watch for the first streaks of light in the east, intending, as soon as the day dawned, to take some of his neighbours with him to assist in finding all that was left to him of his beloved child. At length the grey of morning broke over the hills—he took his hat and went out, leaving Marion supporting her daughter's head—her lips moved in inward prayer as he left the house. The melancholy news rapidly spread through the village; for Kenneth was as much loved by all who knew him as his father was respected, and all the neighbours and friends were soon collected to go with Angus to find the body; while some of the women went in to Marion to console and support her during this trying time.

In the meantime, he for whose loss all were thus sorrowing, was yet living. He had been saved from destruction by the stems of three or four saplings of mountain-ash and weeping-birch, which had taken root in a fissure of the almost perpendicular crag, and hung their light elegant foliage, nearly horizontally, over the black whirlpool below. The slight stems had bowed fearfully under the pressure of Kenneth's falling weight, but springing up again by

their elasticity, they now held him suspended, and rocking with every blast, over the yawning chasm. He lay unconscious for a long time, from the stunning effects of the fall, and of a severe blow which his head had received against the rock; but his senses gradually returned, and he awoke to an acute sense of pain both bodily and mental. When he understood his awful and precarious situation, an overpowering terror came over his mind, and he wreathed his arms round the branches of the trees, with the convulsive instinct of self-preservation. His calls for help were piercing and continual; but they reached no human ear. At this trying moment, the words which he had been dwelling on all the day, "the Lord is a very present help in trouble," recurred to his thoughts like oil upon the stormy waves, leading them into peaceful tranquillity. "Yea," he mentally exclaimed, "even in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." His mind then rapidly glanced at all the circumstances of his situation. He was instantly aware that he could neither make any exertions to release himself, nor hope for any assistance till the morning dawned; and that nothing remained for him but to rest where he was in quietness, and reliance upon his Almighty Father, till day-light. Though the violence of the storm gradually abated, his sufferings from wet and cold, were extreme during that apparently endless night. He endeavoured to beguile the time by repeating passages of Scripture, with which his memory

was amply stored; and when these failed to divert his mind from the oppressive weight of pain and dread, or when thoughts of his dear home, and all whom he loved there, would force themselves upon his recollection, he poured out his soul at the throne of mercy, and was strengthened. But the vigour of his mind began gradually to yield to the anguish of his frame; and before morning, the powers of life seemed to be ebbing fast away, leaving him in a state almost of insensibility. He closed his eyes, and consciousness grew fainter and fainter. When he again languidly raised their lids, they rested, as he lay with his face upturned towards heaven, on lightly tinged rose-coloured clouds, the forerunners of the rising sun, sailing slowly and peacefully over the abyss. The sight seemed to revive the dying spark within, and sent a thrill of hope and joy through his stiffening limbs. But as the increasing light shewed him the height and the inaccessible steepness of the precipice above him, and he felt his own incapacity to move, his heart again sunk within him. "Yet, surely," thought he, "they will come to seek me;" and, for the first time, a movement of restless impatience began to agitate him.

About this time the villagers, being collected together, were proceeding to the fall. Angus in vain endeavoured to maintain his wonted steadiness of demeanour. At one time he hurried on, as if impelled forwards by an irresistible power; and then, as if nature recoiled with dread from the sight of

his beautiful child, changed to a pale and disfigured corpse, he lingered in the rear. When they reached the oak tree before mentioned, he remained motionless, while the rest advanced on to the crag, more from the desire to see the very spot of Kenneth's fall, than from any expectation of finding his remains, which they doubted not the stream had, by that time, carried farther down the country. Malcolm, a young blacksmith of the village, of remarkably active and enterprising character, was first. He advanced close to the edge of the cliff, which his steady head enabled him to look over without fear. The others remonstrated with him on his rashness, but Malcolm had caught a glimpse of something which made him thoughtless of himself; and in order to be certain that it was what his hopes suggested, before he mentioned them to any one, he lay down on the ground, and stretched his body half over the brink to gain a distinct view. "It is—it is," he exclaimed—"What?" cried many voices.—"Himself!" cried Malcolm, springing up;—"fetch ropes; and he ran off instantly to the village to execute his own orders, followed by several of the boys and younger men. Angus gazed at this sudden movement with a bewildered eye, till some of the others, who had also looked down, came to tell him that his son was indeed there, and, they hoped, alive, though they could hardly distinguish whether the slight trembling of the tree was caused by the breeze, or by an endeavour to make a signal. The father's eyes were again blessed by the sight of

his child; but the agony and suspense of hope tried him, if possible, more severely than the certainty of calamity. He kneeled down, covering his face with his hands, during the minutes, which to him seemed hours, that elapsed before the return of Malcolm and the ropes. It was some little time after they were got back, before they had lashed together strong cords sufficient to reach Kenneth's resting-place; but, at length, having secured one end of them strongly round the oak tree, they gradually lowered the other over the face of the crag, Kenneth saw it descending, like the angel of his rescue, and watched its gradual progress, till it reached the level at which he lay; and, after swinging to and fro, finally rested upon his body. But when he tried to untwine his benumbed arms from the branches round which they had so long been clinging, he felt almost with despair that he could not stir. Those above tried with shouts to encourage him, and to persuade him to tie the rope round his waist. He could not. Neither could he raise his hoarse and feeble voice to make them hear. They began to be quite at a loss what to do, and almost to doubt whether life were not fled. In this emergency, Mr. Cameron, the minister of Linn-head, was seen coming up the road mounted on his rough little Shetland pony. He had been assisting in the celebration of the Sacrament the preceding day, and having remained to spend the evening with his fellow-ministers, whom that occasion had collected together, was returning, at this early hour, to his home and

his duties, principally to be in readiness for his beloved and favourite pupil Kenneth. He wondered to see so many of his parishioners assembled, but a few words explained the whole; and surprised and agitated as he was by the suddenness of the shock, he retained presence of mind sufficient to direct what was best to be done. "Some one must be lowered to his assistance," said he. Malcolm immediately volunteered himself; and while the active young Highlander drew up the rope, and fastened it round his own waist, Mr. Cameron went to support Angus. All the people present assisted in lowering the courageous youth, who guided himself by a long stick, which he held in his hand, and by which he kept himself from striking against the rock. Having reached the proper station, he planted one foot firmly on a slight projection, and, steadying himself with his stick, this active and powerful young man stooped down, loosened Kenneth's hands, and grasping the poor exhausted boy with his strong muscular arm, gave the signal to be drawn up. As they slowly ascended, he held his drooping charge firmly, yet tenderly, and, with surprising skill and dexterity, guided their course, till with great exertion, and some little difficulty, they safely reached the top.

Mr. Cameron no sooner saw Kenneth safely laid in his father's arms, and had ascertained that, though fainting, life was not extinct, than, leaving all the rest to follow slowly, he mounted his pony, and rode briskly forward to break the joyful tidings to poor

Marion. When he entered the cottage, which the care of her kind neighbours had restored to its wonted look of comfort, she rose to meet him with calmness and composure, but with a face, on which one night seemed to have done the work of years. "Oh! Mr. Cameron, you are come, indeed, to the house of mourning; have you heard all?" "Yes, my good Marion, I have seen Angus."—"And have they found ——" She could say no more; her tears choked her. "Yes, they have, Marion," said the good pastor, hardly knowing how to break it to her; "your son shall live again."—"I know," replied the devout Christian mother, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Oh! Mr. Cameron, our hearts' desire for him was, that he should serve the Lord in his courts here below, and if he calls him so soon to stand in the holy of holies, what are we, that we should gainsay his will? and yet, it is hard to say, Thy will be done!" Mr. Cameron was so much affected, that it was some time before he could say, "Marion, the Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot save; and what is impossible with men, is possible with God." Marion lifted up her eyes, with an expression of wild doubt. Lilias sprung forward, and seized his hand, and the neighbours drew round inquiringly, "Yes! my friends, he has been wonderfully delivered, and he is yet living; but Marion," he added, observing that she turned deadly pale, "you must command yourself. He has suffered severely, and his life may depend on your composure, and ability

to do all that may be required for him. Now, my good friends, prepare a warm bed, and get all things in readiness." While the other women were busying themselves according to their minister's desire, the mother and daughter, with their arms round each other, were standing on the threshold, looking out for the first sight of him who had been lost, but was found; while Mr. Cameron gently related to them the history of his wonderful escape, mingling with his relation words of religious comfort and exhortation, which fell like balm upon their hearts. At last, the party came slowly up, bearing Kenneth on a rude litter which they had hastily put together; and as he crossed the threshold of his home once again, his mother and sister quietly kissed his cold pallid cheek, and he opened his eyes on them with a look of love. He was laid in his warm bed, and they proceeded to restore warmth and animation by cordials, and by rubbing his limbs with spirits. But whether their applications were too stimulating, or it was the natural effect of his long exposure to the cold, added to the blow on his head, fever rapidly came on, and, for several days, he lay in violent delirium. It almost broke the hearts of those who were watching by his bedside, to hear his screams of horror, and broken snatches of prayer and supplication, which shewed that he was continually living over again that fearful night. The following Sabbath, all the little congregation of Linn-head joined, as with one heart, in their minister's fervent intercession, that the life, already so wonderfully delivered, might yet once more be spared. Their

prayers were granted; youth and a good constitution, aided by the unwearied and judicious care of his affectionate nurses, triumphed over the disease. That once subdued, his strength rapidly returned, and, on the third Sunday after, Kenneth, supported by his father and mother, and followed by his sister, again entered the sanctuary, and took his accustomed place there; and when they all kneeled in prayer, their hearts burned within them, as Mr. Cameron poured forth their thanksgivings to the Almighty. He chose for his text the opening verses of the hundred and third Psalm—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy." From these appropriate words he uttered a most affectionate and persuasive exhortation, not only addressed to him who had been the subject of such striking mercies, but to all the youthful members of his flock, who had been witnesses of them. The good seed thus scattered, falling on ground differently prepared to receive it, brought forth fruit variously. In Kenneth's heart, it brought forth fruit a hundred-fold; and during the course of a long after life, he was, as far as the weakness of human nature may be, "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and was blessed in the conviction that his "labours in the Lord were not in vain."

THE YOUNG AID-DU-CAMP.

"Oh, Edward," murmured Julia Harcourt to her brother, as she laid her head upon his shoulder, believing herself unobserved, "where will you be at this hour to-morrow evening?"

He answered only by an affectionate pressure of the hand which he held in his; the tears started in his eyes, but anxious to conceal his emotions, he turned to his father, and was about to address him.

"My children," said the General tenderly, "there is no need of concealment of feelings, which honour rather than disgrace our nature. It is only the indulgence of vain regret that is censurable, not regret itself. It is one of the penalties of humanity to separate from those we love, and most pitiable is that insensibility which can remain unshaken upon such occasions. You Edward, will not make a worse soldier because your sister's tears have brought a corresponding sympathy in your eyes; nor will you, Julia, enjoy less the future honours of your brother, because you now weep that he must leave you. And think not," added he, in a voice which gradually lost its firmness as he continued to speak; "think not that the moment when a son is about to quit his parental roof, and engage in the busy scenes of

life, is a painless one to a father. In him, to natural regret is joined a knowledge of the shoals and quicksands that lie in his path, and remembrance of these gives to the anxiety of maturity the acuteness of sorrow that properly belongs to youth." He paused, and then with greater steadiness continued;—"The path before you, however, is an honourable and an open one. Acquit yourself in it, therefore, as becomes a man and a christian. But I will not now repeat the advice I have already so earnestly given you, and the more so as I am not aware that I have omitted any material point of conduct. On one subject alone I have been less diffuse than you might probably have expected me to be, but this arose solely from its being too painful a one to dwell openly upon." He passed his hand over his brow, but could not conceal the agitation of his features; "Here is a packet, however," added he, "which will supply the omission; read the narrative it contains attentively, and oh! may you escape the anguish that its writer has been so long doomed to feel!"

Edward received the paper with reverence, and the General now rising, fervently blessed both his children, and retired to rest.

This was the last evening that Edward Harcourt was to spend in his father's house previous to his joining his regiment, which was under sailing orders for Spain. He was a high spirited, amiable youth, the secret pride of his father, and the avowed delight of his sister. He had scarcely passed his seventeenth year; but in talent, manner and appearance, he was many years older.

Brought up from his childhood with a view to the profession of arms, he had been for some time impatient to take an active share in the dangers and honours which at that time so particularly distinguished the British name, and he looked forward to the scenes of glory which he had pictured to himself with an eagerness that allayed, though it could not extinguish, the sorrow of parting from those who were so dear to him. By way of enlivening their spirits, they had been romping in the garden; Edward assuming a fantastic dress, had been playing all manner of pranks with some female friends; but all his natural gaiety and high spirits were unable either to subdue the feelings of an affectionate son and brother on parting, or prevent the visible sorrow which shewed itself on the cheek of a beloved sister. The next day saw him far on his journey towards the metropolis, where, having remained only sufficient time to equip himself, he proceeded to Plymouth, and was soon afterwards launched on the bosom of the ocean, under a favourable wind, and with companions whose spirits were almost as buoyant as his own.

He had hitherto been too much engaged to open the packet which the General had given him, or indeed scarcely to give it a thought; but he had now abundance of leisure for the purpose, and withdrawing himself from observation, he with no slight degree of interest, not unmingled with curiosity, broke the seal. The latter feeling had probably not obtruded itself, but for the idea that it contained an elucidation of an occasional melancholy, which both he and his sister had observed

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in their father, and which had excited alike their surprise and commiseration. Loved and respected by them in the highest degree, they had carefully abstained from appearing to notice it, and had sought only by every delicate and tender attention, to win him from his abstraction, and to soothe him to composure and cheerfulness. Frequently in the midst of social enjoyment, a sudden pang would seem to cross his heart, and in an instant to change the hilarity of his countenance into an expression of the deepest anguish. Frequently, even in moments of paternal tenderness and delight, when his breast appeared to overflow with the purest felicity, a look of indescribable agony would ensue, and tears, which he endeavoured in vain to conceal, would start from his eyes.

A natural feeling of respect and delicacy made him pause, before he could examine the paper which he held in his hand. This he found to be a long letter from the General, who, after enforcing many excellent rules for his future conduct, thus proceeded:—

"And now, Edward, let me address you on a subject to which I attach the deepest importance. I mean that of duelling. By every consideration, moral and divine—by every tie of affection to me, of allegiance to your king, and of duty to your God,—I charge you never to be either a principal or an accessory, in a crime which reason and religion alike condemn as utterly indefensible, although false honour and heartless sophistry have endeavoured to establish its propriety and necessity. Continue to preserve that con-

trol over your passions which has hitherto distinguished you; give no offence, and be not ready to receive one; enter into no dispute, and whilst with a manly firmness you maintain your own independence of thought and action, avoid all interference with that of others, never forgetting that when you became a soldier, you ceased not to be a Christian; but increased, rather than diminished your obligations, by having dedicated that life to your king, which you received from your God, for the proper disposal of which you are now accountable to both.

"But if argument fail, let the recital I am about to make, effectually deter you from the commission of so heinous an offence. Yes, I will raise the veil that has long covered the anguish of my heart, although I am well aware that the effort will be most distressing to me, and that the exposure of past errors to a son's eyes must prove a bitter task to a father.

"I was early destined like yourself to the army, and entered upon life with prospects as fair as your own. My connexions were powerful, my fortune was good, and my friends consequently were numerous. Nature had done much for me, adventitious circumstances more. My society was everywhere sought, I was a general favourite, and though reason pointed out the motive of the attention I received, self-love and vanity resolved the unmeaning homage into a debt due to my peculiar merit. I became addicted to pleasure, grew haughty and impatient of control, and while I pursued gratifications which my better principles con-

demned. I allowed neither the inward monitor of my own breast, nor the remonstrances of my real friends, to have any influence over my actions. Real friends, perhaps, I had few; but I possessed one,—alas! how my heart throbs at the recollection!—whose worth alone was sufficient to outweigh the loss of hundreds. Melville was my cousin by my mother's side—he, too, was an only son; but as his parents were by no means in affluent circumstances, he became at the death of his father entirely dependent upon mine. We had been brought up together, and he had hitherto shared in all the advantages which had been so liberally bestowed upon me. I fear he was much more attached to my person than I was alive to his merits. We were indeed very dissimilar. He was gentle, patient, endowed with extraordinary powers of self-control, moderate in all his desires, just, honourable, generous, and brave; while equally correct in practice as in principle, his rectitude amidst all temptation remained unshaken. My tears fall fast at this feeble testimony to his worth; alas! that the loss of blessings should best teach us their value.

"Melville had frequently, in forcible but gentle terms, remonstrated with me on my conduct. I at first listened to him without displeasure, and even with secret admiration of the manner he adopted towards me, but in proportion as my behaviour grew irregular, and the upbraidings of my conscience more severe, his admonitions became less endurable. The sneers, also, of my profligate associates at his influence provoked me, and

I gradually absented myself from his society, till at length I totally withdrew myself from him. Melville was much hurt by this procedure, and for a time endeavoured by every means to win back my confidence, but finding that he rather defeated than promoted his views by seeking me, he forbore to intrude. Often did my heart reproach me for the unmanliness and ingratitude of my conduct, and as often did I long for a renewal of that cordiality which was once my happiness, and had always been my safety; but pride and the ridicule of my companions withheld me from making any advance towards a better understanding, and in the end I scarcely even deigned to speak to him.

"Among other evil propensities, I had contracted a love of gaming, to supply which even the liberal allowance of my father was inadequate. I became involved in debt, and was guilty of many petty acts of meanness, which at a former period of my life I should have abhorred. Alas! little did I think at the time that it was Melville, the honourable, self-denying Melville, who, out of the savings of his own comparatively scanty purse, preserved me frequently from exposure from my trades-people. I thought neither of him nor of them,—I was selfish, wilfully heedless and extravagant, merely because I would not allow myself to reflect.

"One evening I had played to a considerable amount, and had been particularly unfortunate. In my agitation, I drank largely, and thus the irritation of intoxication was added to the irritation of excited feeling. We were seated in our tent, for it was summer. Melville passed

us on his way to the guard-room. He cast, or I fancied that he cast, a look of peculiar meaning towards me. I was provoked at having been seen at all by him, and I turned myself from him with as little apparent intention as possible. He however turned back, and doing so approached the tent more nearly. This I thought was done for the express purpose of observation, and I felt exceedingly vexed, though I forbore to say a word. 'What is the curious fool looking at?' exclaimed one of my companions, 'does he think that he is to mount guard here?' 'No, no,' rejoined another, 'he is already on the watch. Harcourt, this will be a pretty tale to report to your father.' I was almost mad at the suggestion, when unfortunately for both, he again passed, though yet apparently in haste. I sprang out, and in a voice of rage accused him of the meanness of watching me. He bore my abuse with calmness and in silence, nay even an expression of pity was visible on his features, but this only inflamed me still more. I taxed him with an intention of betraying me to my father. Then, and then only, his eyes flashed with indignation. 'It is false,' said he warmly; 'cruelly, abominable false.' He spoke only with the emphasis of outraged and insulted feeling, but my companions construed his words into that which was not to be endured by a gentleman, and insisted that an apology was due to my injured honour. 'I can make no apology,' exclaimed Melville, 'when I have committed no offence. My cousin must do as he pleases—he knows his own injustice too well to persist in it.' Alas! I did not know it, but I was

too much disordered, too much goaded on by others to own it, and—— But I must hasten to the dreadful catastrophe. My companions insisted on a meeting, and that immediately; it took place—I had the first fire—it was fatal—Melville fell!

"The mists of passion and intoxication faded at once from my eyes. I ran to him and raised him in my arms. The cold dew of death was already gathering on his brow, but he was sensible to my affection and despair. 'I have been greatly to blame,' he uttered with great difficulty; 'bear witness that I acquit him entirely of any evil intent towards me. Dear Harcourt,' he more faintly murmured, 'compose yourself, I entirely forgive you—be kind to my poor mother.' He feebly threw his arm around my neck, I bent to receive his last kiss, and sunk fainting to the ground.

"The affair was represented in a manner that exonerated me from punishment, and it was soon forgotten among my companions. I became, however, an altered man; and so far poor Melville had not died in vain. I rose rapidly in my profession; the most brilliant success attended me throughout my military career; rank, honour, and reputation, were liberally bestowed on me; nor was I less fortunate in private and domestic life. Happy in my friends, my wife, and my children; easy in my circumstances, and esteemed by society in general, my lot has been blessed beyond that of most others; but my felicity has never been without severe alloy, The image of my bleeding and dying friend has pursued me every where, and mingled

a drop of exquisite bitterness in my cup. Amidst the applauses of assembled multitudes, or the congratulations of friends; in the endearments of connubial love, or the fond delights of a parent, the remembrance of Melville has constantly risen to my imagination, and wrung my heart with agony. So might he have been honoured; so bright might have been his career; so tenderly might he have been loved by an amiable wife; and children, dutiful and affectionate as mine, might have clasped his knees and called him father—but for me. The still small voice of conscience has unremittingly denounced me to myself as a murderer, and all the tears of penitence that I have shed, are still inadequate to wash away the remembrance of my crime. Even the satisfaction and comfort which I have derived from the exercise of our holy faith, have been embittered from the same sad source, for better knowledge of myself has taught me to regret the more severely the advantages of which I had deprived him. In the midst of youth, and as he would have owned, unprepared to meet his God, my hand shut the gates of repentance upon him, and sent him with all his frailties on his head, to that dread tribunal, from which there is neither appeal nor escape.

"But I will not press the melancholy subject further. I am sick at heart, and can only say, go, my beloved boy, avoid your father's example and be happy."

Edward read with deep attention and considerable emotion, his father's narrative. "You shall be obeyed, dearest and best of parents," said he, as he carefully

returned it to its envelope, and consigned it to a place of safety. "Let it cost me what it may, I will never, never incur such a load of misery on my future years as you have described.

He landed safely at Lisbon, and proceeded with all speed to join the division to which his regiment was attached. Active operations had not yet commenced, though vigorous preparations were making for the ensuing campaign. The natural ardour of his disposition made him regret a delay, which deprived him of the opportunity that he so much desired of signalizing himself. Time, however, was not suffered to hang heavily on his hands; the duties of his profession, and gaieties which his brother officers promoted among themselves, fully occupied every moment.

He was delighted with all he met with, and if a thought of home saddened him, it was only for an instant, and brighter hopes of proving himself more worthy of the affection of his beloved relatives, dissipated every other feeling. His good humour, high spirit, and honourable bearing, produced a general prepossession in his favour, and he found his society universally sought. The regiment was quartered in a town large indeed in size, but thinly inhabited. Returning one evening to his lodgings, in company with a young man of his own rank and age, who with himself had been dining with their commanding officer, he was suddenly startled by the loud shriek of a female. He paused a moment, uncertain from whence it proceeded; but upon its being repeated, he immediately

directed his steps to the spot, and beheld, by the bright beams of the moon, a female struggling to free herself from the rude embraces of a man whose dress proclaimed him a British officer. Edward advanced without hesitation, and in a firm voice desired him to desist. He was answered, however, only by a command to cease from interference; a command which was at once disobeyed, upon his assistance being implored by the female, whom he now discovered to be a Spaniard. He forcibly separated her from her persecutor, who, exasperated more probably by the intrusion of a stranger than by any other consideration, furiously drew his sword, and bade him stand on his guard. The party to which he belonged had by this time joined them. Edward put back the weapon which was held against him, and telling him to reserve its use for a more proper occasion, walked on. His antagonist, however, followed, and in insulting terms, continued to challenge him to draw. In vain Edward pursued his way, till, exasperated by his apparent disregard of his threats, the stranger struck him on the shoulder. He instantly turned, and for a moment lost all self-command, but speedily recovering his usual possession, he contented himself with wrenching the sword out of his hand, and snapping it in two, he threw the pieces away. "Your name!" exclaimed the other, breathless with rage. Edward gave it, and having now reached the door of his lodging, he entered, followed by his friend.

"This is a most unfortunate business," said Johnson,

as he threw himself into a seat—"you will hear more of this, depend upon it. I know all the party. The fellow who was so liberal of his abuse of you is Danvers of the fourteenth—a youth who has been ruined by indulgence and by the profuse allowance made him by his doating but mistaken parents. He is naturally good-tempered and amiable, but he has associated himself with companions utterly unworthy of him, who lead him into every excess. You probably did not observe his situation this evening, but it was evident enough to me, that he was in no respect master of himself. You will undoubtedly have a message from him to-morrow morning, for among his chief friends is Canning, of whose taste for duelling you must be already apprised. Well, much as I dislike the business, remember I shall be in readiness to attend your summons—and so good night." Saying this, he cordially shook hands with him, and retired.

Left to himself, he reviewed the occurrence of the evening and its probable consequence. He foresaw the difficulty and delicacy of his situation; and it would be ascribing too much to him to say, that he was indifferent to it, or even not considerably moved. He carefully recalled his father's admonitions; and after mature reflection, he determined upon the conduct he meant to pursue. "I will not fight," he exclaimed, "though every hope and prospect of my life be destroyed for ever." Tears, which he could not suppress, started from his eyes, and burying his face in his hands, as he leaned on his rude table, he sat absorbed in

sorrowful reflection. This weakness, however, did not last long. He had been brought up in the best and purest principles of honour and religion; and he was practically, as well as theoretically, a Christian. He knew his duty, and he felt his insufficiency; he was well aware in whom his strength lay, and he was not ashamed to apply to that source from whence alone it could be obtained. He knelt down with reverence and humility, and earnestly implored the aid of his Creator; and thus engaged, found rest from the perturbed feelings which agitated his breast. He then threw himself upon his bed; but though calm, he was unable to sleep, and with the morning sun he arose.

The event was precisely as had been anticipated. At an early hour he was waited upon by Canning, with a desire that he would either apologise to Danvers, or appoint a meeting.

"I shall do neither," firmly, but temperately, replied Edward. "I have acted only as every honourable man would have done in my situation towards a defenceless female; and I shall not hazard my life in a cause in which I have neither resentment to appease, nor merited chastisement to dread."

"Then you consent to be branded with the gentlemanly epithet of coward," retorted Canning, in a tone and with an accompanying sneer that tinged the cheek of Edward with a crimson hue. "You may brand me with what epithet you please," returned he, rather haughtily; "you have my answer, and I shall not depart from it."

Canning now departed, but in a few minutes re-entered the apartment, accompanied by Danvers himself, and several other officers. "Mr. Harcourt," said one of these, advancing towards Edward, "I am under the necessity of requiring you publicly to apologise to my friend, Mr. Danvers, for your conduct towards him last evening; or to grant him the satisfaction that is due to a gentleman."

"My answer," replied Edward, with dignity, "has been already given. I have no other to return. I will not apologise to Mr. Danvers, because I conceive no apology is due to him, nor will I put that life in competition with his, which is not my own to trifle with, nor needlessly to endanger."

"Then," returned the speaker, "you are aware of the imputation which must be drawn from such a refusal, and must be prepared to relinquish the association of gentlemen."

"I am prepared for every consequence," said Edward: "that I am in reality no coward, I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your satisfaction; in the meantime you are at liberty to honour me with your notice or not, as you may feel disposed; but of this be assured, I fear no contempt like that of my own, and dread no disgrace but that which arises from guilt. As for you, Mr. Danvers," continued he, directing his speech to that gentleman, who in profound silence and with deep attention had listened to all that passed, "I have no enmity whatever towards you, and I should grieve most sincerely, in case of my being the

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survivor, that you ended your career in so ignoble a strife. I have only to hope that I may have an early opportunity of meeting you in a field where we may best display our courage, and make duty and valour consistent." So saying, he bowed, and left the apartment.

Although satisfied in his own mind of the propriety of the line of conduct he had pursued, and thus happy in the approval of his own concience, Edward soon found his situation a most painful one. It was impossible not to perceive the shyness that marked the manner of his brother officers towards him, and he felt it was as useless as unnecessary to make any observations upon it. Far different to the flattering attention he had lately received, he was now allowed to be alone; and he had the additional mortification of seeing that when he essayed to join himself to his former companions, his society was either shunned or coldly endured. Wounded but not shaken, he avoided with becoming spirit intruding himself upon any one, and confined himself to study, or to the more active duties of his profession. He felt however sad and lonely, and most earnestly did he look forward to the renewal of active operations, in the hope of redeeming his injured character.

The General of his division was a particular friend of his father, in consequence of which he had been attached to his personal staff immediately upon his arrival. General Maitland regarded him very favourably, and prognosticated in sanguine terms the future

glory and success of his eléve, as he frequently called him. The striking difference which had lately appeared in the spirits of Edward, together with the evident coolness that he had observed was maintained towards him, induced him to inquire into the cause. Edward unhesitatingly related the whole circumstance. He heard him with attention and apparent concern. Supposing, however, from the gravity of his countenance, that he was dissatisfied with the explanation he had given, he continued, his voice partaking of his emotion as he spoke, "I trust General, it is needless to say my refusal proceeded from no want of that feeling without which a man ceases to be such. You cannot think me so unworthy of the blood that flows in my veins. No, Heaven is my witness, how eagerly, how impatiently I long for an opportunity of distinguishing myself. I have courage to face the foes of my country—I have courage to meet scorn and neglect where I was honoured and sought—but I have not courage to disobey my father, and to offend my God!"

"Edward," said the General, with glistening eyes, and extending his hand to him, which was eagerly grasped by his young friend, "I applaud your conduct, and value you the more highly for the determination you have shewn. Would to Heaven all would act as you have done! This, however, is a consummation more devoutedly to be wished than expected, and therefore, I feel the more sincerely for the painful situation in which you are placed, and must endeavour by some means to relieve it." "Oh, General!" ex-

claimed Edward, passionately, "if you indeed feel for me, grant me the ardent desire of my heart—do not, I entreat you, notice what has passed; but on the first occasion that presents itself, place me in the midst of danger, in the most hazardous post that you can possibly assign me." The General replied only by a smile; but Edward left him with a relieved heart, and in full hope that his request would be granted. His feelings may, therefore, be better imagined than described, when he heard that orders had been received to prepare for an immediate attack on the powerful city of Badajos. He hastened to the General's tent, and there received confirmation of the intelligence. In silent impatience he listened to what was passing, dreading lest the General should forget his request, and perceiving no opportunity of reminding him of it. When, however, the disposition of the troops had been finally made, and the necessary orders issued, the General turned to him, and said to him in a low voice, "I will not forget you." Edward could reply only by a bow, and then hastened to attend to his immediate duties.

The attack was now commenced. The darkness of the night, the strength of the walls, and the resolute valour of the enemy, rendered it a terrific one. Death and bloodshed reigned in every part, and each party seemed to rival the other in ardour, determination, and courage. All was orderly confusion—all was fearfully inspiring. One side of the city, in particular, seemed impregnable: to this the General and his staff now

approached. A party had several times attempted to scale the wall, but in vain; they were constantly repulsed with great slaughter, and at this moment their leader having fallen, the men were retreating in confusion—Edward's eyes flashed with impatience—he caught the General's hand.—"Yes," exclaimed he, "the time is come. Go; and the blessing of Heaven be with you!" Edward pressed the hand he grasped to his lips—"If I fall," said he, "tell my father I fell with honour, and in obedience to his commands." He sprang from his horse, and rallying the retreating party, led them again to the rampart.

A more than mortal daring seemed now to animate him—more than his life was on his sword—his character and honour; and the flame that burnt in his own bosom, communicated itself to his followers. In defiance of the unceasing fire that was opened upon them, in despite of the points of the bayonets, by which the enemy endeavoured to throw them down, he still resolutely persisted in his attempts, and finally succeeded in reaching the summit. He paused for a moment to recover breath, and then cheering his men, who pressed close upon him, he sprang to the ground. Here a desperate struggle ensued. Conspicuous by his bravery, Edward was marked by one of the enemy, who with a giant grasp seized him and endeavoured to throw him over the wall; but extricating himself with almost incredible activity, he rushed again before his gallant party, and covered with the blood of himself and others, succeeded in cutting his way to the inner

wall. A breach was now effected: a shout from the English proclaimed the advantage. Edward sprang through the aperture. The firing of the French was at its height, and again a furious rencontre took place. A strong party however was now within the walls, and the clamours of men, of trumpets, and of bugles, shook the air.

"Forward!" exclaimed Edward, energetically, now sanguine of success, and no longer fearing for his men; but at this instant the enemy suddenly faced round; a hundred swords were levelled at once at him, and he fell, covered with wounds. An officer, unknown to him, who had for some time attached himself to his side, threw himself before the body, and with desperate valour succeeded in withdrawing it from the throng; then consigning it to some soldiers, with orders to bear it to a place of safety, he hastened back to complete what Edward had so nobly begun. In a short time the British were masters of the city, and it only remained to secure their victory by the necessary regulations, to attend to the wants of the wounded, and to dispose of the slain.

Edward, however, though wounded, was still alive; immediate surgical assistance was procured for him by his friend, and by their joint care he was conveyed to one of the best houses in the city. It was late in the day before General Maitland was able to leave his professional duties; he then repaired to the apartment in which he had been placed, where his surprise was equalled only by his pleasure at finding Danvers

by his side, assiduously and even tenderly attending to all his necessities. It was Danvers, indeed, who struck alike by compunctions for his own conduct and admiration of that of Edward, had long secretly wished to be reconciled to him. It was Danvers who had fought by his side, and who, in all probability, had preserved him from death.

The party which Edward had so gallantly headed, belonged to the fourteenth, and hence Danvers became a spectator of the whole scene. He readily comprehended his intent in thus hazarding his person, and inwardly exclaiming—"I shall be equally his murderer if he falls in battle, as if I had killed him with my own hand!" he had flown to his assistance, and had defended him with a bravery scarcely inferior to that exhibited by Edward himself.

The General heard with unfeigned pleasure that the wounds of Edward, though dangerous, were not mortal; he was perfectly sensible, but being forbidden to speak, he could only acknowledge his congratulations by an expressive smile, and a look, which being directed to Danvers, fully explained his meaning.

A good constitution, aided by the happiness which glowed in his breast, soon restored him to comparative health. Danvers never left him but when compelled by duty, and a friendship of more than common warmth sprang up in both their bosoms. General Maitland surveyed their attachment with the utmost satisfaction and approval, and on the first day that Edward was able to appear abroad, which he did

leaning on the arm of Danvers, who carefully watched every step he took, he pointed to them, and thus addressed a group of officers who stood round him:—

"Behold the reward of true courage and rectitude of principle—contemplate it and profit by it! But a soldier's words are few, and deeds like theirs speak more than volumes. I am no orator, and I know no phrase that will express my meaning so well as this sententious one, "*Go thou and do likewise.*"

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great, beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace—thy restlessness repose.

SOME EVENTS OF THE LIFE

OF

A PATRIOT.

All the fair dames who looked from the balconies of the Place Royale, upon the assemblage which filled the streets of Brussels on the 5th of April, 1565, turned to gaze after one figure clothed in the garb of a countryman, removed one step above the lowest class. The spell that rivetted so many bright eyes was to be found (after the advantages of a fine youthful figure and handsome countenance), in the intelligence and animation of his features, and their deep concentrated expression of devotion to the cause for which this remarkable procession had been assembled. By his dress and mien he was plainly marked for one of the many in that company—the poor heirs of noble houses long decayed in fortune. Such a figure in this assembly could not be viewed, even by the most unreflecting, without mingled admiration and fear. For at a glance might you see that he well knew for what he went to claim redress; and that Adrian Haranguer was of those to whom redress can never long be denied. Of the grievances

which the Flemish Protestants endured under the haughty Philip and his cruel minions, there are but too many melancholy proofs. It is true that the regent Duchess of Parma was not herself, by her sex or disposition, inclined to tyrannous cruelties, but she was too often made an almost passive instrument in other hands; and partly from fear, partly from compulsion, she became an unwilling agent in many deeds of oppression, from which her soul revolted. Well knowing in her own heart what strong grounds the unhappy Protestants had for their remonstrances, she was panic-struck at this assemblage, and received the deputation with much outward kindness and many fair words. But her knowledge of Philip and her fear of him, prevented her from giving any direct pledges, or from redressing any grievances. Aware that she was merely temporising with them, till she had gathered more military strength around her, the petitioners were rather irritated than deceived by her forbearance and general protestations.

These feelings were stronger in Adrian Haranguer than in most of the assembled delegates. For he had just married a young wife, and though too lofty and fearless in character to use this as a scripture reason why he "could not come," yet he had an additional motive to have rejoiced in any fair settlement of the dissensions of his unhappy country. It was, therefore, with much bitterness of indignation against the Spanish counsels that he repaired to the Hotel de Culembourg, where the Counts Culembourg

and De Brederode entertained the confederates on the day following the procession. He entered just as Orange, Egmont, and Horn, who professed to have come *fortuitously*, were received with loud joy.

De Brederode had arisen, clothed in a beggar's cloak and wallet, to explain to the infuriated assembly that this garb was assumed to hurl back in bitter defiance the contemptuous taunt of one of the councillors of the Duchess, who had called the petitioners in scorn, *un tas Gueux*,—a heap of beggars! The word was unanimously accepted with revengeful pride; and to this name the pledge went round in the cup, and an oath was taken, to stand by each other to the last.

In the height of this enthusiastic ecstasy, and while Adrian's whole soul was thrown into the general feeling, a hand was laid upon his shoulder as if to bespeak instant attention. There was something in that touch that roused him at once, though he knew not at the moment why; and, hastily turning round his head, he saw a figure on the seat next to him, clothed in a beggar's gray cloak, with the emblematic wallet, which he durst have sworn the room had not contained a moment before.

This was his youngest brother Erasmus, whom he had believed at that instant in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid. He was on the point of shouting out aloud with joy and wonder, when his brother made an emphatic sign of silence, and spoke to him these words in a very low whisper, "I came

to give thee warning: heed me, it is for life and death. Three princes have now entered: the oath and the cup are given to them. Follow thou him who drinketh out the glass. The rest shall lead thee to the scaffold. Mark well! Egmont hath taken the cup in hand."

Haranguer, involuntarily turning his head at these words, gazed towards the upper end of the board, where De Brederode was receiving his distinguished guests. There stood Count Egmont, holding out the cup, and listening with fixed attention to the words which De Brederode spake. As Adrian looked on that noble warlike man—the leader amidst a thousand—the hero of his age; as he marked the fire of his eye when, raising the wine to his lips, he repeated the oath after De Brederode—he could not but rejoice in the assurance that Egmont would be the last man in that company to leave unhonoured such a health. The Count was Haranguer's old leader and dear friend, and he could not bear that upon this noble captain should fall the amen he had just heard. But his love had prevented him from discerning, with his wonted quick and clear perceptions, how the quivering indecision of Egmont's lips warred in his noble features with the triumphant radiance of his eye, leaving the palm of his undisputed daring and ascendency of character resting upon military valour, rather than sagacious boldness in the conduct of life. His first motions in seizing the cup, and repeating the oath, were full of energy and confidence. Hardly, however, had the wine reached his lip, when his open brow was shaded by some sudden foreboding;

and he stood for a minute irresolute, with the cup removed from his mouth. Adrian was racked with consternation and dread; and, starting suddenly from his seat, he shouted aloud, "Drink it out, noble Egmont, for the love of Christ! your life is in the pledge!" But, amidst the deafening roars of triumphant joy when the Count (who was the idol of the people) took the oath and touched the cup—not a word that he uttered could be heard, and his voice merely swelled the general acclamation. There Egmont stood, as though lost in thought, unmindful of the transport around him; at last De Brederode, fearful lest his indecision should produce a reaction, turned to address the Prince of Orange, to whom Egmont handed the cup, gazing on him with mingled affection and expectation. Deeply as all Adrian Haranguer's thoughts had been to this moment engaged in his country's cause, he would now have gazed no more; for his sorrow for Egmont made him careless of what might follow, had not a doubt of the truth of the foreboding cheered him with a momentary hope. With the peculiar propensity common to all who try to force a conviction upon their own feelings, he resolved to rest his belief of the omen upon this test,—neither of the other two would drain the cup. The conduct of Orange was now of the highest interest, and Haranguer watched him as eagerly as any of those around him, though from widely different motives. The brow of the Prince was contracted, as if in deep thought; and nothing but intense attention to De Brederode's speech was traced there. This was suc-

ceeded by a moment of silence, which seemed an age of cold indifference to the excited feelings of the assembled multitude.

But the uneasiness of doubting soon passed away; with a full, manly, earnest voice, which reached every heart, Orange repeated the oath—then looking upwarks, and crying fervently, "We call on THEE for help!" he raised the cup to his lips, and drank out the last drop, saying, "So help me God, as thus I drain, to the dregs, whatever sufferings the cause of my dear unhappy country may lay upon me!" No loud tumult of acclamation followed: there was a murmur of admiration, but the energy of his devotion had gone too near to every heart to come forth anew in shouting from the mouth. Many a lip might you trace repeating, in a fervent whisper, the vow to bear wrong and suffering, even to the death.

Haranguer turned sick and dizzy; the fatal prophecy seemed stamped with fire into his brain, and he muttered it over unconsciously to himself. Yet another thought of comfort darted into his mind, which, naturally cheerful, yielded but slowly to melancholy impressions. It was all some deception—a personification of his brother: he had been cheated by some fancied resemblance. So he would look all around him, and soon discover the cause of his grievous delusion. The chair next to him on the left, in which the figure had sat, was now filled by his well-known neighbour, John De Soreas, whom he well remembered to have seen sitting there at the beginning of the feast: and as he

gazed from him to the familiar faces of his friends and neighbours around him, he could no longer resist the conviction weighing down his heart, that the vision had been no cheat of the imagination. To this mournful certainty the seal was set by the words of Van Gessel, next to him on the right, which he caught upon awakening from a melancholy reverie, and which chilled him like ice to the heart's core, "Culembourg might have waited until Count Horn had drank the wine out!" Haranguer rose abruptly, and left the table, unmanned by fears which he could not repel.

He walked mechanically to his own lodgings in Brussels, and entered the room where his young bride sate reading, at her work-table. He stood before her some minutes ere he regained the full use of his senses; her kisses awoke him from his stupor. She was surprised by his returning so long before the expected conclusion of the solemn feast, and yet more at his unwonted melancholy. Hanging on his neck, she strove by a thousand affectionate wiles to bring back his usual cheerfulness. "Nay, Maria," he cried, pressing her fondly in his arms, "even thy love cannot make me happy in this sorrow. But it will make my sorrow such as I would never change for all the realms of Spain without thee!"

Adrian had no secrets from Maria: for to the perfection of womanly gentleness was added in her a firmness, produced by her excellent understanding and the simple truth of her feelings. Upon this firmness he relied as upon Heaven. Though he shielded her as he

would a delicate plant, or favourite bird, from all that could alarm or annoy her—for she was truly a woman in all her feelings and habits—yet there was nothing that he thought, knew, or felt—none of his joys or griefs, projects or wishes, hopes or fears, that he did not immediately tell her. In all of mind or heart, there was nothing but the most perfect trust—the closest union between them; and this was never disappointed, nor disturbed for a moment.

When Adrian told her all the occurrences which had filled him with grief and consternation, at the first hearing, her distress was greater than his. She shared all his love for Count Egmont, and her mind quickly glanced over the fearful chances of her husband being involved in that nobleman's ruin. Haranguer, she well knew, would be with his noble friend in life or death: and though this bitter thought rent her very heart asunder, she felt that she could not try to persuade him to desert his leader. They both were embarked in the perilous struggle for their country; and from that cause her Adrian never could turn back.

Still, even in her sore fear, she had comfort; and the greatest was in her power of comforting. "Grieve not," she said, "for noble Egmont. His death shall be better and more glorious than the life of meaner men—his memory shall be dearer than the friendship of princes. He shall be honoured—mourned for, and loved—even as thou art loved, my Adrian! For the rest, he is in the hand of the King of mercies. We cannot keep him alive, but we can pray for him!" She

hastily turned aside to wipe away a tear—for all that she said of Egmont, her soul told her was of her own husband. * * * * * *

It was far in the night; Adrian had received tidings from Madrid, of the death of his brother in the cells of the Inquisition. He was sitting alone, for Maria had been ill, and was gone to rest. Weighed down with deep sorrow, he was interrupted in the painful duty of replying to these letters, by a low tap at the chamber door, which warned him that some one wished to enter. Haranguer mechanically said, "Come in!" without turning his thoughts from the mournful task before him; and the visitor was forgotten before the words had passed his lips. But a well-loved voice called his name, and in a moment his eyes were raised from the letter, and perused Count Egmont's features with more uneasiness and apprehension than their gallant, open expression had ever before caused him. There he found a serious despondency, to which hitherto he had been a stranger. "Adrian," said the Count, "so far we have gone together as friends—as brothers!—but here we part company: I am entering a dangerous sea; it is full of shoals and hidden perils. I fear nought for myself, thou knowest it is not my wont; but why shouldst thou be wrecked with me? I will await Alva's commission. For all that is past, I cannot but trust our gracious monarch. Perhaps I may stand between his anger and some of my unhappy countrymen. And thou knowest"—here he could not keep his voice firm, nor his eye quite dry—"thou knowest, I have too large a house to

stir—or leave. My dear wife hath given me eleven precious reasons for staying to take care of them. Whilst thine," here he tried to hide his emotion in a laugh, "thy Maria hath yet given thee only one child, and that is lightly moved. But ye are but newly wedded, and by the grace of God, in good season."—"For Heaven's sake, my dear friend," cried Haranguer, "let us be serious in this weighty matter. What saith Orange, doth he stay?" "He hath talked with me all yesternight," said Egmont, "and almost persuaded me to fly; but William is suspicious. Nevertheless, his last words dwell with me like a foreboding—'Trust, then,' said he, 'if so it must be, my noble friend, in the Spaniard's promises; but a presentiment (God send it may be no true one!) telleth me that thou shalt be the bridge whereby they shall enter Brussels, and which they will destroy when they have crossed!"—yet for my fixed purpose to stay, I can shew thee many reasons." Count Egmont was firm in his design of remaining. Noble and unsuspicious himself, he could not comprehend the refined deceptions to which the crafty Philip descended; and had, in that monarch's intercourse with him by letter, been completely outwitted and entrapped. Haranguer, unable to persuade him, resolved to share his fate and remain; but it was with a sad though steadfast spirit, for the warning came full upon his mind, and he looked upon both their lives as doomed. "I will stay with you," replied he to Egmont, "though I do not much rely on the faith of the Spaniards: the more we are who remain, the better can

we protect one another." Nor could the Count persuade him to leave Brussels. * * *

In his prison, and deprived, by the cruelties of the Spanish tyrant, of the sight of her who had soothed all his former sorrows, Adrian Haranguer was tortured by many bitter thoughts. The Spanish lion was loosed: the streets of Brussels flowed with the blood of her citizens—the last blow had been struck at the highest and most princely heads. After the mockery of a trial and condemnation, the Counts Egmont and Horn were to be beheaded on the morrow, in the Place Royale of Brussels. Adrian himself was doomed to suffer on the following day. With keen grief did he remember the warning he had braved—but even when the life, thus to be lost to his wife and his country, seemed the most cruelly shortened in the flower of youth and hope, his heart told him, were all to do again, he *could* not in his soul think of deserting Egmont; and when his thoughts turned to her, who was his sole comfort in trouble, "Even my Maria," he said, "deeply as my death will cut down her life's happiness, would not bid me do other than I have done: for her loved sake, I will die as a free and guiltless man; as her husband should die! Surely these Spanish brutes will let me speak to her once again, before."

On the morning of that fatal day, when Brussels was to see the bravest of the land's nobles die, for his devotion to her cause, some guards suddenly entered Haranguer's chamber, and said he must be conveyed to a window in the Place Royale, during the executions;

for Alva had commanded that all the prisoners should be compelled to witness his infamous cruelty. Adrian was at first inclined to resist this tyranny; but he remembered having promised Egmont, if possible, to look on him when he died; and he merely answered, "that he hoped he should be placed somewhere near his friend." "Ay," said a gaoler, "close to the scaffold." They had to walk through two narrow streets, and turn an abrupt corner, ere they entered the Place Royale. As Haranguer passed through these streets, surrounded by the Spanish soldiers, with whom the town was filled, he remarked that all the houses were shut up, and the windows barred; and that not a soul seemed left there. Yet a well-known, low, man's voice followed the soldiers, singing—as it seemed in his very ear, the following favourite Flemish tune; he could not see the singer, and fearing the guards would perceive him, he dared not even look round. But the words wakened up all his senses.

They have cut down our king-oak; no more shall his glory
Broad shadows o'er us fling;
But his blood shall arise;—from that slaughter-place gory,
A thousand trees shall spring!

Let the woodman beware! Some tall son of our forest
Shall crush him with his fall—
For God helps the weak, when their need is the sorest,
And he shall hear our call!

Ye are marked—ye are doomed: the bright axes are ready!
But yet ye shall not die,
Stand far from the woodman!—his hand is unsteady;
Adrian!—he strikes awry!

The mention of his name strung all Adrian's nerves with joyful energy; and those who have long suffered, will well imagine how many castles of bright hopes were built on these few words—castles, alas! founded on no rock.

On entering the great square, the desertion of the streets was explained. All Brussels was assembled there: for the cruel policy of Alva, whilst he provided for the disposition of such a military force as made resistance hopeless, had purposely given every encouragement to the attendance of the town's-people; hoping that a strong effect would be produced by the solemn and open execution of noblemen so powerful and beloved as Egmont and Horn. But sorely was he deceived. Each one came there to see how brave men could die for their country; and went home praying that his end might be like theirs!

Count Egmont's bearing on the scaffold was worthy of the man and of his whole life. Just before his eyes were bound by the headsman, he begged for a moment's delay; and turning round slowly, he looked carefully over the sea of faces below, and those in the balconies, as though searching for some one. At length he turned to the window where Adrian stood, quite near his right hand. He had found what he sought; and bade Haranguer farewell; trying by a mild and lofty expression of love and resignation in his own features, to banish the misery and indignation which he saw in the countenance of his friend. Adrian knew and answered to that influence; he mastered his soul's agony, to return

such affection and firmness from his eyes, as might help to bear up the noble victim in his hour of suffering. And thus these two brave men looked their last upon each other.

Adrian had hoped for pardon or rescue to the last; and it was only when the shout of horror, which even the presence of the ferocious Alva could not restrain, burst from the people at the murder of one whom they adored—then only did despair, deep, hopeless, almost unendurable, crush him to the earth. Yet, even in this state, all but dead as he was to what passed around him, his eye at once caught the figure of Maria, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and shaded by a broad drooping hat and wide feather, hastily winding through the crowd, supported and helped along, through the dense mass, by several richly clothed Spanish figures. With intense interest he watched her turn the corner by which he had entered the square. This gave rise to a thousand thoughts of vague fear and wonder which, for a moment, wholly absorbed him. What could bring his wife into such a scene—so clothed, so attended?

Now approached the time for returning to his gloomy prison, there to spend in no enviable feelings, the brief and worthless space remaining to him of life. Though the crowd was so immense, and the feeling so universal, yet Alva had taken such excellent measures, that the square was cleared without tumult. As soon as the last stragglers were gone, the guards marched off with their prisoners. In the narrow, deserted streets through which Haranguer's conductors had entered the square,

the same gloomy, silent solitude, awaited their return. Not a single being seemed to have entered any of the houses, and the mouldy doors, with dust piled over the thresholds, looked as if they had been closed for ages.

Yet these doors could open; for, in passing between two large-fronted houses, whose wide, folding portals were precisely opposite to each other—at the exact moment when they were betwixt them, the leaves on one side flew quickly asunder, as though by magic, and about twenty men, some clothed like the guards,—others in the rich dress of Spanish generals, rushed furiously across the way, quarrelling, with drawn swords, and loud Spanish oaths and cries. The doors, from which they issued, closed as quickly as they had opened, and Adrian was swept across with them; the two soldiers who guarded him on each hand, falling at once into the current. The doors on the opposite side opened an instant to admit them—and at once closed again. So rapidly and well was the whole done, that no resistance was made; and none, save those around the prisoner, knew where or how he went. Adrian found himself on the other side of the doors, in darkness, and pressed in his wife's arms, with an energy of love and joy that may well be imagined. She checked his cry of delight, whispering that all was not yet safe. Silently and rapidly they ascended the staircase, cautiously fastening behind them all the doors, which had been carefully prepared to open quickly and without a noise, and to close with strong, but aged-looking bars and locks. For, as he was afterwards told, all the day and night

preceding the execution had been spent by his wife, in urging and directing his oldest and best tried friends to prepare this plan of escape, which had been devised the moment they knew of the prisoner's attending this sad ceremony. They now passed through the upper rooms of several houses, which had been purposely opened into each other, with means of instantly securing and concealing the apertures. At length they rested in the obscure chamber of a distant street, where they were safely concealed, until they found means to quit Brussels, and fly to Prince Orange in Germany. As soon as the first transports of their meeting in this wretched but welcome roof of refuge were over, Maria looked on her husband, and wept bitterly. "It will soon be over," said she, "yet I cannot help grieving for a while, dear Adrian; for I have merely saved thee, a brief space, for thy country and not for thy wife. I feel sorrowfully that in these times of our distress and oppression, a noble life like thine must, sooner or later, be offered up for thy father-land."

It is a comfort to know that this foreboding proved gloomier than the truth. Though Adrian Haranguer was in every field where daring could do aught, or the confederate banners came to battle, he escaped with a few wounds, to rejoice in his land's freedom. And his fond and noble wife enjoyed at last, in his unbounded gratitude and love, such happiness as women like her alone can feel,—as they alone can deserve!

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

" Rivalem patienter habe."—*Ovid.*
With patience bear a rival in thy love.

" Young man, I have lately seen you here so often, and so long at a time, that I think you must have some favourite object in view in these parts."

" I have a favourite object in these parts, that is certain; but unfortunately not in view."

" You mean, perhaps, not in sight, which I did not mean. When I said in view, I meant, as common language generally means, in prospect, at least in hope."

" Still you are wrong, my good woman. My favourite object is neither in sight, nor in prospect, and scarcely in hope: yet my fond attachment to it brings me here every day, and makes me linger it appears long enough to be suspected."

" If by *suspected* you mean that I think your purpose a bad one, you reflect on me and yourself, at the same time, in a most unjust manner. I have made free to question you; but of what is wrong, your appearance and speech forbid my entertaining the slightest suspicion."

This dialogue took place between a handsome young gentleman of a neighbouring family and moderate fortune, and a rather ancient and loquacious, but respectable woman, who had come from a cottage about a furlong off, to have a minute's conversation with him, and obtain if possible his reasons for being so often seen on this spot. The spot itself might, indeed, from its surpassing loveliness, account for the frequent visits of one fond of rural beauty of the very richest class: but it so happened that neither its shady grove, nor its pure waters, nor its inimitable view at every opening of the trees, and in the deep and clear reflection of the lake, had hitherto appeared to interest the stranger, or could explain why one so young, and handsome, and elastic, and apparently rich, should spend several hours of almost every day there, in looking at nothing, and apparently thinking of every thing.

The conversation was renewed, after a short pause, on the woman observing a fishing rod lying near the brink of the lake, where the gentleman had been sitting, and whence, on seeing her, he had rather hurriedly risen. It was resumed, as might be expected, by the more loquacious of the two sexes and ages.——

"May I ask, Sir, what that long and slender thing is that lies there, and which I presume belongs to you?"

"I can tell you what it *was* a quarter of an hour ago: what it is now you can no doubt tell yourself. According to Dr. Johnson's definition, it was a long stick, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

"And now it is a long stick without the fool; and

for the use it can be in such water as this, it may as well be without the worm."

"I thought as much, for not a nibble have I had since I resorted thither, unless one occurred while my eyes wandered, as they often have done, towards yonder cottage."

"I suspected as much, young gentleman, for no one but a lover would have attempted to fish in an artificial crystal lake like this. Why look into it, and you can see to the bottom: do you think that a fish would swim in such transparency, while a fool, pardon me; while a lover, forgive me again; while a gentleman was sitting on the brink!"

"I could almost pardon you for the sake of your wit, graced as it is with such politeness; but I will quite pardon you only on one condition—that you tell me something, for you evidently know much, about the beautiful young female at yonder cottage, who lost her canary the other day."

"Do you mean the young *lady*, or the young *woman* of the cottage? they are both beautiful, and as near alike as cousins generally are. I can tell you more about one than the other, though I ought to know something of both, for I nursed them; and when the time came for them to be educated, their mother thought that I had wit and wisdom enough, so I undertook that task also. A very easy one it was, for they were teachable enough almost to teach themselves. The elder, whom we call the lady, has fashioned herself into this character by five years visit to a rich aunt in Dublin,

whence she has returned only a few days, some say to be married."

"Then by every echo of this sweet grove, I hope it is the young *woman* I am inquiring after, because she may not be going to marry, and I may hope ———"

"May hope she never will, until she makes choice of you, and then I suppose she may marry as soon as she pleases.—Was not this to be the conclusion of your sentence, if you had retained courage enough to finish it? It is her, most certainly, you are inquiring after, because I recollect you spoke of the loss of her canary: but I must be faithful—the report says that she is quite as likely to be married as her cousin, and, to the same grand suitor too, the son of the baronet, whose mansion you may see on the brow of yonder hill, if you will climb up one of these trees to look at it."

The young gentleman was now reduced to the most anxious and pitiable perplexity. Not that he was any longer in doubt which of the cousins he had seen; but the bare possibility of her being engaged to marry another, or even of another being in pursuit of her, filled him with distress; while the mere rumour that the baronet's son might prefer her more fashionable cousin preserved him from despair. How to promote the latter result, and to prevent the former, was the task he had now to perform, and in which the nurse was the only being he knew likely to assist him.

Nothing could exceed his joy when he received from her an accidental intimation of her own wish and hope, that the *soi disant* lady-cousin might be transformed by

the baronet's choice into a lady indeed. This was a discovery he could scarcely have hoped so soon to make, such was the mist and confusion of his companion's loquaciousness. At first this common vice of aged and favourite nurses threatened to delay if not to defeat his purpose; but now it had unwittingly befriended him in one casual sentence, he thought he might turn it to a still better account, by enticing it to flow on of its own accord—by making a channel for its freest and fullest aboundings. Of his disappointment, the reader may judge from the following speech.

"Look first, sir, all around, and let me tell you as you look, that there is not a spot which does not remind me of Anne. There, now your eyes have gone the circle, and they are come back to the path between you and the lake. In that path she once found a sweet lamb, that had either strayed from the fold, or could not keep up with the flock through fatigue and faintness, and as she came up to it she thought it dying, when she took it home and nursed it as she would a child. It revived, and grew, and became strong, and then she found out the owner and restored it to him. On the bank yonder she used to gather cowslips for me to make tea with for a poor weak girl, since dead, who could scarcely take any thing else: and over the bank, on that beautiful spot of the greenest grass, she would often pluck the daisies and butter-cups, because she knew that I was fond of the one, and her mamma of the other. You see that woody mound, a little to the left; there when a child, a mere child,

I assure you, she would carry half her own breakfast and half mine, which you know make up a whole one, to a gipsy child, that the mother used cruelly to leave under the tent for hours together, while she prowled about the country. I see you are now looking towards the little forest that opens at the end of the grove; there the dear creature and her cousin used to play, and it would have gladdened your heart, as it did mine, to behold them."

Moreton's patience was now exhausted, and he begged the nurse to advance in the history of her lovely charge from child-hood to some greater age. The poet has said,—

> "To tales of those we love, all sense is ear;
> Patience exhaustless; and enamoured youth
> Holds garrulous age too brief, and bends to hear
> A grandame's praise, a nurse's tale uncouth."

And such might have been Moreton's state of mind, had there been prospect or hope of a history thus commenced closing before the sun went down. Nothing that had reference to Anne could be uninteresting to him; but such a mode of detailing the earliest and smallest portions of her life was every thing but interesting, when he was racking with anxiety to know what were her present purposes and prospects. He, therefore, politely checked his loquacious friend, and requested as a favour that she would reserve the account of her childhood, and gratify his feelings by something determinate in reference to her, now. A silent frown, such as the most talkative and amiable nurses can sometimes put

on, convinced him that compliance with his request would be impossible, and that she must proceed from the beginning to the end of her favourite tale, or not tell it at all.

His deep regret at this discovery was most dilightfully relieved by the distant appearance of Anne herself, among the farthest trees of the grove, making one more effort to find her lost canary.

"I will run and tell her," said Moreton, rising to execute his purpose, "that her bird is safe in my possession; and perhaps I may be so happy as to gain her consent to my taking it to her home to-morrow."

"All this can be better done by my agency," answered the nurse, while she attempted to hold him back. "I can save your running towards her, and her running away from you; and also your running home for the bird, and running back with it to the cottage."

Releasing himself from her hold, and promising to dispense with the haste, which would appear by the running of her tongue to be the only evil he had to avoid, he walked a little faster than she could follow him, towards the spot where Anne had checked her own progress—having caught a glimpse of the nurse and Moreton in the distance. As well might the nurse's voice have hoped to repeat the miracle of Joshua, when he commanded the sun to stand still and it obeyed him, as to arrest the advance of Moreton towards the only object on which he wished to gaze. Removing his hat, as he came within sight and hearing of Anne, he said, "Your friend tells me you have

sustained a loss, which I am extremely glad to have it my power to repair."

The first effects of this address from Moreton, whom Anne had seen more than once before, and the agitation into which it threw her sensitive frame, can be understood only by a brief but comprehensive paragraph of previous information. The nurse had been sent out this afternoon because the baronet's son was expected. He had, a week ago, made proposals to the mother to render Anne his wife as early as all parties might deem expedient; and he was coming to the cottage this afternoon to receive his answer, both from the daughter and mother. Within the week the lady cousin, whom the mother had brought up from infancy as a second daughter, came unexpectedly from Dublin; ostensibly to see her rural relations, as she called them; but really because she had heard of the proposal, and hoped by a timely appearance to supplant the unsuspecting Anne in the young baronet's affections. Her personal beauty was more striking than Anne's: her form was one more stately, her face was more handsome, and of course every part of her costume was arranged to give dignity and effect to the whole. In fact, she was at an age and of an appearance which few gentlemen even of rank could have withstood, and Anne was effectually supplanted at the very first interview.

She saw, without an emotion of envy or anger, the triumph of her rival; and she consented, with a smile of approbation, to the transfer, if ever she possessed it, of the young baronet's heart. In fact, she had just

left them with her mother to do as they pleased, in attempting to gain her consent, or follow their own inclinations without it—thankful that she was released from unwelcome thraldom without an effort, and delighted to breathe the pure air of heaven, with more freedom of spirit than she had enjoyed since the baronet's perplexing proposal had been made. It was in this state of mind that she received the first address of Moreton, which has just been mentioned; and, with a pardonable absence of mind, forgetting her canary, her interpretation of that address was in conformity with the peculiar position in which the rivalry of her cousin had just placed her. In answer, therefore, to what Moreton said, "You have sustained a loss, which I am extremely glad to have it in my power to repair;" she innocently said, "Are you quite sure you could repair the loss of a baronet's son?"

Nothing could have been more in accordance with his wishes than this answer. It told him that, at least, the baronet's son was no longer her accepted lover: it intimated that either she had rejected him, or that he had forsaken her. Until he recollected what the nurse said of the lady-cousin's return, he considered the latter impossible, and therefore rejoiced at once in the conclusion that the former was the case—that she had put a negative on his proposal. Then as to himself, she asked it mirthfully; but how gratifying that she asked it at all, whether he could repair the loss? He could scarcely murmur that getting rid of his rival was deemed a loss, provided he might be admitted to

the candidacy of supplying it. Thus encouraged, he said, with all the blended grace and warmth he could command, "The loss of mansion and wealth, Miss Pomfret, I could but ill supply, and the loss of title and rank I could not supply at all; but if it be loss of affection about which I am asked, I must very much mistake my own heart if I could not supply it to a perpetual overflow."

The eyes of Anne, which had brightened at the first sentences, and somewhat dimmed their brightness when Moreton spoke of affection and of mistaking his heart, resumed all their lustre when he added, "At all events, let me have a candid trial, and let the trial commence to-morrow at yonder cottage; where I intend about noon to leave a stray canary that I have caught, as a present to its former owner—who seems distinguished for allowing her friends to leave her." The expressive look of the maiden gave consent to the visit, which her tongue would not or could not utter. At this moment the nurse reached the spot, chided Moreton for his forwardness, and taking the arm of Anne, forced rather than led her home.

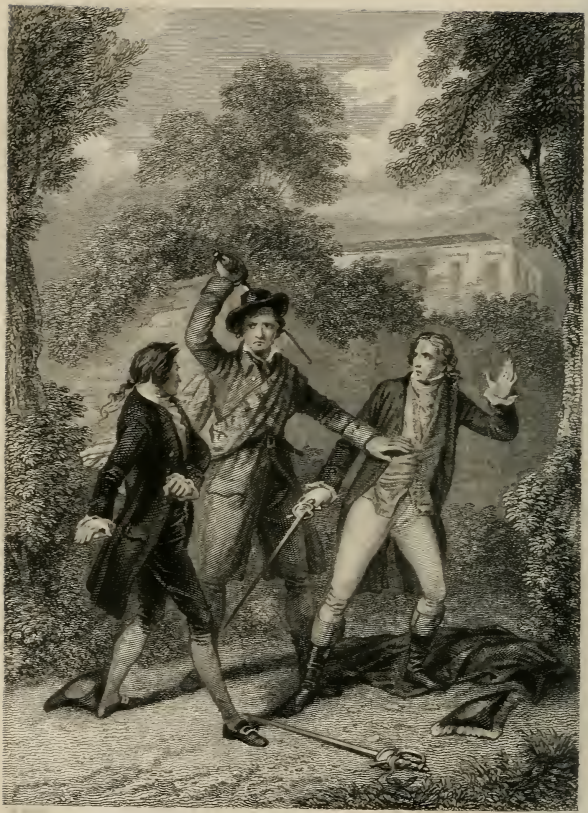
To describe the mingled feelings of Moreton after this interview, is impossible. His contemptuous hatred and scornful pity of the young baronet, were in proportion to his own high sense of honour, and the perfect fidelity of all his principles and actions. On the other hand, who could hold in unforgiveness his joy at the inconstancy that his soul despised? who does not commend him for attempting to bear away the precious

jewel, while he disdained the wretch that would have trampled it in the dust? who must not congratulate his hasty seizure of the opportunity, created by conduct in another that he held in perfect abhorrence?

When he turned a thought towards the lady-cousin, whose sudden appearance at the cottage had excited at once some of his worst and his best feelings, he claims the like sympathy. Beholding in her the serpent's glittering form, and worse than the serpent's heart, he could not but rejoice that such things had been mysteriously permitted to occur, since they opened to his own view the brightest and sweetest prospect his soul could contemplate.

Thus, also, when he looked on Anne, and saw her insulted by a thoughtless and faithless man of fashion and folly, unappreciated and unprized, when a glittering rival stepped in to enchant his frail and feeble senses, his bosom burned with virtuous indignation; while he could not help exulting in the very wrongs she suffered, because they left her free to become his own adored and chosen bride.

Under the influence of this excited state of mind, and before he set out with the canary to the cottage, Moreton sat down, and penned as polite a request to the young baronet as his feelings would allow, to know if he might act on the report of his having transferred his attention from Miss Pomfret to her cousin? This he intended partly as a proper act of courtesy towards one, whom his own addresses to that lady might otherwise appear to oppose; and partly as a reproof for the



THE ENCOUNTER

sudden manner in which the change in the object of his avowed idolatry had been affected. The note reached the young baronet just after he had announced the change to his father, who was fast decaying with age, yet in possession of every faculty, and the strongest feeling on every question involving the honour of his house. In fact, a serious dispute had just closed with the abrupt dismissal of the son from his presence; leaving, perhaps, the latter a prey to some few relentings for what he had sense enough to know was highly dishonourable.

Thus excited, he seized a pen, and returned by Moreton's servant, a demand that he would meet him in an hour, under the park wall of his father's mansion. Moreton was uncertain, though not unsuspicious, of the object of the meeting, and therefore went armed, as was the custom of the north some fourscore years ago. Scarcely had the parties met, when the young baronet drew his sword, and commanded Moreton to do the same; and scarcely had the latter obeyed the command, before he found it dashed from his hand by an old Scotch gardener of the mansion, who had watched his master from his room, and suspected some necessity for his own immediate interference. An explanation followed in the presence of the old man, and Moreton left his adversary avowedly satisfied.

Nothing transpired to shew that either of the cousins were acquainted with this hostile meeting, nor could any good have arisen from either being informed of it. The basest effort of the young baronet to injure More-

ton in reputation or in person, would have effected no change in the proud resolve of the lady cousin, at all hazards to become his wife: nor could any feeling but the deepest distress, that she had been the innocent cause of involving one of her suitors in guilt and the other in danger, have resulted from Anne's acquaintance with the affair.

On the old baronet—to whose worthless son we have given the title a little before his father's death bequeathed it to him—the effect was fatal. Immediately on the dispute, he retired to his chamber, and when the old gardener, who always had access to him, informed him of the affray, he sunk on his couch, from which he rose no more. The melancholy event excited less surprise than regret among those who knew the family. Excessive indulgence on the part of a fond father, who had scarcely another vice about him, had early vitiated the principles of the son, and his vices had removed an excellent mother to a premature grave. The death of the baronetess tore the veil from the baronet's eyes, and he then, too late, commenced another course. His entreaties, his tears, his promises—*he could not threaten*—his arguments and appeals, would have impressed almost any heart. He thought he had succeeded, when his son, on condition of being allowed to marry Miss Pomfret, promised in every respect a complete reformation. The condition was far more agreeable to the father than it could be to the son, and was granted with tears of joy, that his lamented wife was likely to be succeeded in the maternity of his ancient house by

one so perfectly worthy of the distinction. Amidst the rapid decay of age, and advance of death, the father was now happier than he had ever been, and continued so, till the sudden transfer of the son's attention to another, convinced him that he could not be trusted. The flippant intimation of this change by the son himself—whose wanton fancy thought no evil, if he did but marry into the family his father loved—shocked the good old man past recovery. And when he heard that his son's faithlessness to Anne, was followed by an effort to deprive her faithful admirer of life, he could not endure the stroke—he sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he awoke only for a few moments—enough, however, to have his departing spirit soothed with a divine assurance quoted by the pious gardener—"Although my house be not so, yet hath God made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: this is all my salvation and all my desire."

The old baronet's death delayed the marriage of his son several months; but his proud betrothed, now become haughtier than ever, took care that the delay should not be longer than regard to propriety required. Scarcely had it taken place, than the baronet had reason to regret his preference. Before, nothing could surpass her attention to his interests and comfort—

"She rose to breathe with him the morning air;
She echoed every strain her lover sang;
If the cool grove he trod, he found her there;
She in the evening dance to meet him sprang;
And in the moonlight walk their mutual carols rang."

But having gained her object, the lady changed her course, and adapted her behaviour to the natural imperiousness, and it may be said bitterness of her disposition. She waged incessant strife with her husband, and all her husband's favourite servants and former friends. By him she soon became much more deeply hated than he had ever admired her; so that he seldom sought her company, and for months together, left her the undivided empire of the mansion and its extensive grounds. His sudden death, at forty, in a boisterous sport, was an event in which she had not sufficient respect for his person or his memory, to restrain her from actually rejoicing. But her reign as a widow was still shorter than as a wife. A fever of the whole system at length settled in her brain, and she was rendered by her delirious confessions, an object of alternate derision and pity from the menials who attended her last hours, and who were with difficulty bribed to undertake the sad office.

Turning to the other and happy pair, a scene of complete contrast is beheld. Moreton's marriage with Anne took place some months before her lady-cousin became mistress of Hermitage Castle; so that, the latter had large opportunities of knowing, by observation and report, that neither rank nor title, neither fashion nor wealth, were essential to domestic felicity. Yet was their felicity garnished with these appendages in a very few years, and by the events that brought their proud relations to the dust. When death had deprived the castle of its haughty possessors, it was

purchased by Moreton, whom unexpected incidents had rendered rich; and soon after he and his lovely wife, and five sweet children, had taken possession of the estate, the minister of the day, whom Moreton had essentially served in the county, rewarded him with the baronetcy, which it was not deemed expedient to allow to become utterly extinct. Many honoured and happy years did this excellent pair live, as Sir James and Lady Moreton Hermitage, of Hermitage Castle, in Northumberland.

SONNET TO MELANCHOLY.

(FROM AN OLD ALBUM.)

MAID of the pensive look, and brow austere,
Who oft, in groves impervious to the day,
Wrapt in impassioned musings, sometimes near
The time-reft tower, or convent, loved to stray,
The giddy tribe who bow to Folly's power,
Deride, but dread the glances of thine eye,
With hurried step pass Contemplation's bower,
Eager thy frown, calm monitress, to fly!
Thou, in thy solitary shades retired,
Whate'er men deem of thee, art least alone;
With thoughts beyond their reach, thy heart inspired,
Tastes the sweet sacred calm, to them unknown.
I leave the halls where mirth and wassail be,
To wander, gentle Eremite, with thee.

THE DAUGHTER.

BY MISS G. VINCENT.

On my route to Newcastle, I was once detained at a small retired village by one of those numberless accidents that sometimes impede the course of the traveller. It was a beautiful spot, however, and I almost rejoiced at the necessity of spending a few hours within its precincts. The day had been sultry in an extreme, and there was a feeling of oppressiveness in the air which amounted almost to suffocation. With what pleasure, then, did I hail a large cluster of aged trees stretching their gigantic arms around and above the humble village church, which, in its mantle of ivy, every here and there peeped through its majestic bower. I hastened to a scene which promised to delight me alike with its coolness and serenity. After reclining for awhile on a rustic bench, I began to busy myself with observing the mixture of pride and humility which was visible among the resting-places of the departed. *Here* a superb monument, and *there* a grave undistinguished, save by the clusters of violets and woodbine which clothed the

spot with a short-lived beauty, characteristic, perhaps, of the fate of her who slept beneath—for on a rude little wooden tablet the name of "Ellen" was engraven. The one, thought I, holds the mouldering remains of a son of wealth—for the epitaph told of his charities and his worth—but rank weeds are growing *there!* The other is, perhaps, sacred to the memory of love, for flowers—sweet, though humble, flowers—are blooming on it. A lover's or a sister's care (so continued my thoughts to flow) is, after all, far preferable to the power of riches! By the one a glittering cenotaph is erected, while his heirs neglect his memory; by the other, poor Ellen's modest, unpretending worth is not only symboled but preserved. Without the enclosure of trees, the little churchyard had from time to time been slightly extended beyond its pristine limits. In a remote corner, separated from all others, there was a grave which particularly excited my curiosity. It had neither a monument to attract the admiration of strangers, nor a stone to save from oblivion the name or the virtues of the deceased—no flower raised its beautiful head or shed its precious perfume there. It was all bleak and lonely. The north wind howled over it, and blighted even the common herb that would else have grown on its surface. It seemed all desolation and forgetfulness. I was overwhelmed with melancholy. What! thought I, is there one so poor or so vile that there is no mourner over his grave—none to drop the last fond tear of affection upon the earth which gives back "dust to dust!" Happy Ellen! such was not thy lot!

I was sad and weary, and returned to my inn. I inquired the history of that grave, and mine host (all the fraternity are loquacious) soon gratified my curiosity with the following recital; a little altered, perhaps, in manner and expression, for I am writing from memory, though I am sure that there is no deviation from fact.

"On the verge of yonder hill (thus did he begin) you may perceive a mansion of rather magnificent exterior. It is the residence of Mr. Alton, the poor man's friend—for so is he called. He holds little or no communion with the wealthy, but he is beloved by the needy and unfortunate; nay, even the rich, though they consider him eccentric, value his worth. It is necessary that I enter somewhat more largely into his history before I can explain to you the story of that Lonely Grave.

"Mr. Alton entered life with a heart teeming with kindness towards his fellow-creatures. Possessed of an ample fortune, his sole ambition was to relieve those whose virtues were obscured by the darkness of misfortune. Like many others of a warm and noble temperament, he looked at life through the medium of a distempered sensibility: he thought too highly of the human heart, and fondly imagined that generosity would nourish virtue, and that from the beams of his munificence the excellence of others would spring. The intention was in every respect good, but he failed in its application. His character was weak,

'But e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

Naturally unsuspicious, he threw his doors open to all.

Numbers flocked to his table, numbers partook of his bounty; until having expended his property upon the unworthy, in the vain hope of saving some and reclaiming others, he found himself at once bereft of fortune and his friends—those summer-friends, who, like the insects engendered by the sun, sport and revel in the hour of brightness, but when clouds or sorrows come, vanish, and for ever. In this extremity he was relieved through the affection of a female, to whom in his happier days he had payed his addresses, and through whose interest he now procured a situation under government. Misfortune is the nurse of wisdom. He was now careful who he admitted to his friendship, and lived frugally, in order to raise a capital, which, joined to the wreck of his former fortune, he, in his sanguine moments, hoped might enable him at some future period to aspire to the hand of the lady who still possessed the best affections of his heart. About this time one of his friends induced him to embark his small capital in a speculation, which promised a speedy and princely wealth. At first every thing prospered to his utmost wishes. Elate with joy, he threw himself at his mistress's feet. She had scarcely accepted his hand—preparations for the ceremony were just made, when intelligence reached him that his golden dreams had failed, and 'hope deferred' added gall to the bitterness of his ruin.

"Plunged again into poverty—his spirits broken—and his heart depressed, still the eye of a benign Providence watched over him, and he was again relieved

from his distress by the affectionate care of his former friend. He resumed his struggle against misfortune with that persevering fortitude which seldom fails of ultimate success. Suffice it that, after a few years of prosperity, he was united to her who had poured balm into his wounded bosom, she who had been the excitement to, and had bestowed the power of, successful effort on him in his evil hour.

"Shortly after his marriage, a distant relation of her father's dying, he became again possessed of considerable property. He then bought an estate in Derbyshire, where, with his amiable bride, he hoped to pass the remainder of his days in the calm serenity of unembittered happiness.

"One only daughter was the pledge of their affection, and fondly did her parents love that child! Matilda was beautiful as a summer flower, and sportive as the zephyrs that fanned the gardens of the Hesperides. Her mother trained her in all those virtues which render the female sex lovely; but, alas! she lost that parent at an age when a mother's care is most required. Matilda was in her fourteenth year, when Mrs. Alton died.

"A long time elapsed ere the survivors recovered from the shock of their bereavement. It was one indeed, that Mr. Alton could not fail to deplore; for she, the loving and beloved—the bosom friend—the faithful, the confiding wife, was taken from his love.

"Their home now appeared desolate and cheerless. Their medical attendant recommended change of scene,

and a residence in London was determined on. And the tender parent, anxious to remove the melancholy that preyed upon the spirits of his child, after two years of unfeigned mourning, threw his doors open to the gay and the vivacious.

"With a disposition like his, ardent in the pursuit of good to others, and tremblingly apprehensive of the consequences of his daughter's recent sufferings and declining health, it is hardly to be wondered that he invited indiscriminately to his house all who appeared capable of lending enchantment to pleasure. Among these, Edgar Morton shone conspicuous. Well born, well educated, possessed of a handsome person, and an accomplished manner, he stole into the heart of Matilda. Alas, for her! He was one whose extravagances had hurried him into the commission of acts that were sure, sooner or later, to disgrace and degrade him. He was, in truth, a fashionable swindler; one of those who live for years upon successful fraud under feigned names; and, when the hour of retribution comes, the conduct of the delinquent is merely wondered at and—forgotten.

"Young and thoughtless, possessing a heart capable of warmly feeling the attention paid to her, Matilda fell an easy victim to his wiles. The accomplished villain, anxious that no inquiry should be made respecting his character or connexions, under the pretence of some family dispute, endeavoured to persuade her to consent to a clandestine marriage. In this scheme he failed. Fondly attached to her father, Matilda positively refused

to accept his hand without the knowledge of that parent; and he, trusting to the affection of the daughter, had not taken sufficient pains to secure the good opinion of the father, who had for some time observed him narrowly. His conduct had excited his surprise, if it had not absolutely given him an unfavourable idea of his character. He, therefore, firmly refused his consent to a union which he conceived would only be productive of misery to his child; and then the unhappy girl, suffering her feelings to get the better of her reason, listened to the entreaties of her worthless lover, left her father's home, and became his bride.

"Keen is the pang which pierces the heart of a fond parent when he finds that he is deceived by a beloved child. The old man neither spoke, nor moved, nor wept, when he heard that his daughter had forsaken him in his old age, and had left his gray hairs to sink unmourned into the grave; neither did he curse her, for he remembered that she was his child. But every feeling of happiness was blighted in his breast for ever. For many years his sole delight had centred in her. She was the prop which he trusted to support his declining years, and she had deserted him in that dreary time when his hand waxed feeble, and his eyes grew dim, through age and infirmity. Wretched and broken-hearted, he quitted the metropolis, and retired to yonder residence, where, long unknown, he passed his days in fruitless anguish, and his nights in praying for one who had rendered happiness an alien from his bosom.

"But Matilda was not long suffered to enjoy her delusion. In the calm hour of reflection, the image of her aged and deserted father constantly haunted her imagination, and soon withered the roses on her cheek, and dimmed the living brilliancy of her dark eye. She had also another and a bitter cause to lament the imprudent step she had taken; for her husband, who had married her solely for her fortune, finding that no reconciliation was likely to be effected with Mr. Alton, threw off the mask that he had worn, and stood confessed in his true and guilty character. No repinings escaped the lips of his unhappy wife. She knew that she had been criminal, and acknowledged the justice of the punishment. Her cup of misery was, however, soon filled to the brim, for within six months after her marriage, Morton was tried at the bar of justice, and condemned to be transported for life. When the sentence was pronounced, his wretched wife, who had been in court during the whole trial, fell into a death-like swoon, from which she only awoke to a state of suffering rendered more acute from her consciousness of utter destitution. Where now were those halcyon hours which her imagination then pictured would pass for ever in joy and felicity! Peace she had never known since she had quitted that father's dwelling, and happiness she could never know again.

"Finding that she was fast approaching that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns,' she was anxious to obtain the parental forgiveness before she should have to answer for her crime at the foot of the last and highest tribunal.

"On foot, and in all the helplessness of want, was poor Matilda obliged to pursue her tedious journey; and alas! the fatigue that she had undergone, both in mind and body, brought on a raging fever. Her course terminated at that very village inn where her story of suffering and care was told to the curious sojourner. She had no hope, perhaps no wish, for recovery; yet did she beg, and earnestly, that Mr. Alton might be sent for to visit a wretched and dying creature. Ever willing to assist the distressed, the good man immediately came, and arrived just in time to forgive and bless his child, before he closd her eyes in death.

"He buried her in that Lone Grave, and raised no stone to her memory, that with her name her faults might be forgotten by the giddy world. But every night his trickling tears water the sod, and every morning the aged mourner's prayers ascend to the throne of mercy from that desolate spot."

BOLTON ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight:
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The sun had just risen, when Emma, De la Roche, and myself, mounted our horses, and set forward on our expedition to the abbey. It was one of those sultry days common towards the end of summer, and which contribute to render the cooling breezes of autumn, so soon to refresh the air, doubly welcome. Every thing seemed to foretell that the day would be intensely hot; as we rode along through a rich and highly cultivated country, we could observe the cattle collecting themselves to the sides of the pools or river, endeavouring to catch the slight breezes which played upon the face of the waters; while some, venturing into the stream, sought to cool their burning limbs in its waves; but even here they could find no repose: the warmth of the day had brought out all the insect tribes, which, buzzing around, stung them almost to madness. In vain they fled; the watchful foe pursued; nor could

any stratagem elude his insatiable thirst for blood; until, worn out with the race, the poor animals returned, wearied and dispirited, to the place from which they had commenced their career. Every now and then, we could discern small companies of reapers busy with the early harvest; even their work seemed to go listlessly on. In general, the wheat remained uncut: while its rich golden waves, spreading in every direction over the face of the country, gave a pleasing variety to the landscape. "It is wonderful," I observed to De la Roche, "that you, who have been accustomed to all the magnificence and luxuriance of a southern climate, can still contemplate with pleasure the comparatively homely scene before us: I should always fear one of the effects of travelling would be, to render me dissatisfied with my own barren country." "Far otherwise," he replied: "the lofty mountain and the foaming cataract strike us at first with pleasure, with admiration, and with awe; the mind soars, as it were, above itself: but the higher its flight, the sooner it becomes fatigued, and we gladly turn from scenes of lofty grandeur, to the more smiling beauties of the plain. Besides all this, there is a magic in the name of home and country, which he only who has quitted them for a time can fully know. In a foreign land, we wander amidst the charms of nature, lonely, unconnected beings: separated from our kindred and our friends, we have none to sympathize in our feelings; we are, as it were, alone in the world. But here we are identified in a manner with the scene around us;

every peasant that we meet is a countryman and a kind of brother."

In conversation such as this we reached the abbey. It is now enclosed with a high park-wall, on opening a door in which, the ruins in all their grandeur burst upon our view. Although the remaining vestiges but faintly shew what it was in the days of its former magnificence, in point of *situation* it can hardly be equalled. Close to the venerable pile, the Wharfe rolls peacefully along, overhung by rocks of a thousand various tints, from the deep rich purple to the more sober saffron; the tops of these cliffs are crowned with overhanging brushwood; from several of their apertures fall cascades, sending their white foam high into the air, and swelling the stream below with their tributary waters. Crossing the river, by means of large stones placed at equal distances from each other, we sauntered along the foot of the rocks, which served as a protection from the powerful rays of the sun, until the river, narrowing at every step, rushes with impetuous fury (forming a kind of whirlpool) between two rocks, known by the name of "The Stride." It was the fatal spot where "the Boy of Egremond," the last of his race, was dashed to pieces, as he attempted to leap the pass. The place is still shunned by the peasantry: oft in the silence of the night, as the wind moans heavily by it, they fancy they distinguish the screams of the childless mother mingling with the blast; fulfilling, as it were, her reply to the herdsman, which has been handed down by tradition, and is still used as a proverb by the men of Wharfedale.

The heat at last obliged us to return to the ruin, in the hope that it might afford us a temporary retreat, until sufficiently refreshed to pursue our ramble. We soon reached the spot, where it stood screened by large venerable trees, and entered what had formerly been the nave of the church by one of the numerous breaches which time, or the still more destroying hand of man, had made in the wall. There was a kind of silent awe in the scene, which suited well with the tone of my feelings. Can anything remind us more forcibly of the brevity of human existence, than the sight of a vast edifice, raised with a care and a skill which seemed to promise that it should remain coeval with time itself, now mouldering in the dust; weeds and grass usurping the site of the fair pavement! Where once the window, stained with armorial bearings, "shed a dim religious light," is seen the creeping ivy; and instead of "the loud pealing organ," and swelling voices, hymning the praises of the Deity, are heard at times the screaming of the bittern, and the low complaining of the owl. And where are they, the proud founders of the building? where are the lordly abbots, with their long train of attendant monks?—*all, all* are vanished! not one trace remains, to point out the spot which contains their ashes! The dust of the chivalrous baron and the mitred churchman is mingled in one indiscriminate mass, or scattered by the winds to the four corners of heaven. A few more revolving years, and they who now move so lightly and so gaily over the green turf, will, like those who sleep below, be swal-

swallowed up in the vast ocean of eternity, and be forgotten as though they had never been!

Thus musing, or at times sauntering listlessly among the ruins, I heeded not the passing time, nor perceived that my companions had wandered far from me. In the morning no cloud had obscured the serene azure of the sky, but for some time one black spot had been visible in the distance; it had for the last half hour been rapidly increasing in size, and every now and then I could distinguish the low mutterings of the distant thunder, accompanied by a few faint flashes of lightning. Aware that the storm would not now pass away, I was on the point of leaving the building, when a peal of thunder shook it to its very foundation; at that moment my companions joined me. We wished to have reached the inn; but the storm was now raging with a violence which drowned the sound of our voices: the peals of thunder, bursting with sudden crashes over our heads, were reverberated by a thousand echoes amongst the rocks and dilapidated buildings; and, long ere one sound died away, it was renewed by claps, each of which seemed longer and louder than the last; while the forked and vivid lightning flashed from every window and crevice, rendering the horrors of the scene without distinctly visible. We had entered that part of the abbey where divine service is still performed, and ranged ourselves in silence round the altar. Thus we remained for more than an hour, when the fury of the storm began to abate, but the thunder had been succeeded by floods

of rain; and being at some distance from the inn, we were detained prisoners some time longer. We reached it at last; but the shower had been followed by a kind of drizzling rain, which threatened to be of longer duration, and we were reluctantly obliged to give up all thoughts of returning home that night. Seated round a cheerful fire, talking over the pleasures and dangers of the day, our little party soon recovered its gaiety, nor separated until a late hour.

The window of the apartment which I occupied looked towards the abbey; and as I gazed from it, I could not but feel surprised at the change which a few hours had made in the scene. Nothing could be more profound than the calm which had succeeded the storm. The moon was risen, shedding her silver light on all around, and the outline of the abbey was beautifully defined by her soft rays. I could not sleep, nor resist the wish, at this still and beautiful hour, when all around me were asleep, to revisit the scene of past pleasures. I proceeded about two hundred yards from the house, and then a feeling of the most perfect loneliness made me pause; I could proceed no further. Earth below seemed so peaceful, and the heavens above presented such an image of calm majesty; I alone seemed the only living being in the vast expanse. Evening, certainly, is the time for holy devotion; but Night, even when most beautiful, brings with her feelings of solemnity and awe. She speaks so forcibly of the end of all things—of our last long sleep! I had, however, *seen* Bolton by the pale moonlight. Beautiful

Bolton! four long years have passed away since the events I have been relating; and how have the little party, which on that day visited those ruins, been dispersed! how much of earth and ocean now separates hearts still as fondly united! But the only one of the three who still remains, shall never see thy moulder-ing walls without a thought to the memory of her lost friends, and a tear to the recollection of their love!

FLORA.

MARY.

The light that shines in Mary's eyes,
Is kindled at some magic shrine;
Its fount is summer evening skies,
And earthly still, is still divine.

The breath that sweetens Mary's lips,
Is stolen from the conscious rose;
Which strives their crimson to eclipse,
When blushing in her cheek it glows.

Grace, like faint harmonies entwined,
Floats round my Mary's every motion;
And softer than the dying wind,
Her sweet voice claims the soul's devotion.

But loveliest, crown of all, her heart
With love's affections gushing free,
Like heavenly light informs each part,
And, dearest Mary, throbs for me!

AMELIA.

It was a fine day in the month of October, 181-, when Alfred Montgomery, then on a visit to his uncle, an eminent merchant residing in the city of York, set out to stroll as far as Bishopthorpe, the seat of the venerable and respected archbishop of the province. His route lay through fields which had been lately covered with standing corn, and had now assumed the hue of autumn. On his left waved the majestic elms that decorate the magnificent walk which runs by the river Ouse for nearly two miles, and is the finest terrace-walk in the kingdom; their leaves shone in the rays of the autumnal sun like burnished gold; behind him rose the towers of that majestic temple, York Minster, perhaps the most elaborate Gothic structure in England; whilst in front, the palace of Bishopthorpe, rearing its head above the plantations in which it appeared to be enveloped, closed the scene. Alfred had a heart not insensible to the beauties of nature, and he paused to gaze on the surrounding objects with feelings of admiration and delight. He had just taken out his pencil to make a sketch of the venerable cathedral as it appeared in the distance, rising like a giant above the pigmy edifices by which it is surrounded, when a wild shriek burst

upon his ear. It came from the high road which skirted the fields; and in an instant he leaped the hedge, and looked round to discover what it was that had alarmed him. A little way down the road, he saw two ruffians employed in rifling a female, who was extended on the ground; and, though armed only with a stick, he rushed to her rescue. The villains fled at his approach; for the guilty are generally cowards. Alfred then turned his attention to the fainting form of the female whom they had quitted. She was seemingly not more than eighteen; and though terror had blanched her cheek, yet it was evident that she possessed considerable personal attractions. Alfred raised her in his arms, and fortunately the terrified girl soon gave signs of returning animation; for my hero would have been at a loss how to proceed, if her insensibility had continued. Opening her eyes, she cast them on the ingenuous countenance of her young deliverer:—"Am I safe?" she murmured, in soft accents. "You have now nothing to fear; yet, as soon as you are able, we had better leave this spot, lest the villains, who have escaped, should return." "Oh, let us go now!" she exclaimed, raising herself from his arms; "I am quite recovered; I can walk home now." "You will allow me to attend you; I cannot think of trusting you alone," said Alfred; a proposition which was readily assented to by his fair companion; and they proceeded towards the cottage of her aunt, which she informed him was situated at only a short distance.

Arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Mildmay, Alfred was

overwhelmed with the thanks of that lady for the service which he had rendered her niece; and he received them with a manly ingenuousness which strongly recommended him to the notice of both. His connexions were not unknown to Mrs. Mildmay, and during his stay in York he frequently repeated his visits; and when he departed for the metropolis, he carried with him the assurance that the heart of the lovely Amelia Mildmay was wholly his.

Alfred had some difficulty in tearing himself from the spot in which all his hopes and wishes centred; but the commands of his father were imperative. Sir James Montgomery was the head of an ancient house, and he looked to his son as one who was destined to perpetuate its honours. Alfred well knew that his father would never consent to his union with the orphan and portionless daughter of a country surgeon—for such Amelia Mildmay was—however amiable or however accomplished; and he obeyed his summons with a foreboding dread of much evil that was to come, but with a firm determination to withstand all efforts to induce him to break the vows he had pledged to Amelia. But Alfred knew not his own heart; he depended too much on the strength and stability of his affections, and they deceived him.

Sir James had heard from his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawrence, with whom Alfred had been staying at York, that his son had formed an attachment to a young lady who had nothing to recommend her but beauty, amiable disposition, and extensive accomplish-

ments; which latter were bestowed upon her by a doting father, who when in prosperity, with a lucrative profession, and the fair prospect of leaving the image of his regretted wife an ample if not an affluent provision, spared no expense in procuring her the most eminent masters; and Amelia did honour to their care. Adversity, however, soon blighted all the hopes of Mr. Mildmay, and he died a martyr to despair, leaving his child to the protection of the wife of his deceased brother, who had for six years supplied the place of her parents, with an affection which Amelia dutifully repaid. Thus, though Miss Mildmay would have graced a ducal coronet, yet the want of high birth—that of fortune would have been no object — prevented Sir James Montgomery, who looked upon the *penchant* of the young people as a mere childish passion, from receiving her as his daughter.

Arrived at his father's splendid mansion in Grosvenor-square, Alfred found a large party assembled to enjoy the festive gaieties of a "winter in London." At first he entered into the scenes of splendid dissipation in which he was immersed with reluctance, and his heart reverted to the banks of the Ouse and the lovely Amelia; but soon—such is the influence of bright eyes and fine forms—he joined in them with a degree of pleasure which was unaccountable to himself, but which a judge of poor human nature would have found no difficulty in tracing to the right cause. The fact was, Alfred, though gifted with many excellent qualities, inherited no small share of his father's family

pride. The seeds of vanity also were thickly strewn in his composition, and strangely marred his otherwise amiable disposition. The heir of Sir James Montgomery's title and fortune, he was of course an object of desire to all the disengaged young ladies, whose mammas or other relatives were on terms of intimacy with the family; and many were the snares laid to entrap his affections. Some of these were so palpable, that they failed through their own grossness; but others were more delicately managed: and whilst the vanity of the young man was flattered on the one hand, his interest was excited on the other. For the honour of that sex, which Heaven, in pity to man, sent

> "———— to cheer
> The fitful struggles of our passage here,"

I must add, that those females, who were so anxiously striving to win the youthful heir, were few in number; and that even of those, not one, I verily believe, would have endeavoured to captivate his affections, if they had known that a lovely fair one, to whom he had plighted his vows, was pining in secret for him.

In a few months, Alfred almost ceased to remember that such a being as Amelia Mildmay existed. His days were devoted to the society of a number of dashing young fellows, who contrived to kill time at the clubs and other places of fashionable resort; his nights to the opera, the theatres, or Almack's; to splendid routs, fascinating balls, or scientific *conversazioni*. At every turn he was assailed by the blandishments of flattery; on all sides he was the object of the most assiduous

attentions from the rich, and the young, and the beautiful. Is it wonderful, then, that his heart became entangled? Is it wonderful that the quiet, unobtrusive qualities of Amelia, were forgotten amidst the glare, and pretensions, and fascinations of a London fashionable life? I offer no apology for his infidelity; I state facts, and lament that truth compels me to record the defection of Alfred Montgomery from his vows.

But how passed this time with Amelia? At first, with hope for her companion, she looked forward to future happiness as certain, and dwelt with delight upon the prospect of wedded bliss. But conscience interfered to damp these pleasing anticipations. She had concealed from her aunt, at Alfred's request, the fact of a mutual engagement having taken place between them, and her heart bitterly smote her with having practised duplicity in regard to this revered relative. She soon, however, set her conscience at rest, by telling Mrs. Mildmay the whole little history of her guileless bosom; and a gentle chiding was the only reprimand which that kind and affectionate woman could bring herself to bestow on the lovely girl, who looked up to her for forgiveness and protection. Her self-approbation thus restored, Amelia anticipated with eager anxiety the receipt of a letter from town. It came, and was worded in language as ardent as her own feelings—as pure as her own imaginings. Under the sanction of her aunt, she replied to this first love-epistle she had ever received; and such an effect had the few artless lines she penned

upon Montgomery, that he absented himself from a gay party, made on purpose for him, in order to answer it. The next letter he received, he thought less interesting; but replied immediately. After the third, he suffered a longer period to elapse; a still longer after the fourth; and to her fifth epistle it was such an interval before any answer was received, that Amelia's heart was filled with foreboding fears: and when it arrived, it was so cold, so distant, so reserved; it breathed so much of the language of prudence, and so little of that of love, that all those fears were confirmed. Still, not even to her aunt would she whisper a suspicion of Alfred's truth, though the conviction that he no longer loved—at least not as she did, with a pure, devoted, undivided attachment — preyed upon her spirits, robbed her cheeks of their bloom and her eyes of their lustre; and the once gay and animated Amelia was now only the shadow of her former self.

Whilst this amiable girl was thus lamenting the faithlessness of her absent lover, that lover was entangled in the snares which ambition and inclination entwined to captivate him. The Honourable Louisa Montague was the daughter of the gallant admiral of that name, and the two families of Montgomery and Montague were upon the most intimate terms with each other. Louisa loved; and she was besides ambitious of gaining one for whom so many females were contending. She assiduously paid court to Alfred, but in so delicate a manner that she never betrayed her doing so. She appealed to him on every disputed

point; she chose her books by his direction; sang those songs and played those pieces of music which he approved: occasionally a beautiful bouquet, arranged by her hand, was presented to the youth; a purse was netted for him, and a thousand other bewitching little *agrémens* displayed, which women know so well how to call into action, and which are so seductive in their effects upon those whom they are intended to charm. Alfred by degrees found Miss Montgomery's society almost necessary to his existence; he was her escort in the park, her attendant at the opera, her partner at the ball; and one morning, having called upon her to inquire after her health, as she had not been at Montgomery-house at all the preceding day—honour and Amelia being both forgotten—he made her an offer of his hand and fortune, and was accepted.

No sooner, however, had that magic word, which crowns the hopes of a true lover, passed the lips of the fair Louisa, than the thoughts of Amelia recurred to Alfred's breast. "He started like a guilty thing;" his colour changed, and he sunk into a chair that happened to be close beside him. To the anxious inquiries of Louisa he returned the most incoherent answers, and at length rushed from her presence, in a state of mind which would have demanded pity, had it not been brought on by his own forgetfulness of what was due to the confiding girl who had bestowed her heart on him. He flew to solitude, but reflection maddened him; and he then resorted to society—but nothing could quiet the agitation of his mind. Had he confessed to Louisa

the exact state of his heart, all might have still been well; for she was a noble-minded girl, though her amiable qualities were partially obscured by her ambition. But his pride would not allow him to acknowledge that he had acted with duplicity, that he had professed to love her, when his heart was devoted to another; and he finally resolved to abide by the event of the morning, and to forget, if possible, Bishopthorpe and Amelia Mildmay.

Both the families received the intelligence of Alfred's offer to Louisa Montague with joy; and immediate preparations were made for the marriage. Alfred wrote one hurried note to Amelia, to intimate that she must prepare her mind to hear of a change; and then he gave himself up to the fascinations of his betrothed. Eager to get rid of the agonizing thoughts which would intrude, and hoping he should feel more easy when it had become his duty to love and honour Louisa as his wife, he was anxious for the day which should unite them. Before that day arrived, he had totally forgotten Amelia; and when he led Louisa to the altar, not one thought of her disturbed his bosom. Such is man! and such, too frequently, is man's love! It rages with violence for a time; but absence cools the flame, and too often totally extinguishes it, even when the object possesses every qualification which can reflect honour on his choice.

The newspapers informed Amelia of the marriage of Alfred, and the next day she disappeared from the cottage of her aunt, whose most anxious inquiries could

obtain no tidings of her. It would be vain to describe her anguish;—she loved Amelia as her child; and when two days had elapsed, and no intelligence was received of the fugitive, she was laid on the bed of sickness, caused by anxiety for the fate, and exertion to discover the retreat of her beloved niece.

Alfred and his wife departed, as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed, for a seat belonging to Sir James Montgomery, situated in the most beautiful part of Devonshire. There, blest in each other's society, the days flew swiftly away, and time seemed to have added new pinions to his wings; so short seemed the hours as they passed. But this was happiness too exquisite to be of long duration. On the tenth day of their residence at Chilton-house, Louisa was walking on the lawn in front of the building, equipped for riding, and waiting for Alfred, who was to accompany her to take a view of some picturesque objects in the neighbourhood. Suddenly her attention was excited by a female, who, with agitated step and a wild and distracted mien, approached and surveyed her with a piercing eye, in which the fire of insanity was clearly to be distinguished. She spoke not, but gazed anxiously and stedfastly on Louisa, who shrunk from the close inspection, and yet seemed rooted to the spot, as if deprived of the power to move. Suddenly the figure approached nearer, and passing her hand across the fair brow of Mrs. Montgomery, she put aside the ringlets which overshadowed it, and exclaimed, after the pause of perhaps a minute, "Are you his wife?—but no!" the

fair maniac (for such she was) continued, "he is mine; his faith was plighted to me—you can have nothing to do with *my* Alfred!"

What an agonizing moment was this for Louisa! She saw before her one who had been deceived by the man to whom she had plighted her vows, and whose reason had fallen a sacrifice to her base and unnatural desertion. What a thought for a doting wife,—for a proud one, too, who would never have accepted a divided heart, or been contented with a share only of her husband's affection!—But perhaps there might be some mistake; she would try.

"What Alfred do you mean, my poor woman?" she asked, in a tone of sympathy.

"Why, my own Alfred—Alfred Montgomery—him for whom I twined this wreath:—but the flowers are faded now—so, methinks, is his love, for it is a long while since I have heard from him!" She took a wreath of flowers from her bosom as she spoke, and, pressing it to her lips, presented it to Mrs. Montgomery. "See," she cried, "these are the flowers he used to love! I plucked them from my own bower—that bower which Alfred decorated.—But I cannot give it to you: no, I must keep it for Alfred.—Alfred!" she exclaimed in a loud and piercing voice, "where art thou, Alfred?"—then adding in a lower and plaintive tone: "They told me he was married, but I would not believe it. I wandered through wind and through rain, through brake and through briar, till I reached his home: there they told me too that he was married.

Still I would not believe it: I followed him here, for is he not mine? what right, then, have you here?

Amelia—for it was indeed that lost, unhappy girl—now seized Louisa wildly by the hand; she uttered a piercing shriek; and the well-known voice reached the ear of her husband; he was instantly by her side, eager to see what had occurred to alarm her! But what a sight met his eyes! He beheld his newly-married wife supported by her maid, who had also heard her shriek, pale and inanimate, the picture of death; whilst at her feet lay the lovely being whom he had made wretched. How she came there he was at a loss to conjecture; and, not knowing what had passed between her and his wife, he was equally at a loss how to act. Before he could recall his scattered ideas, and resolve on what was to be done, Amelia raised herself from the ground, and catching his eye she sprang up, and clinging to him she exclaimed, "He is here! he is mine!—Oh, Alfred! they told me you were married; that you had ceased to love me: but I would not believe that you could slight the heart which beats only for you!—Feel!" and she took his hand, and placed it on her bosom, "how it flutters, poor thing!—it will soon be still. Alfred, I am dying!"—and her voice suddenly assumed a rational and composed tone—"I know not what I have said, what I have done; I have wandered I know not where or how: but—but——." She struggled to articulate something more, but nature was exhausted; she heaved one sigh—dropped her head on his bosom—and expired.

Whilst this scene was passing, the servant had conveyed Louisa into the house, whither Alfred followed with his lifeless burden, almost as unconscious as the form he bore. He laid the corpse on a sofa in the parlour—he threw himself by the side of it, and called upon his Amelia once more to live for love and him. Then the recollection of his wife flashed across his mind; he rose, and throwing himself into a chair, covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed convulsively. This paroxysm over, he became rather calmer, and sought Louisa, who had retired to her chamber. To her he gave a full explanation of his acquaintance with Amelia, and pleaded so effectually for forgiveness, that it was soon granted. But a sting was planted in his heart, which time could never remove. In the midst of all that fortune could bestow, and blessed with happiness seemingly beyond the lot of humanity, the remembrance of Amelia always intruded in the hours of retirement; it was the cankerworm which robbed his nights of repose, his days of happiness; and he lived a memorable instance of splendid misery. His wife's lot was more happy, for to her he was an attentive and affectionate husband; and at his death, which took place about a year after his marriage, her grief was sincere and heartfelt. She had numerous offers of marriage, but rejected them all, faithful to the memory of him who, as her first, she was determined should be her only love.

It remains, however, to be explained how Amelia reached Devonshire. She knew Alfred's residence in

town from the address of his letters; and from the servants at Montgomery-house it was ascertained hat a female, who answered her description, had been inquiring for him a few days after the bridal party left town. On being told that he was gone to Chilton with his bride, she made no reply, but rushed out of the hall. It appeared that a stage-coach had set her down at an inn near the seat of Montgomery; but whether she had travelled in that manner all the way from London, or whether part of the journey had been performed on foot, was never known—most probably, from the state of her dress, the latter was the case. At the expense of Alfred, her corpse was removed to Bishopthorpe, and interred in the church-yard of that village. Her aunt did not long survive her, and they lie in one grave.

This is a melancholy tale, but the incidents are facts which came within my knowledge. I have seen the grave of this hapless girl, and dropped the tear of pity for her fate.

York. W. C. S.

SUSAN'S DOWRY.

At one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross,—a pretty but secluded village, in the north of Hampshire,—stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, "Licensed," as the legend imported, "to vend tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff." Tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, formed, however, but a small part of the multifarious merchandise of Mrs. Kent; whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window,—candles, bacon, sugar, mustard, and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribands, and gingerbread. Crockery-ware was piled on one side of her door-way; Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; brooms and brushes rested against the wall; and ropes of onions and bunches of red herrings hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher's meat, and garden-stuff, on commission; and engrossed, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this monopoly, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say "No" to the poor creatures who

came to her on a Saturday night, to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment spending, at the Checquers, or the Four Horse-shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accustomed shop,—"but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" She could not say, "No" as a prudent woman might have said; and, accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children,—Mary, a pretty, fair-haired, smiling lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten years older, who worked in the gardens of a neighbouring gentleman. Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her house, and depend on his labour for her support; but of this she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burden her dutiful son with her maintenance,—a natural fear of losing *caste* among her neighbours,—a strong love of the house which, for five and twenty years, had been her home,—a vague hope that times would mend, and all come right again (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lulled reason to sleep with such an opiate!)—and, above all, a want of

courage to look her difficulties fairly in the face. Besides, she liked her occupation,—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossipry; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains,—the pennyworths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape, which she was accustomed to vend for ready money,—that overbalanced, for the moment, her losses and her debts; so that, in spite of her son's presages and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune;—the poor youth was in love. About a quarter of a mile down the shady lane, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farm-house, orchard, and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter, Susan,—the beauty of the parish,—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And, in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light, graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling, innocent countenance, a complexion coloured like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining, golden brown, like the fruit of the horse-chestnut. Her speech was at once modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the intermitting fever, called jealousy,—causelessly,—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act,—causelessly and penitently,

but still pertinaciously jealous. I have said that he was a fine young man, tall, dark and slender; I should add, that he was a good son, a kind brother, a pattern of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talents and acquirements far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigour, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may, sometimes, be found amongst our own peasantry. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labour, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which, through the kindness of the 'squire of the parish, his mother had been enabled to send him; and had even posed the master himself;—at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute-player, the best bell-ringer, and the best gardener in the county;—and, some odd volumes of Shakspeare having come into his possession, there was some danger, at twenty, of his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shown by his patron and admirer, the head gardener, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at one time, was the poetical *furor*, that such a catasrophe as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding Mr. Lescombe's judicious warnings, had not love, the master-passion, fallen, about this time, in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardour of his ardent temperament. The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enchanted his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in

perpetual alarm. He suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union, till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disquiet.

Affairs were in this posture, when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross.

In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent, by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentlewoman, the widow of a long deceased rector, who had occupied her rooms ever since Robert was born, being at last gathered to her fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let, in the airy village of Hilton Cross," appeared in the county paper. This announcement was as true as if it had not formed an advertisement in a country paper. Very airy *was* the pretty village of Hilton Cross,—with its breezy uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant *were* Mrs. Kent's apartments, for those who had sufficient taste to appreciate their rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber, glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and "fresh sheets smelling of lavender;" the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting; its shining cane chairs and its bright casement, wreathed on the one side by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other by the tall-cluster musk-rose (that rose of which Titania talks), sending its bunches of odorous blossoms into the very window; the little flower-court

underneath, full of hollyoaks, cloves, and dahlias; and the large sloping meadows beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall, irregular house, half covered with a flaunting vine; his barns, and ricks, and orchard;—all this formed an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted, in the bright month of August. Accordingly, it was almost immediately engaged, by a gentleman in black, who walked over, one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had yet contrived to evade all the questions which Mrs. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbours. He was a well-made, little man, near upon forty; with considerable terseness of feature; a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye! It seemed to go through you,—to strike all that it looked upon, like a *coup-de-soleil.* Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as, generally, to wear spectacles; under cover of which, those terrible eyes might see, and be seen, without danger. His habits were as peculiar as his appearance. He was moderate, and rather fanciful, in his diet; drank nothing but water, or strong coffee, made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully: and had, as she also remarked, a great number of heathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment: Lord Berner's Froissart, for instance — Sir Thomas Brown's Urn

Burial—Isaac Walton's Complete Angler—the Baskerville Ariosto—Gœthe's Faust—a Spanish Don Quixote—and an interleaved Philoctetes, full of outline drawings. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors. He would even ramble away for three or four days together, with no other companion than a boy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his odds and ends; which odds and ends consisted, for the most part, of an angling rod, and a sketching apparatus, — our incognito being, as my readers have, by this time, probably discovered, no other than an artist, on his summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated, with a degree of generous envy, which a king's regalia would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations, which were to him as "sealed books," and the pencils, whose power appeared nothing less than creative. He redoubled his industry in the garden, that he might, conscientiously, devote hours, and half-hours, to pointing out the deep pools and shallow eddies of their romantic stream, where he knew, from experience (for Robert, amongst his other accomplishments, was no mean "brother of the angle") that fish were likely to be found: and, better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood, the wild bosky dells, and the sunny ends of lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a group of cattle or children, had some-

times formed a picture, on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality, under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he, in his turn, would admire, and marvel at, the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an uninstructed country youth, instinctively, to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual between persons so different in rank: —a particular instance of this accordance dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been, for above a fortnight, more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescombe's gardens and hot-houses,—so busy that he even slept at the Hall; the stranger, on the other hand, had been, during the same period, shut up, painting, in the little parlour. At last, they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him during his absence. On walking into the room, he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was of that delightful kind which combines figure with landscape: the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut-tree before the door, the orchard, and the homestead—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them. In the fore-ground was a wagon, piled with hay, surrounded by the Farmer and his fine family — some

pitching, some loading, some raking after—all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an urchin of four years old, who rode on her knee on the top of the wagon, crowned and wreathed with garlands of vine-leaves and bind-weed and poppies and corn-flowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her little brother, and playfully tossing to them the lock of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell—her head thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and lovely figure shewn, in all its grace, by the pretty attitude and the short cool dress; while her sweet face, glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile playing over it like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might—to escape from his flowery bondage, and jump into her arms. Never had poet framed a lovelier image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitously realized his conception!

"Well, Robert!" exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the continued silence, and missing the expected praise—"Well?" But still Robert spoke not. "Don't you think it a good subject?" continued the man of the easel. "I was sitting at the window, reading Froissart, whilst they were carrying the after-crop, and by good luck, happened to look up, just as they had arranged themselves into this very group, and as the evening sun came slanting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow;—so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary to sit to me—and a very pretty

nymph-like figure she makes—dressed the boy with flowers, just as he was decked out for the harvest-home,—the rogue is, really, a fit model for a Cupid; they are a glorious family!—and persuaded Susan—" at that name, Robert, unable to control himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, agonized by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had, hitherto, contrived, although without confessing his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress asunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honour; but to Robert's romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversations which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity, as the most attractive points of the female character:—Robert had felt, as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and had congratulated himself that they were still unacquainted. But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which, to Robert, had always seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had tamed that shyest, coyest dove; had become familiar with that sweetest face, and that dearest frame;—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood, he arrived at the Farm; and there,

working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little brother playing at her feet, sate his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and a blush of delight—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment, they increased his misery: he repulsed her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. Her innocent answers were fuel to his frenzy;—"The picture! had he seen the picture? and was it not pretty?—much too pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was not he pleased with them? What a wonderful thing it was, to make a bit of canvass so like living creatures! and what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him, at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes—and so had Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so merry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it; it was too pretty, to be sure—but then, Robert would not mind that. She had told the gentleman——" "Go to the gentleman, now," interrupted Robert, "and tell him that I relinquish you! It will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him, I say!"—and throwing from him, with a bitter laugh, the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand on his arm, to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poor little Mary to give to her friend, Susan, of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the next breath, she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistencies of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time, misfortunes, of a different nature, were gathering round Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vended—her kindest friend and largest creditor—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day, she received two letters from this formidable lawyer,—one on account of his dead client, the baker, the other in behalf of his living client, the grocer—who ranked next amongst her creditors—both threatening that, if their respective claims were not liquidated on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness—especially that forlorn creature whom the

common people, adopting the pathetic language of Scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sate down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self-pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book—but she knew too well that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult:—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions, almost as long as her son—and time pressed upon her—for the letters, sent with the usual indirectness of country conveyance,—originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butterman, carried on by the butterman to the next village, left for three days at a public-house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross by a return post-boy—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for payment, and this was Friday night! and Michaelmas and rent-day were approaching! and unable even to look at this accumulation of misery, poor Judith laid her head on her fruitless accompt-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow so to grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking, tenderly, what ailed her? She put the letters into his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, soothed and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said; "and he would go with her, the next day, to make over the whole property. Let us pay, as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear but, some day or other, we shall be enabled to discharge all our debts.

God will speed an honest purpose. In the meantime, Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage,—I know he will,—and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for,—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother!" He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and, behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between the mother and son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story), and, immediately, began questioning Mrs. Kent, as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—But a hundred!—Did they want a whole hundred? And would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? and sell her goods? and turn Mary out of doors? and Robert—Oh, how ill Robert looked!—It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands, "I would sell myself for a bonds-woman,—I would be like a negro-slave, for one hundred pounds!"—"Would you?" said the stranger, advancing suddenly from the door, and producing two bank-bills; "would you? well! we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!"——"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?"—"Nothing but what is fair and honourable," returned her lodger; "let Susan promise to meet me at church, to-morrow, and here are two

hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to night."—"Susan! my dear Susan!"—"Let her alone, mother!" interrupted Robert; she must choose for herself!"—and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood, leaning against the wall, pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure. Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son,—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother; and Susan,—her colour varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes, in her hand.

"Well, Susan!" said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation, surveying the group with his falcon eye,—"Well, Susan! have you determined?"—The colour rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, "Yes, sir!—Be pleased to take back the notes. I love nobody but Robert; and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does! Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert,—your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things. They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you, and I will work for you! Never mind being poor! better any thing than be false-hearted to my Robert!"—"God for ever bless you, my Susan!"—"God bless you, my dear child!"—burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

"Pray, take the notes, sir!" repeated Susan, after a short interval. "No! that I will not do," replied the stranger, smiling. "The notes shall be your's,—*are* your's,—and, what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at church, to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend, Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange, even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides, you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert! has purchased the Hay-carrying! We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No," continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say, — "No thanks! no apologies! I won't hear a word. Meet me at church, to-morrow! But, remember, young man! no more jealousy!"—and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

(From Auldjo's Narrative.)

CAVES IN THE GLACIER.

Again the Glacier presented its beautiful and varied scenes, every moment the eye meeting with some new combination of icy grandeur. The crevices, numerous and deep, broken and full of hollows or caves, surpassed any thing I could have conceived. Some of these grottos were accessible; others, of which the entrance was blocked up by pillars, studded with ornaments of ice or snow, could only be examined externally. We entered one so beauteous in construction and embellishments, that fancy might picture it to be the abode of the "Spirit of the Mountain." It was large; its roof supported by thick icicles of blue or white, varying into a thousand different shades; on the floor were vast clumps of ice, resembling crystal flowers, formed by the freezing of the drops of water which are perpetually falling in the centre; a pool of water, whose exquisite clearness almost excited thirst, stood in its blue basin: at the further end fell a cascade, into a sort of spiral well formed by it, and in its passage through it, produced a sound much like that of water boiling in some confined vessel. There are many

MOUNT BLANC.

caves; but this description may, in some measure, apply to all. They are formed by the water falling, and excavating a passage for itself; the ice melts away on all sides, and it soon becomes such as I have described it.

SCALING A WALL OF ICE.

Arriving near the base of those rocks called the "Grand Mulêts," we found that a chasm of eighty feet in width separated them from us. We proceeded up an acclivity forming a narrow neck of ice; but at its termination a wall opposed us: on either hand yawned a wide and deep crevice, and it appeared that there was no advancing without climbing this perpendicular mass, of twenty feet in height. The neck we were standing upon overhung a gulf formed by the chasm and crevices, the very sight of which was appalling—the wall met this neck with an angle, formed by these two crevices, which continued on each side of it, the angle coming to a most acute and delicate point. No time was to be lost; we were standing in a very perilous situation, and Coutet commenced cutting steps on the angle with his hatchet; and after great labour, and considerable danger in the execution of his purpose, got to the top, and was immediately followed by another guide. The knapsacks were then drawn up, and the rest of the party after them. In ascending this wall, being partly drawn up, and the rest of the party clambering, I stopped for an instant, and looked down into the abyss beneath me; the blood curdled in my veins, for never did I behold any thing so terrific.

Safely on the top, on looking around, we discovered that these large crevices extended on each side to a very great distance, the plane of the wall sloping from the upper to the lower crevice, with an inclination which rendered walking on it very perilous. Some proposed to return to the commencement of the neck of ice which we had passed, and making a circuit from it to get to the base of the "Grand Mulêts," on the other side of the great crevice, and climb up the rock; others were for proceeding; and their advice was followed. Walking with the greatest caution in steps cut with the hatchet, we moved on very slowly: the ice was slippery, and a false step might have endangered the life of more than one individual. The wall now widened, but the slope became more inclined. Taking my steps with the greatest care, I could not prevent myself from slipping: as the space became wider, I became less cautious; and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slid from under me; I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one; I cried out, but the guides who held the ropes attached to me, did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the lower crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, and the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool, and not afraid;—a pretty time to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments; and then desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them in safety.

The reason for this proceeding is obvious:—had they attempted, on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger; for it is not to be supposed, that in such a situation I did not lose, in a great degree, my presence of mind. These were good reasons, no doubt; but placed as I was, in such imminent peril, I could not have allowed them to be so.

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SUNSET AND NIGHT ON THE GRAND MULETS.

(9900 FEET HIGH.)

THE sun, now about to set, tinged with a purple of the softest hue the whole scene below us, which gradually deepening into a beautiful crimson, shaded every thing with its colour: the Jura seeming on fire, and the lake of Geneva reflecting the glow; every moment, as the sun retired from the world beneath us, the hue shed by his departing rays became deeper, and then wore into a dull gray. The lake and the lower mountains were soon clothed in the sombre shade, but we still enjoyed the presence of the God of Day. Now the violet tint was on us, but the summit of the mountain was still

burnished with a line of bright gold; it died away, leaving a bright lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure.

It was getting cold (the thermometer had descended to 45° Farenheit), and as we were to be early risers, I was not reluctant in preparing for my stony couch. I had the first place, Devouassoud next to me, and the rest of the guides, in a row alongside each other, lay as close as they could. I soon fell asleep, though the thunder of the falling avalanches might well have kept me awake. In the middle of the night I awoke, but experienced none of the unpleasant nausea and sickness which have attacked others when sleeping on this rock; nor did the guides appear to suffer from any such feelings. A solitude and stillness prevailed, which affected me more than any of the occurrences of the day, though they were crowded on my mind.

None of the beauties, none of the dangers, have made a more lasting impression on me than the awful silence of that night, broken as it was only by the loud crash of falling ice, echoing and re-echoing with thrilling sound in the death-like stillness.

The sky had become more darkly blue, and the moon shone in the softest brightness, the stars shedding a dazzling and brilliant lustre. The avalanches continued falling, but neither they nor the reflection on the past day, nor the anxieties for the coming one, could keep me from sleep, into which I again sunk; but

before I did so, I sat up and looked at my companions, all sound at rest, thinking not of the dangers they had passed, nor of those which they must meet with before the expedition they were engaged in could be finished. They slept placidly, yet I longed to get out of the tent, to behold the wonderful scenery under the influence of the moonlight; but I could not have done so without awakening every one of my dormant guides, and I was unwilling to sacrifice their repose to this gratification. I laid me down, and it was not long before I participated in the sound sleep which they enjoyed, and, with the return of morn, was prepared to continue my journey.

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SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

(15,660 FEET HIGH).

THE wind blew with considerable force, and I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow that I could see; hardly any mist hung over the valleys—none was on the mountains. The object of my ambition and my toil was gained, yet the reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body; and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold; and throwing myself on the snow, behind a small mound which formed the

highest point and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb. In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the head-ache, but the thirst remained; the pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been.

* * * *

Having placed the thermometer on my baton, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point, to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamonis once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast, and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite: some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could not swallow the slightest morsel; even the taste of food created nausea and disgust. One or two guides ate a very little; the rest could not attempt to do so.

I had provided a bottle of champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me, for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at the moment. The wire being removed, and the string cut, the cork flew out to a

great distance; but the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest; but not three minutes had elapsed when repentance and pain followed, for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained, produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and which frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were but of short duration.

The most peculiar sensation, which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another; for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Capt. Sherwill has given a description in the following words:—"It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood."

The shape of the summit has been well likened to the *dos d'ane* (ass's back), the broadest and highest part being toward the north, or Chamonis, and narrowest inclining a little to the east. An idea of the summit, as we found it, may be formed by cutting a pear, longitudinally, into halves, and placing one of

them on its flat side; but, consisting as it does of snow drifted about by the wind, and subject to increase and diminution by the accumulation of the winter's storms and the influence of the winter's sun, it may probably present some novelty of form to every traveller who visits it. We found it to be about one hundred and seventy feet in length, and its greatest breadth about fifty. The hard snow of which it is composed, bearing a resemblance to a conglomerate of crystal beads, appeared to be of the depth of from two hundred to three hundred feet upon its rocky foundation, which probably consists of a cluster of pinnacles similar to the Derniers Rochers, some points being visible, protruding through their snowy mantle nearer to their summit, although from their situation they were inaccessible. We found no living thing upon it; but Mr. Fellows mentioned to me that he had seen a *butterfly*, borne by the wind, pass rapidly over his head while on the summit.

THE DISPENSATION.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

"I see thim, not ten minutes ago, cross over to the corner of the round meadow, forenint the hill. I'm thinking they're gone down to the Bleach Ground."

"Them!—who, Molly?"—continued a young man, whose inquiry had elicited the above information from the old village gossip, Matty Flinn.

"Why, Miss Mary Sullivan, and her Dublin cousin, Jesse Armstrong, and somebody else, to be sure; there's no getting sight or light of Miss Mary, since that one came to the country; not but what she's a nice slip of a girl, too, only not to be compared to our own born child—as I may call her." The young man smiled, and without further observation passed on to the "round meadow."

"There's one 'ill be there afore ye, my boy," said the woman, as she leaned her withered arm across the half-hatch door and replaced her pipe in her mouth—"and one that 'ill make you look sharp if ye're after the same sport. Och hone!—Och hone!" she added, after a long pause, "it's sorrowful thinking what's afore the young."

I must now briefly explain who were the parties that excited even the sympathy of Matty Flinn.

Two brothers of the name of Sullivan, some years previous to the time at which my story commences, had quitted the North of Ireland to reside in the South. They were skilful, honest, and industrious; and the work of their hands naturally prospered. After the lapse of a few years they were universally looked upon as among the most substantial yeomen of the county, and were respected alike by rich and poor. Cornelius, the younger of the two, had established a bleach green, on the banks of the stream that turned the elder brother's mill. The bleacher's dwelling stood—always neatly white-washed, and surrounded by wild roses—at the bottom of a little dell, through which the clear water murmured and sparkled on its course; while the cottage of the miller was built by the mill-side. Corney had been blessed with only one child; and without the aid of poetic imagination in any way, Mary might truly be pronounced a most interesting if not a beautiful girl; but her father saw no reason why she should be more accomplished than her mother, who was, to use his own phrase, "as clean-skinned—as right-handed—as honest, and as pretty a woman, as you'd see in the country side." Had it not been for the miller's son, her cousin Alick, I really think she never would have learned even to read; but Alick proved himself the very model of a tutor. The boy would sit, hour after hour, pointing with a crow-quill to the half-legible words and letters of "the read-a-made-asy,"—coaxing,

explaining, entreating—but never reproving his gentle little pupil. It was, however, astonishing, how rapidly Mary improved when she could once fairly get through a book; she soon became teacher in her turn—would read aloud the Seven Champions, and the adventures of the robber Freney, with so much effect, when only thirteen, that Alick who was three years older, absolutely began to deliberate whether he, in his own proper person, would become eighth champion, or Freney the second.

Alick had only one brother—an elder but not a wiser youth; for poor Walter—or, as he was usually called, Watty—was considered so devoid of intellect, as to be unable to render assistance to his father in any way; he was impatient of control, idle, and restless; but shrewd withal, and often keen of speech—sometimes as just as severe in his remarks; scrupulously honest, and full of truth; he loved wandering, and submitted to the restraint of a moderate quantity of clothes with evident reluctance; had a deep, melodious voice, and, in early boyhood, a deadly hatred to his brother—changed, however, by a simple circumstance into as strong an affection. The two youths were passing through a distant village where Alick had been sent to transact some business for his father; strange boys gathered round and mocked at Walter, who, with a wreath of scarlet poppies in his black and flowing curls, presented to their unholy feelings a fit subject for mirthful scorn; the colour deepened on the cheek of the insulted lad, but, before he could retaliate, Alick turned on the tormen-

tors, and wielded a shillala with so much spirit, that they fled in all directions; one, however—a cowardly, ill-conditioned fellow—suddenly turned, and directing a stone at the hero, felled him to the earth; in another moment Walter was bending over his brother, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and wringing his hands in bitter agony; the effects of the blow were merely stunning, but the afflicted youth never forgot Alick's interference on his behalf; he became troublesomely officious and affectionate, and would weep like an infant if reproved by him, or prevented from following wherever he went.

Such are a few early passages in the history of these nearly-related families; they seemed more closely knit into one by time and circumstance. A few years passed—Mary was about eighteen—when another cousin, an aunt's daughter, came from Dublin to visit her—no trifling event, when we consider that Miss Jessie had gone day pupil to a boarding-school in Stephen's Green—and informed her cousin, in a letter which though "iligantly written" was very difficult to read, that she would bring her all the bran new fashions, and a sky-blue muslin dress! She arrived at the appointed time, and certainly dazzled the whole village by her finery; a leghorn bonnet, spick and span new, with green bunches of ribbon under the brim, while from out of the middle of each peeped forth a red, red flower, like a rose blossoming in a full-grown cabbage; then her hair!—such curls!—French curls, in full friz, bound up behind in the cockatoo-fashion, and oiled to the

destruction of cleanliness and white caps; sandalled shoes — tortoise-shell combs—figured band, and a black silk cloak. Jessie was a pretty, good-tempered girl, but partook of the Dublin mania for finery; and Mrs. Sullivan declared, that for the first week the lassie was in her house, she could settle to nothing, from the shoals of people that came from far and near to get one look at the fashions, as exhibited on the person of Jessie Armstrong.

The young man who had inquired of the village gossip, Matty Flinn, whither these two damsels had wandered for their evening recreation, it may be necessary to state, was neither "cousin Alick," nor "poor cousin Walter," — but the nephew and heir apparent of little Father Neddy Cormack, parish priest of Killane, and licentiate of the college of Salamanca. Stephen Cormack proceeded at a good pace, in search of the young girls, or, sooth to say, in search of one, whom for many reasons he hoped some day or other to salute as Mrs. Stephen: he was a tall, slight youth, whose features had more the dark and downcast character of the Milesian Irish, than the round and joyous expression of the more recent settlers; upon this occasion he did not seem in a particularly happy mood, for he swung his stick from side to side, and most industriously decapitated every plant and little shrub within his reach. As he passed under the branches of a lofty oak, and raised his arm for the purpose of destroying some scores of juvenile acorns that clustered above his head, his weapon of destruction

was wrested from his hands, and, at the same moment, a wild and singular figure dropt from the branches. The man of the oak might have served as the model of a Hercules; he had on neither shoes nor stockings, and his pantaloons hardly descended below his knees; a short, tight jacket was girded round his waist by a broad belt of untanned leather; his shirt collar was thrown open, displaying a brown but superbly-moulded throat, on which a fine head was well and firmly set; he wore no hat, but his hair was bound with a scarlet kerchief, that, tied at the side in a large knot, added to his picturesque appearance. Though there was much of wildness, there was no indication of poverty about this wayward being; and as he laughed and bowed in mimic humility to the priest's nephew, a good deal of keen satiric humour played around his well-formed mouth, and danced in his large brown eyes, which in general were painfully lustreless to look upon. "And had ye no better amusement this fine summer evening, Saint Stephen,"—he said at last, after many extraordinary contortions, and having deliberately broken the thick stick with his fingers, as if it were a hazel twig—"had ye no better amusement than *mooking* about like an ill-contrived spirit, smashing and killing the sweet flowers, that the moonbeams kiss and the merry bees breakfast on! And then ye must attack the holy tree that the birds—the blue wood-queest, and my spotted lady-thrush—nestle in, and" (he added in a lower tone) "the good people thimselves dance under, all the long summer nights! Go home, young man; keep the holy

father's books, and attind to your duties; an Irishman should scorn to strike any thing that couldn't strike agin. Come, turn back, my tight chap, for I was just going to visit madam wood-queest's young family, when ye stopt me."

"Is there a nest in the tree, in earnest, Watty?" inquired Stephen, looking up amid the branches; "I can't see it!"

"Ye gawking gomersal!" said Watty, "d'ye think the ould parents, that to my knowledge have brought up honestly nine nest-fulls of as pretty birds as ever stretched wing, would make a show of their childre' to plase you? The longer the wild animals live in the world the wiser they get—and that's more nor can be said of you or I, Saint Stephen."

Stephen did not much relish the compliment: but he put his hand into his pocket, and extracting sixpence held it up before Watty, who he supposed had all the love of money that frequently characterises those who, although endowed with quickness and susceptibility, are devoid of the stronger powers of reason. "I'll give ye the sixpence, if you'll bring me the young birds," said the tempter; "and it 'ill be doing good, too, for the queests are the ruin of the corn-fields. I won't hurt them," he continued, seeing Walter's look of distaste: "I'll give them to your cousin, Miss Mary, as a present."

"I'm jist thinking," replied Walter, after a brief pause, as he folded his arms, and gazed, not angrily, but scornfully, upon the countenance of Stephen—

"that ye're the very moral of Ould Nick, except that ye haven't his courage—he's a powerful deal of courage, that same cratur, *as all must who go aginst God*—ye're afeard of hurting y'er purty limbs and fine duds to go after the innocent birdeens thimselves, so ye keep one of the devil's pocket tokens, to tempt others to the mischief! Is it the corn they ate? His reverence 'll expect his sacks as full, if the crows and queests ate up all the grain from this to Derry. And ye think a nest o' featherless birds, followed by the wails and the cries of their broken-hearted mother, a fit present to make a tender woman; and ye think, may-be, she'd love ye the better for having the heart to tear the childre' from the parents? Ba! ba! Saint Stephen!—the devil's saint ye are, sure enough!" Without further query or waiting an answer, he sprang into the tree; and as he mounted amid its highest branches, his full, round voice trolled out the old song:—

"Lady, I will give you the bells of Londonderry,
When you are sad, to ring, to make you merry,
If you'll be my true lover."

"Sir, I'll not accept of the bells of Londonderry,
When I'm sad, to ring, to make me merry,
Nor will I be your true lover."

"The wild-nettle chap!" muttered Stephen, as he proceeded along the tangled path-way; "the fellow's always stinging—he's more knave than fool; fine times he has of it, sprying about the trees like a squrril; the hares and birds know him so well, they'll hardly take the trouble to get out of his way!"

It was some time before Stephen perceived in the distance the object of his search; and when he did, he saw that she was accompanied, not only by Jessie, but by her cousin Alick; the two girls were seated on the shafts of a car, that had been placed across a gap in lieu of a gate; and Alick was stretched on the grass, of which he occasionally pulled handfuls, and flung at the young maidens, in rustic sport—a compliment they were not slow to return; though Jessie, it must be confessed, did it tenfold. Mary threw the wild butter-cups at her former tutor, with what might almost be termed graceful awkwardness; and when Alick's sparkling glance met hers, the deep, quick blush told unconsciously of more than cousin's love.

"Mary! Alick!" exclaimed Jessie, "as I live, yon comes Mister Stephen—*Saint* Stephen, as poor Watty calls him—don't blush, now, Mary! Come, Alick, you and I will run away, and leave the lovers to themselves, which is only manners, you know—as we say in Dublin."

"Whatever you may say or do in Dublin, I don't know," replied Mary, rising; "but I take it very unkind in ye to trate me after that fashion; the young man is nothing to me beyant a neighbour's son—so behave, Jessie, if you please."

"Behave, Jessie, if you please!"—persisted the lively girl, mimicking Mary's serious manner—"a'n't I going to behave like an angel? Come, cousin Alick!" and she seized the hand of Alick, who certainly did not

seem disposed to move. "Jessie! Alick!"—exclaimed Mary, evidently much moved, "Do not make me appear foolish!—you know, Jessie, right well, that I have neither love nor liking for him."

"A likely story!" cried the provoking girl, "a very likely story!—you can't blind a *Dubliner* after that fashion—how holy we are indeed!—as if I didn't know what hung on that ribbon round your neck, besides the scapular and silver crucifix."

"Tell me!" said Alick eagerly, for the first time in his life sacrificing Mary's feelings to his own curiosity; "Tell me, Jessie."

Mary, unable to articulate, covered her face with her hands—while the giddy girl replied, "A gold smelling bottle, with a shamrogue-shaped stopper, and some letters—three, I think—carved on it, one of which, I'd give my oath, is an S." Before the sentence was finished, poor Mary had fainted; and Alick, with flushed cheek and burning brow, was supporting her, while Jessie, frightened out of her little wits, ran to get some water from the stream.

During her momentary absence, Alick (men are sometimes, the very best of them, most impertinently and abominably curious) had drawn the ribbon, by the little bow, from beneath the modest kerchief which was carefully folded over her bosom, and kissed the three relics with pilgrim-like devotion, as they hung outside her dress; when the mischief-making Jessie returned. Alick, placing Mary's head on her shoulder, observed, in an under tone of deep agitation, "You'd

better hide that blessed—I mean that unfortunate ribbon —before Stephen comes up." Mary did so, and then, looking at Alick, exclaimed, "Lord save us!—ye're as red in the face as a Dublin lobster!"

Previous to Mary's perfect recovery, even while Jessie was overwhelming her with apologies, assurances, and sorrows, Stephen joined the group, and seemed much astonished at the restraint visible on the countenance of each. Jessie undertook the task of explaining the events of the evening, which, like most chattering persons, she did, much to her own satisfaction, and the dissatisfaction of the rest of the party. Stephen thought she threw no light on the subject, and Mary and Alick fancied she threw too much; the fact was, Jessie herself was bewildered; and surmises, as opposite as the antipodes, crowded her pate in such quick succession, as positively to fetter her tongue. On their walk homeward, when they came within sight of the Bleach House, Jessie, at a turn of the lane, relinquished Mary's arm; Stephen, lover-like, availed himself of the opportunity, and placed it within his.

"The path's too narrow for three, Stenie," observed Alick, somewhat sharply.

"Walk behind or before, thin, if you like," retorted the other quietly.

"I'll do neither one nor the other," replied Alick; "but keep y'er own place, and make way for y'er betters."

"I will when I see them," was the cutting reply.

Mary pressed her cousin's arm to enjoin silence, but in vain.

"If the girls weren't here, I'd soon shew ye the differ, for all ye carry y'er head so high—offering freedoms where they're not acceptable, Mister Stephen Cormack!"

"Stephen! Alick!—for the sake of the holy saints!" exclaimed both girls at once—as the young men regarded each other with menacing looks.

"Whir—a-boo—boo!"—shouted Walter, separating the thick and thorny furze hedge that bounded the path-way, and springing between the contending parties—"What's the breeze now?—and what are ye frightening my white lily for?" And circling his cousin's waist with his arm, he waved a huge branch of oak over his head.

"Saint Stephen, if you offer to lay hands on Prince Alick, I'll make as nate a little cock-throw of ye, as iver Saint Patrick pitched at."

"For mercy's sake!" said Mary—rousing all her strength for the effort, and disengaging herself from her wild cousin's support—"do not quarrel for nothing. I have known you both all my life, and I never asked favour from either; but promise me, Alick—Stephen—promise to forget this foolish—"

"To be sure they'll promise!" exclaimed Walter. "Prince Alick will do it for—I know what—and Saint Stephen will do it for——" He seized Stephen by the back of the neck, and again waved his bough, laughing and singing:—

"Oh, brave King Brian! he knew the way
To keep the peace, and to make the hay;
For those who were bad, he knocked off their head,
And those who were worse, he killed them dead."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Stephen, doggedly, "any thing to oblige Miss Mary Sullivan; not that I fear or care about a bit of a spree, more than any other boy living; it's fine exercise, and keeps a body in practice; only to oblige her—" He held out his hand, which Alick frankly took; and peace restored, they proceeded to the Bleach Green—Walter jumping and singing with evident glee, but continuing, at the same time, a cat-like inspection of the party.

"Come in, and take supper, Stephen; I see the potatoes are up, and my aunt promised us some beans and bacon, as a treat, to-night," said the kind-hearted miller's son; but Stephen declined, while Walter went to him, and with a solemn look, pretended to brush something off his shoulder. "The black boy sticks like a buz on ye, astore—wash him off with holy water when ye goes home," observed the half-witted creature, and then sprang over the rude palings that separated the green from the neat court-yard.

Stephen Cormack went on his way, but not rejoicing; and when he entered his uncle's dwelling, he sat down on the three-legged stool, opposite the priest, in evident ill humour.

Father Neddy Cormack fitted as neatly into his arm-chair as a nut does in its shell; he was a little tun of a man, upon which the head stood without any visible connexion with the body; his faced was seamed and browned in open defiance of beauty and art; his nose was puggish and purple; his brows heavy and moveable, and it was only when they were wrinkled up in

two or three folds that the peering, and really bright twinkling, of two little grey eyes, informed you that if the creature possessed power in proportion to its cunning it would indeed be fierce and dangerous. The thing would have made an admirable attorney, but a bad cousellor, and certainly was a very unfit director of the spiritual or temporal affairs of the parish, which he endeavoured to *rule*—not *guide*.

It has been my lot to know, esteem, and love, true and loyal members of the Catholic Church. I have looked upon many priests and friars with veneration and respect—I have delighted in observing their kindness, their gentleness, and their honest discharge of what they considered duty—I have known them to make great sacrifices, and endure much patiently; and I say it to their credit, that I never met but one among them in any way resembling the person whom I have endeavoured to describe. Without being gifted with the gentlemanly bearing of a Jesuit, he had a good deal of the tact and artifice belonging to that subtle sect — which he used, to blind his humble associates — with a hot and fiery temperament, that subdued when the other failed. He had not interfered much with the Sullivans; they were liberal, and performed "their duties" regularly; had stations twice in the year at their respective houses, and paid to priest, as well as minister, "tythes of all they possessed;" but they were more enlightened than their neighbours, and so Father Neddy wisely thought that "it was better to let well-enough alone." He had anxiously

urged the wooing of his nephew with Mary. She was considered "the best fortune" for many miles round; and the match was decidedly desirable—for Stephen was one of those contented Irish spirits who, disdaining either mental or bodily exertion, as incompatible with "genteel birth or breeding," trust first to their relations, and afterwards to chance, for bed, board, and all other necessaries.

The priest's best parlour was furnished precisely as occasion required: when there was "grand company," the long settle was brought from the kitchen, and its dirt and deficiencies concealed by a flowered bed-quilt, thrown over and pinned round it by the old housekeeper, who had the Irish talent of making one thing, like Shakspeare's player, "play many parts"—then Father Ned's dressing-table (as it was called) stood in lame helplessness between the dimly-shewing windows—and placed on it (the cracked portions turned to the wall) were two or three old-fashinned china jars, filled with a few flowers, that conscious of being out of character, or affected by the smoky atmosphere, drooped and died "within an hour." On the evening to which I particularly allude, no such luxuries were present; a green bottle, a large, thick glass tumbler with a tin foot, and an empty jug, were on the solitary round oak table that graced the centre; to the right of this was the priest's high-cushioned easy chair, and the little footstool upon which his feet rested; he reclined perfectly at his ease—his hands just meeting over his rotund person, his mouth open, his eyes shut—a very

Cruikshank of devotion. As his nephew entered, a grunting sound intimated that he was aware of the circumstance; but he neither altered his position nor elevated his brows, so that whether he unclosed his eyes or not was doubtful. Stephen first pulled forth some of the dead leaves that garnished the rusty grate; then contemplated the extraordinary vessel, that, hanging over the chimney-piece, displayed a crucifix at the top, and a well, or cup, at the bottom, calculated to hold about a pint of holy water; and finally pushed the dog over the cat, which the lady resented in a very cat-like fashion, and the rencontre between the animals perfectly aroused the sleepy priest.

"By the foot of Pharaoh!" he exclaimed "(and that's the first oath I've swore to day,) I 'll make an example of ye if ye do n't let the bastes alone; there's no pace in the house whin ye're in it; the poor ould cat—the cratur!—can't escape ye (pusheen! pusheen! agra!—never heed him). Is that the work ye've been after all day? Holy Mother! I 'll engage it's far from ye to go down to that beggarly blaguard, Lunty Murphy —and put him in mind o' the barley male he never sint; and it's long till ye'd gather a few goose or turkey eggs in your dandy pockets, though ye're ready enough to ate 'em, when they come into the house; and more than tin times, and tin to the back o' that, I've tould ye to spake to Jeremiah Calagan, about the bill he sint in for my new jock, after his 'greeing to set the last two christ'nings forenint it; and though I dare say ye've been philandrin' at the Bleach Green, it's long

till ye'd put in a word about the tow-linen, that's waiting to be whitened these three weeks—and—"

"It's little I expect from the Bleach Green," interrupted the hopeful Stephen; "and if ye knew all, uncle, instead of blowing me up, ye'd be advising me how to act with that boy, Alick Sullivan, who I see plainly—fool as I was, not to see it afore—has undermined me with Mary."

"Bathershin!" replied the priest, "that's one of your notions, because ye haven't courage to ask the girl to marry ye; sure, I know how they love each other—jist like brother and sister. I'd like to see first cousins marry in my parish—the heretics!—barring I got 'em a Dispensation—a likely matter, I'm thinking!"

"For all that, it's as true as light's in heaven; he threatened to knock me down for walkin' with her this evening; and that mad brother of his, made open game of your reverence."

I wish you, my gentle reader, had seen the Reverend Neddy Cormack at that moment; he rose from his seat, swelled and strutted about the room in proportionate rage; and at length broke forth into the following miscellaneous ejaculations:

"I 'll excommunicate 'em all! To dare to spake of me after that sort! I suppose the next thing 'ill be that they 'll think for themselves, as if their conscience was their own! Am I not parish priest of this entire parish of Killane!—answer me that—and see if I don't have my own way! Saint Peter and Saint Ambrose—and Saint Obadiah—and all the Saints!—make game

of me! Oh, the heathen assembly of Babylonians! Let them do it without a Dispensation! I 'll sind every mother's son o' them to the Holy Island barefooted—I 'll make 'em say three avy's for every bit they put in their mouths! And as for that dancing, mopping knave, I 'll lay the length and breadth of my Dublin riding-whip over his unchristian shoulders! I 'll go down to the Bleach Green this minute, and make them pay well for absolution!"

"It was only the one that had no sense that did so, uncle dear," interrupted Stephen, fearing that he had gone too far, and that the priest would really go out; for he had taken his great coat off the peg, and fastened it under his throat by the solitary button which generally secured it. "As to the rest, they always trate ye as becomes God-fearing people; and, any way, it might be better to work with them on *the sly*, may-be."

"Demean myself to work on the sly with my own people! I scorn y'er advice, Stephen Cormack! I'll shew 'em what's what—trate the nephew of their parish priest that way!—refuse him, indeed!"

"I was n't to say refused, Sir," stammered out Stephen, "because I had n't asked—that's not asked entirely."

"And how dare you be after putting me into a passion for nothin', you poor, pitiful sleeveen! If you do 'nt know how to make love to a young woman, could n't ye jist ask me to shew ye, and not wait till the wind changes? D'ye think I 've been hearing confessions from all manner of faymales for the last

forty years, without knowing how to manage 'em—and to presume to come to me with your misrepresentations! Stephen! Stephen!—ye 're a great sinner!—how often have I tould you that telling a lie to me was quite a different thing from telling it to any one else; will ye never learn discrimination? Oh, Stephen!—you must say double prayers this night, for desaving the church!"

The nephew explained—the coat was replaced—whisky punch resorted to as peace-maker between the hopeful pair—and measures, which will be explained hereafter, were planned and resolved upon.

It is refreshing, after such a scene, to revert to that which on the same evening took place at the Bleach Green. When the frugal supper, seasoned with a due portion of good humour, though of a less boisterous nature than usual, had been discussed, Mary silently and quietly arose to withdraw: but as she passed her father, he looked upon her with even more than ordinary tenderness, and said, "Mary, darling, what ails ye? Y'er cheek is pale as y'er own white roses! What ails my lily-bud?"

"Nothing!" she would have replied, and a feeble smile struggled on her lips; but her eyes, "more bright than clear," and the increasing paleness of her cheek, stayed the assertion.

"There 's something the matter with her, sure enough," observed the mother, anxiously rising from her seat.

"Alick rose also; and, in a trembling voice, said, "Aunt—uncle—I 'll tell ye all about it. Mary, love,

sit down till I—Jessie, don't stir—we're all one family."

Mary moved her hand to implore silence; and, after the pause of a few moments, gathered strength to articulate, "Spare me, cousin!—I cannot, cannot bear this, though I deserve it all, and may-be more." She disengaged her hand from her father, and left the room.

"Don't follow her yet, Jessie," said Alick; "leave her to herself, aunt, honey, for a few minutes—her heart is full, and so is mine." And then he pressed his hands to his forehead, and leaned his elbows on the table.

How beautiful, how sacred, are the feelings of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it—the fashionable may call it fable—the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it! But the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is only made evil by the corruption of those whom it was sent to bless and to preserve.

Mary latched the door of her little chamber, and, hardly conscious of what she ought to pray for, threw herself on her knees:—

> "But this she knows, in joys and woes,
> That saints will aid if men will call—
> For the blue sky bends over all."

For the first time in her life she experienced a feeling of self-degradation.

"What can *he* think of me!" she murmured. "*He* never talked to me, but brother-like; and when he

gave me this token, he *looked* to be sure, but it was *only* a *look* after all. And then to hear that I kept it sacred, with the holy scapular and crucifix! I'll not keep it so any longer," she continued, hastily unknotting with trembling fingers the slender ribbon.

She drew the little trinket nearly off the string; half a dozen threads more, and it would have fallen to the ground; tears, round and eloquent, as they poured on the cherished gift, told more than a thousand words could have expressed. After a long pause, she guided it slowly back to its former place,—silently replacing it in her bosom.

"*He* has done nothing to offend me," she thought—"and why should I revenge my own fault on the poor little keepsake? Sure, it can do me no harm!" Women's hearts are sadly prone to deceive, not others, but themselves.

Alick's love-tale was not long telling. His aunt, with woman's shrewdness, had suspected there was more than brotherly and sisterly affection between the youthful pair; and his uncle had often thought that it would be a good plan to direct all the family property, which for persons in their situation of life was considerable, into the right channel. The catholic prejudice against first cousins marrying was the only objection that presented itself to all parties.

"Goold 'ill get a Dispensation, uncle," said Alick—"Goold, the bright goold 'ill do it—priest or bishop can't stand that, by no manner o' means."

"May-be so, may-be so," replied Sullivan; "but

there's y'er own father and mother—to say nothing of Mary—they must all be consulted."

"Sure they love her, like their own hearts' blood," said the youth; "and as to Mary—ask her—I know *now* that she loves me; though I never could dare even to guess at it till this day."

"Ye're mighty *sure* always, of what is by no means *certain*, you men," observed Jessie. "Mary gave you no encouragement to day, to my certain knowledge; for I wasn't away from her five minutes since sun-rise."

"You stuck pretty close, indeed, I'll grant that for you, Jessie, which I can't say I thought particular genteel; but I won't quarrel with ye for it; for only for you, I'd never have found out the token she wore round her neck."

"Ho, ho!—and it was you gave her that, and she never to tell me; and me told her all about my bachelors, three and four at a time! O, I had no thought she was so close!"

"True love is never talkative," observed the mother, "but I don't approve of love tokens, at all at all."

"Whisht, Nelly, astore," retorted the father. "Ye forget the red love-knots, and the blue, and the ginger-bread-husband, and the Dublin cap, I brought you myself, when we were in the same way: so, go to poor Mary, agra; and don't seem to know any thing of the token; and my brother and I 'll go up to Father Cormack to-morrow, and try the only means to bring him to rason. And go home to bed, boys," (Watty had seated himself in the chimney corner after supper,

apparently heedless of the conversation), "and pray to the Holy Fathers and the Saints to give ye their blessing, and look over ye."

"Let me just go to the door, and bid Mary good night, through the chink," entreated the lover; it will be such a relief to my heart, just to hear her say, 'God bless you, Alick!'"

Alick, upon this point, would have his way; and the gentle response he longed for came upon his ear like fairy music.

As they retreated from the beloved cottage, Walter looked earnestly in his brother's face—"So, ye want me to have no cousin Mary!—and marriage puts coldness between born brothers—and Watty has no comfort but"—The poor fellow burst into tears.

"You don't understand it, machree. When Mary, by the blessing o' God, will be my wife, she will be your sister, and you shall live with us if you like, and Mary will love you even better than she does now."

"And give me red neckerchers, and let me tend her flowers, and plait my Sunday frills, and all—and be my sister, and you my brother still?"

"And love ye ten times more than ever, Watty!"

"Huzza!—then I'm for the wedding in earnest, and let me see who'll oppose it!" And both brothers entered the mill-house just as the full moon had risen high, giving light and glory to the attendant clouds.

The next morning the elder Sullivans—their drab great coats garnished with huge brass buttons; their Sunday gear from top to toe brushed and polished up;

and their yellow Dublin wigs carefully placed over their own reddish hair—each mounted on a sleek, fat nag; the miller bearing before him, as a peace-offering, a sack divided in the middle, and filled, one end with *cutlings*, the other with white flower; while he of the Bleach Green, bore as a gift for the altar a twenty-two-yard piece of "fine shirting." Thus caparisoned, thus laden, the two brothers set out to propitiate the Rev. Edward Cormack.

While they proceeded on their way, their wives met by mutual consent; and it was no common sight to witness the kindly eagerness they evinced in vying with each other, as to who should bestow most on the young couple.

For Alick and Mary—I confess they treated Jessie unhandsomely—they left her to her own meditations, and

> "Within a vale, a little vale,
> Strewed with its own sweet flowers pale,
> And made by steep surrounding hill
> More lonely, yet more lovely still,"

they were seen, seated under a fragrant lime-tree, discoursing, I suppose, as lovers generally do; which is, I believe, saying very little, and looking—but no matter—Mary's satisfied and happy countenance told that the bitterness of self-reproach was past; for Alick, she now knew, had always loved her, with a love passing the love of kindred.

"Thank ye, thank ye kindly, good neighbours and parishioners," said Father Neddy, when the Sullivans

and their burthens were fairly entered into his abode: "God 'll reward ye for thinking of the poor lone priest. Molly, take care o' the meal, and prime care o' the linen. I've hardly a tack of a shirt to my back, and the skin's wore off my bones with the sackcloth and ashes for the sins o' the people; but it's dacent to wear fine linen on a Sunday."

The brothers, encouraged by their reception, explained the nature of their mission, and were much as ounded at the reply of the wily priest.

"There's no people in the parish I'd sooner oblege; but it's clane out o' rason—against the Mosaic, Christian, and what's more, Holy Roman law. In the eyes o' heaven, and her handmaid, the church, they are all as one, as born brother and sister. Did ye never hear what the blessed Council o' Trint said? But how should ye, poor ignorant men!—don't look angry, boys, dear; I mean ignorant of spiritual not temporal matters—how should ye know any thing about it? It will be next to a clane impossibility to get the sowls o' one of the family out of purgatory, if so be ye let such a marriage take place; seeing that ye've been all aiders and abettors in such a contempt of the glorious commandments."

"But, y'er reverence,—sure, y'erself married Andrew Bonner's niece and son."

"True for ye; ye've a good memory, Corney—a grate blessing as it's applied—true for ye. May-be ye don't understand our infallibility—infallibility of the *spirit* it manes, which wars against the flesh, and the

flesh against it; and sometimes, ye see, when the spirit sleeps, the flesh (which, you understand, has, even in holy men, a spice of the ould boy in it, seeing it is of the earth, earthy—oh, what it is to know the Scriptures, as one may say, by God's act o' parliament, which we do!) goes wandering, and sometimes wrong. And even I, y'er parish priest, had to do pinnance for that wedding; and ye may believe it, that to this moment, notwithstanding the lashins o' silver—to say nothing of the powers o' gould—spent for his sake, Andrew Bonner's sowl is much too warm at this moment; only that's between you and me, and the wall. See how Providence turns things! Ye thought that wedding made for ye; and it quite the other way. Tin!—I wouldn't grant you a dispensation for twinty guineas, nor twinty, nor twinty, nor twinty, and that's four score—see that now! So, go home—repent o' y'er sins. Send Mary to me, till I rason with her—she's a God-fearing girl, and 'ill listen to rason wonderfully for a woman—and keep y'er house in order, and teach y'er children the grate first law—obadiance. And I'll make it my own business to look out a wife for Alick. Not a word more—it's no use. Sure ye wouldn't go aginst the priest!—begone, both of ye, and take my blessing along with ye; and now I'll go finish my matins." And Father Neddy Cormack sank down on the hassock in front of the great chair, and, to quote a favourite expression of his own, "peppered away at the prayers."

The brothers did not utter a word as they rode homewards, but exchanged looks of mournful import as they

saw Alick running forward to meet them—hope and joy animating his every movement—the wandering, affectionate Walter following his footsteps, and as eager almost as his brother to hear the news. It needed not telling—and both father and uncle were affected to tears, at the deep and earnest anguish which overspread, as a pall, the countenance of poor Alick.

"And was it for this she loved me—and was it for this I thought of her day and night—and would the Almighty suffer an unholy love to enter into such a girl as Mary, who looks more like an angel than an earthly woman? Oh, Mary, Mary, I can never see you more! Father—uncle—don't gainsay me! I'll go to sea—I can't remain at home!"

With such-like exclamations, and much bitterness of heart, they arrived at the mill. Mary's father, in a little time, went home; and it seemed as if the sad intelligence he brought had transformed his daughter into a marble statue; the colour forsook her cheek, her limbs stiffened, and they laid her on her humble couch, as one from whom the spirit had well nigh departed.

To persons unacquainted with the power once possessed by the priesthood, over the minds and actions of the Irish peasantry, such submission to the will of one man, and such a man as Father Cormack, may appear extraordinary; but those who remember the influence they *had*, and exercised, not a great many years ago, will be fully aware of its overwhelming extent. Most sincerely do I believe that it was in general exerted, not for evil, but for good; and it is,

perhaps, matter of astonishment that "they bore their faculties so meekly."

The day after the priest's decision, Alick and Mary avoided each other, as if by mutual consent; and as the evening approached, the poor girl wandered to the little vale that had been so lately the scene of her innocent hopes, and seated herself under the very lime-tree where she had sat with her lover.

She was roused from her reverie by no other than Stephen Cormack, who, in a tone that sounded to her ear like an insult, said, "he was very sorry to find her so lonesome, but glad to get spaking to her on something that concerned them both."

Mary rose up with what might be truly called dignity, and replied, "she knew of nothing that could concern them both."

"Oh, truth and honesty, Miss Mary! I haven't been coming after ye these two years, and you not know my honourable intintions. Sure, it's Mrs. Stephen Cormack I want ye to be; and bring ye mistress over my uncle's house, who can lay down goold for goold with y'er father. Ye needn't look so scornful either; there's as good grass in the meadow as ever was mowed."

"Stephen Cormack," said Mary, "if I looked as you say, I did'nt mean it. In whatever way a man proposes marriage to a woman, he does her honour; and I am grateful as I can be for what you have mentioned—but plain speaking is best. Were you King of England, or Emperor of all France, and I a poor lone outcast from home and family, I would lay my head under that tree, and die, sooner than be your wife."

"And more fool you, for that same!" he retorted, bitterly. "It's not every one would have ye now, after you and y'er born first cousin been spoken of over the parish for company-keeping."

"I seek no man's love," replied Mary, calmly; "but a *woman* calls you *coward*, Stephen Cormack, for daring to say to her, when no friend's by, what, if even her humble house-dog were resting at her feet, you wouldn't dare spake."

As she uttered the words she turned away towards the path that led to her home; but the young man seized her hand, and sought to detain her.

"What would ye with me, Stephen?—you know my mind; and ye know that Mary Sullivan is not given to change."

"Jist listen, Mary;—you and Alick never can be one in this world; and where 'ill you find a boy that loves ye better than myself?"

"You have y'er answer, Sir; and if you have my contempt, instead of my *pity*, ye may thank y'erself."

"Then, by the Holy Father, ye shall bitterly repent this treatment; and as I'm a living man, Mary, I'll see the day yet, when ye'll kneel for me to marry ye, and lie at my marcy, like that clod o' turf!"

The fellow kicked the green sward in illustration of his words; but at the same moment was extended at Mary's feet, by a blow from the stout shillala of our faithful ally, Walter, who appeared, as it were, from the bosom of the earth, to avenge the insult offered to his cousin. The anger of the half-witted man, once

excited, was not easily quelled. He repeated the blow, even while Mary was clinging to his arm, and would have persisted in his vengeance, had she not roused her energies, and commanded him to forbear. She hastened home, almost dragging Watty with her, and sent her father to convey the priest's nephew to his dwelling; but when he arrived at the glen, Stephen was nowhere to be found.

Mary retired early to her chamber that night; but sleep deserts the unhappy and unfortunate. It was not so with Jessie: the light-hearted girl slept as if she had never known and never could know either care or sorrow.

The family, at length, were all at rest. Mary arose from her bed, and opened the little casement, thinking the fresh breezes of night would cool her fevered brain. She thought a shadow passed across the yard, and even rested on the humble shrubs that Alick, in happier times had planted. She listened—the house dog did not bark, nor could she hear a single footstep; but the shadow returned—approached. She shut-to the window hastily, and the noise it made evidently apprised the intruder that some one watched his ramblings. The bushes were separated, and to her relief and astonishment, she recognized Walter's well-known face, peering upwards. Again she opened it, and inquired if any thing had happened at the mill.

"Whisht, agra, whisht—why a'n't you at rest?—I wouldn't have been here, only I thought I cold wish you a silent good night, under y'er windy. And I

wint my rounds, and found my little birds sleeping and happy. An' it's rejoiced I am to see ye; and now the moon's coming out clear, you can see me too. I don't look like a fool now—do I, Mary?—fit to visit a King—a'n't I?"

Watty was, indeed, metamorphosed. Over his usual gear he had buttoned his father's grey coat; and his brother's hat surmounted the scarlet kerchief he always wore round his head; he had also drawn on his father's top boots, and brandished his uncle's heavy whip in his hand.

"I've saddled Alick's pony," he continued, in a half whisper; "It's a merry bit of flesh, and follows me like a dog. And, Mary, a lannen! I'm going on a long journey—and jist clasp y'er two hands in the moonbames, and bless me, bless me!—and pray that God 'll increase my wit jist for twenty-four hours; and thin he may take it back again, for I've sense enough to see that it is the innocent things that's happiest in this world. Do, Mary, bless me!—ye ought, if ye knew but all; for it's for his sake and yours that I'm going."

The affectionate creature knelt as devoutly as if he solicited the prayers of the Virgin Mother, while his cousin, astonished at what was so inexplicable, implored him to explain his meaning.

"Bid God direct me, Mary! I haven't words to make ye understand what I'm after; but I know my own know, and there's the charm of a secret!—and the pony's calling me:—give me the blessing, or I must

go without it—and keep up y'er heart—and may-be the little sense that I have, stirr'd for good, will turn out better than a great mountain o' sense, not stirr'd at all."

Mary gave the blessing so earnestly implored. The instant it was delivered, Walter was out of sight; and in a few moments she heard the well known trot of Alick's pony, tripping along the high road that skirted the Bleach Green.

The succeeding day passed very gloomily in both houses. No one could conjecture Walter's purpose, or whither he was gone. He seldom rode, though he rambled occasionally, far from home, and visited family connexions even in the North, where he was always a welcome guest; for the strange mixture of keenness and simplicity that formed the distinguishing feature of his wandering mind, rendered him, when in a talkative mood, very entertaining; and above all, the skill and taste he evinced in singing national ballads ensured him a kindly welcome in every cottage.

The evening was dull and rainy; and the night set in with the cold shivering feel, so unnatural in summer time.

Sullivan occupied the "ingle nook"—his legs stretched out—his arms folded, except when he raised his hand to re-light or fill his pipe—that constant companion of Irish rest or reflection. His wife busied herself about household matters—Jessie was retrimming her leghorn bonnet—and Mary sat spinning, opposite her father; her foot moved as swiftly as usual, and her fingers twisted the delicate thread, as if her mind had

regained its tranquillity; but it was evident, from the varying expression of her countenance, that—

> " —— Many, and sad, and deep,
> Were the thoughts folded in her silent breast."

" Come, Jessie," said the father, " sing us a song; not too merry, nor too sorrowful, and, may-be, my little lark here will join you in it."

Mary replied with a sweet smile; but, nevertheless, her voice was not heard in the simple lay.

" Come, girls," said the father, " come—it's time to go to bed, darlints!—God send us a fine sun-rise!"

" And a happier one than we've had lately, ' added Mrs. Sullivan. " There is something come over the house that's turned every thing."

" May the Holy Saints protect us!" said Mary: " Somehow, I feel loath to go to bed—there's a weight on my heart and mournful sounding in my ears—I wish daylight was come!"

" See there, now, what you put in the child's head, Nelly, with your croaking! Whatever present trouble we have, Mary, my blessing, I feel that for your sake it will all pass. The Lord sent ye just like a delicate plant of sweet scent among us—a thing to mind and love: and now, agra, when the winter and storm have gone over, and the little plant has grown, and budded, and blossomed, it wouldn't be natural (and he that made Nature 'ud never turn against it) to cut it down."

" It may wither, father," murmured Mary, looking mournfully in her parent's face.

"*It shall not wither*, while I've a heart to press it to, or an arm to shelter it," he exclaimed, folding her to his bosom; and if tears *did* mingle in that pure and holy embrace, Corney Sullivan was neither less brave nor less manly for it.

The inmates of the Bleach House had long retired to rest, when Mrs. Sullivan started from her sleep, and shaking her husband violently, asked him if he had not heard a scream. Before he could reply, "Father!—Father!" was shrieked, with all the wildness of despair—and, merciful Providence!—in Mary's voice. He rushed to his room door, and endeavoured to force it open, but he strained every nerve in vain. Like many doors in Irish cabins, it opened from the outside; and it was evident that heavy pressure had been resorted to, to prevent its being pushed forward. Again the mournful wail, "Father!—Father!"—burst upon his ear. He stormed in impotent rage—he conjured those without, by every holy and sacred tie, to let him go forth. He then bethought him of the little window that opened on the thatch.—Alas! his head could hardly pass through the aperture. With frenzied eagerness he endeavoured to tear out the casement, even as a maniac attempts to rive his fetters. At length he succeeded, and the mud wall crumbled beneath his hands. He listened—the affecting words were not repeated: within, the sound of footsteps had ceased, but suddenly without all was bustle; and as he renewed his exertions, the tramp of horsemen came heavily upon his ear. Again he flew to the door; it

was unfastened: extended on the earthen floor of the kitchen, he beheld Jessie in a state of perfect insensibility; he rushed to the fore-court—even the sound of the horses' hoofs had died in the distance; he sped to his brother's house—they were not long in coming to his assistance, and accompanied him speedily to the plundered nest. His wife's state of mind may be better conceived than described; and the only account Jessie could give of the outrage was, that she was roused from her sleep by masked and armed men entering their chamber, and that despite her efforts, they rolled a horseman's cloak round her cousin, and dragged her forth.

To rouse the neighbours—saddle, spur, and away after the lawless plunderers, was the universal resolve. It may readily be believed that Alick was foremost in exertion; but the ruffians had anticipated pursuit. The saddles in the sheds, dignified by the name of stables, at both houses were cut to pieces; and a brown farm-horse, with the exception of Alick's pony, the only good roadster in their possession, was cruelly maimed.

"Oh if Watty had been here, this could not have happened!" they exclaimed; "he has the ear of a hare, the foot of a hound, and the eye of an eagle;" but it was vain. And the grey morning had almost dawned, before a party, consisting of seven tolerably well-mounted and well-armed men, sallied forth in pursuit of the lost treasure. Various were the conjectures as to the probable authors of the abduction, and the

course the miscreants had pursued. The Sullivans were silent on the former topic, but seemed to opine that Mary had been carried towards the very lawless neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood.

The crime of conveying the daughters of respectable farmers from their own homes, and forcing them to marry, frequently, persons whom they had never seen, was at one time not at all uncommon in Ireland; even in my own quiet district, I remember, about sixteen years ago, a circumstance of the kind that made a powerful impression on my youthful mind, although there was much less of villany about it than characterized "the lifting" of Mary Sullivan. Unfortunately the friends of the perpetrators on such occasions, seem to argue themselves into the belief that when such affairs terminate in *marriage* no evil has been committed.

The parties agreed to separate—four to pursue the by-roads leading to a wild district of morass and hill, called Keenahan's wood; and three, the more direct and better known way, to the same place, in another direction. The neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood had been famed as the residence of a sort of Catholic Gretna-green Irish priest—a jovial out-cast friar, who laughed and poached, and married. Although none of the regular clergy associated with him, he concluded all sorts of run-away and forced matches; it was, therefore, natural to suppose that Mary had been borne in that direction. Alick, his father, and two friends, took the former road; and Corney Sullivan,

and two others, the latter. As they passed Cormack's house, Alick looked fixedly at it; and his father almost involuntarily exchanged glances with him, when they perceived a head, which could not be mistaken, withdrawn from one of the windows, and an open shutter closed.

"Father Neddy's early at his devotions," observed Alick, in a low and bitter tone.

"I wonder what he thinks of seeing so many of us astir in the dim o' the morning," replied the other.

"May-be he knows by inspiration," continued the youth, with increasing bitterness; but if it is as I think, I 'll drive, and tear, and throw open—ay, the very altar; and I 'll have justice and revenge before I lay side on a bed, or taste drink stronger nor water."

Whisht! for mercy's sake, whisht!" exclaimed the father: "wait awhile, and don't be so rash."

They stopped at every hamlet—they questioned every individual, but for many miles received no intelligence. At last, a beggar-woman who had slept under shelter of a ditch during the night, and was, to use her own phrase, "getting the children to rights, and making them comfortable," said, that about two hours before, three men had gone that way—she had looked up, upon hearing them pass—"they were riding aisy," and one of them carried a slight woman before him on the horse, "which struck her, strange," as she lay more like a dead than a living thing. They took off the high road across the bog, in the direction of Keenahan's wood; "and she soon lost sight of 'em, as daylight wasn't clane in."

Our friends followed the track she told of, and heard again from some turf-clampers that the same party had passed them about an hour before. The information, however, did not appear to increase the chance of their search being crowned with success. In the direction pointed out by the turf-cutters all trace of road was lost; the ground was uneven, and they were obliged to lead their horses. Scrubby, and often gigantic furze, thickened on the borders of the wood, so as to present almost a positive barrier to their progress; while every now and then, a deep pit-fall, or a treacherous shaking bog, impeded their course: and it required all their strength and dexterity to extricate themselves from the clayey thickness of the soil.

Keenahan's wood shewed darkly in the distance, as it crept up the Slivoath mountain, whose craggy top frowned amid the thin and fleecy clouds.

"There can be no harm," observed the elder Sullivan, "in going to Friar Leary's: sorra' a job of the kind done that he hasn't a hand in; and something tells me we shall soon find our lost lamb."

It was agreed that one of the party should take charge of the horses, while the others proceeded slowly and cautiously on foot, under cover of the wood. They could not expect any information from the beings who inhabited the dreary and dangerous district they now entered, as they were generally believed to subsist by plunder; for in times of national tumult, suspicious persons always found shelter in the fastnesses of Slivoath, and many bloody acts of violence had been perpetrated under the dense trees.

The few half-naked urchins whom they met, either pretended total ignorance of the friar's dwelling, or, as they afterwards discovered, invariably set them wrong. Thus, fatigued in body and mind, they struggled through the tangled brush-wood; and although the sun was high in the heavens, its rays could hardly penetrate the deep thickness of the matted trees.

A broad and brawling stream, occasionally bubbling and frothing over the impediments that huge stones and ledges presented to its impetuosity, divided the path (if the course they had pursued might be so called), and formed an opening, where the air, relieved from its wearisome confinement, rushed in a swift, pure current over the waters. The banks, on the opposite side, were steep and dangerous. Huge masses of the mountain rock, round whose base the stream meandered, rose abruptly from the surface: some were fringed by the thorny drapery of the wild briar and ragged nettle; others were bleak and barren, and the sunbeams glittered on flints, and portions of red granite, that, like many of the worldly, basked in the sun of prosperity, and yielded nothing in return.

The party followed the course of the mimic river, and the mountain grew higher and higher as they proceeded. The depth of the water, too, had evidently increased; probably owing to the late rains; for it washed over a rustic bridge, well known in the district by the name of "the friar's pass," and which, they rightly conjectured, led to the abode of "the Irish Friar Tuck."

Above this simple structure, that consisted of two huge trees tied together, a portion of the mountain jutted, and formed a semi-arch of wild and singular beauty. Its summit was thickly imbedded in bright and shining moss, and its glittering greenery was a delightful relief to the eye that had so long dwelt on noisome weeds and rugged rocks.

While the little party were gazing on the fairy spot, a loud shout thundered on their ears: for a moment they were petrified; and then involuntarily rushed to cross the bridge. Their progress, however, was arrested by the scene that presented itself, in what, as they gazed upon it, appeared mid-air: Walter Sullivan—his black hair streaming like a pennon on the breeze—in eager pursuit of Stephen Cormack, who seemed anxious to gain the path that descended to the stream; but with another shout, or rather howl, Watty sprang on him, as the eagle would on the hawk, and both engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle. Neither were armed, but the fearful effort for existence gave strength to Stephen's exertions. With the ferocity of tigers they clutched each other's throats, and as they neared the edge the half-maniac redoubled his exertions to throw his weaker antagonist over it. Alick and his father flew up the cliff; nothing but the supernatural energy with which Walter was imbued could have saved Cormack's life. He had succeeded in loosening the hold upon his throat, and then, taking him round the waist as if he had been an infant, upheld him for a moment, over the abyss, and hurled him forward; had he been

pushed over, his doom must have been instant death; the pointed rocks would have mangled him into a thousand pieces; but the crime that would have attached to the hitherto "harmless innocent," was providentially prevented, and Stephen fell into the stream.

The combat I have taken so long to relate occupied but a few seconds—before the worthless youth's associates in crime were able to effect his rescue.

Where the wild man had wandered shall be presently related; he was on his return, and by way of shortening his road determined on crossing Slivoath and the wood; he came unexpectedly upon the gang, who had been obliged to dismount, and were forcing his sweet cousin Mary up the narrow and winding path, leading to the hut or cell where the friar resided; armed with but his riding-whip, he instantly fell upon them, and, as "conscience doth make cowards of us all"—they at first imagined they were overtaken by the party, which, notwithstanding their precautions, they had little doubt would muster with the morning dawn. The eagerness evinced by Walter to punish the principal aggressor has been already shewn, but it was fortunate for him that his friends arrived at the critical moment; he could have had little chance of escape, as the other ruffians had recovered from their surprise, and doubtless would have had slight scruples of conscience about despatching him.

Mary was soon surrounded by her friends, for her father and the men who had taken the other road joined them shortly after the rencontre had taken place.

Alick's pony was invaluable; the creature seemed to know its way by intuition, and had now the honour of carrying Mary. Alick guided the bridle, while her father supported her with his arm. Stephen's object had evidently been to force a marriage; and had the rescue been delayed a few minutes longer, his plan might have been successful.

"It's no time to talk of it now," observed Alick; "but I'll have my revenge yet. I'll go to the Bishop —and if that won't do, to the Pope; and I'll have that man——"

"Alick, avourneen!" interrupted Walter, "if it's no time to talk, can't you hould y'er tongue?—look, I've no manner of compassion for any of ye; this very minute, the only people to be pitied is jist me and the pony—who's as good as gould, and goes as smilingly along as if he hadn't travelled near seventy miles, since ere last night;—then I pity myself, because I'm a fool —and so, I suppose, can never have a sweet-heart, but must live alone, like that great poplar tree, that even the birds fly by without resting upon. It's very quare, I never found even a sparrow's nest in a poplar!"

"Do tell us where you've been, Watty!" inquired Alick, anxious to change the conversation.

"All in good time—not till we get home; and mind, uncle, at the Bleach House ye must give us all supper: and Mary, if ye're not able to sit up, I'll support ye—but to rest not one of ye shall go, till ye've heard my travels."

"Some folly, I'll go bail," observed his father.

Walter looked at him—nodded, but only replied, "time 'ill tell."

The day was fully spent, and the gentle twilight had been succeeded by the deepening darkness of night; gradually the pale stars came out in their meek beauty, illuminating the blue arch of heaven with their sparkling fires. The party were too fatigued to keep up any conversation, always excepting Walter, whose spirits were overflowing, and who sung snatches of old ballads with untiring perseverance. When they came within sight of the village, through which they must pass before they arrived at the Sullivans' home, the party halted and gave three loud cheers; in a moment every living soul, even to the toddling wee thing hanging to its mother's apron, rushed as with one feeling to meet and congratulate them; the joyous shout spread even to the silent dwelling where the mother of Mary, sick and despairing, was rocking herself over the ashes of the turf fire. Jessie had joined the villagers, and, in her boisterous happiness, kissed and embraced every one she encountered.

But who can relate the meeting of the mother and daughter!—how the aged woman laid the pale girl on her bosom; pushed back from her delicate features the clustering and disarranged tresses; again and again pressed her lips on her fair brow, and repeated over and over, the sweet words, "My child, my own born child, is safe!—my child, my own born child, is safe!" Nor was her aunt less fervent in her demonstrations of affection.

In the excessive joy of this happy restoration, few thought of the sorrow that still weighed on the hearts of Alick and Mary. Nor was it until Watty had three times shaken his aunt by the shoulders, and demanded supper for himself and his companions, that the poor woman would resign her child.

"Ye 're keening over her as if she were dead—so ye are—and I want my supper; for after that I 've got a message for his Reverence, Father Neddy, that I swore to give afore I 'd lay side on a bed this happy night."

Rashers of bacon, fresh eggs, new milk, strong ale, and plenty of hot whisky-punch, formed the regale.

"Jessie," said Mrs. Sullivan, "if ye were handy now, ye would n't be long twisting the necks of five or six chickens, and they 'd do iligantly in the red ashes."

"No, no!" vociferated Walter, "I 'll not stay in the house if a living thing is made dead this night. I 've got the means of making ye all kings and queens; one round, loud huzza—now a glass a-piece—and now for a fool's toast—'May ould Nick make the bed of all who contrive mischief!' Alick, come here, agra—read that, astore! I never saw the good of teaching people to dirty clane paper, until I got that scrap from his high Reverence, Doctor O'Brien—bishop of this and other districts."

All stared in stupid astonishment, as Alick took the proffered document; he unfolded it; but kept the contents most religiously to himself; it was soon evident he could not read it aloud; his cheek flushed—his eye kindled—his hand trembled: yet still he held it fast, as

if fearful that if aught touched it, save himself, the illusion would be destroyed.

"Give it me, Alick," said Walter, taking it from him, "give it me. Now, father, read it. I know what it is—but I 'd like to hear it set out regularly. Why, you look as much bothered as Alick—now for it!"

The father did indeed read—what gave universal happiness to the entire party—A DISPENSATION, under the Bishop's own hand; fully authorizing the marriage of Alick and Mary Sullivan. The ecstasies, and happiness, and above all, the gratitude felt and spoken, can be much better imagined than described.

Astonishment was loudly and universally expressed, as to the how and the where of Walter's plans. Watty, however, was never long in one mood, and he seemed disposed to hold his tongue, just at the moment they wished him to be particularly communicative.

"Let Mary ask him—let Mary ask him to tell, and he will!" said Jessie.

"May-be I might then; if she 'd ask me purty, and call me brother." This was obviously a difficult task for the blushing bride-elect; but on Watty's placing his ear very near her lips, she, I suppose, complied, for he seemed satisfied; and seating himself on the table, in the midst of his animated and delighted auditory, recited his adventures.

"Ye mind Doctor O'Brien's sister's son, who is to be a priest, and was staying for a while at the squire's—well, he was very kind to me, as you may remember;

and took a power o' pains to insense me into many things, and was desperate civil to me all thro', and often wanted me to go up to his uncle's place; indeed, I think he 'd ha' made a priest o' me, if he had his will;—ye may laugh—but sure it 's faith is the great thing in a priest; and, father, if ye had given me the larning, I 'd ha' been a jewil of a priest; but no matter —somehow, it came across me, that Father Neddy took too much entirely upon himself, about the *dispensation.*" (Here a general "Oh, oh, Watty!"—"asy, Watty!" murmured amid the hearers). "If ye don 't let me tell my story my own way, ye may do without it," said the orator; "I 'm not afraid to repate it—like many others in the world, he took too much upon himself—save us!—don 't worms ate priests' flesh, as well as ours? There now, Mary, honey, if it vexes *you*, I won 't brathe a morsel more about it! Well, I bethought me I'd jist make myself dacent, and go *unknowingly*, and lay the whole case before his holiness the Bishop; seeing I was sure o' the good word of my ould play-fellow, his sister's son: so I set off, as you know—but you don 't know that when I got to his house—my darlints!—it 's off he was—a big piece the other side o' Keenahan's wood, and my honorable friend with him, going a 'visiting' for a bit. Well, I took after him—Rory and me—and of coorse I first axed to see the young gentleman; and sure he 's the ould thing, only a dale more stout and hearty; and—I 'm sorry for him—very much given to shooting queests, which I tould him was very unchristian." (Here

another "Oh! Oh! Oh!" burst forth; but Walter continued.) "Well, he has a kind heart!—he remembered all of ye; and said my family was at the top of the country for dacency. So he brought me straight to his uncle, and wouldn't put me up what to say—only bid me tell my story my own way; and then I thought o' the blessing you gave me, Mary, and spoke up, nothin' daunted. He's a fine man, the Bishop, as you'd see in a month o' Sundays; tall, like a mountain ash, with hair as white as the foam o' the waves, and a voice so soft—yet so grand! 'Did you say,' says he, in fine English, 'that the girl and boy have grown up under one roof and taken heart-love to each other from their early years?' I remember his very words.

"'Jist, y'er grate reverence,' I made answer, 'like two birds in a pigeon's nest; and a cool look, nor a hard thought, has never come betwixt one of the family.'

"'I wonder why Father Cormack should so go against it,' says he again.

"'If y'er honour's glory 'ill permit, I 'll tell ye,' says I. 'He has a bit of a nevvy that's taken a wonderful fancy to Mary's face and Mary's farm—his reverence knows him.' (I knew the young master had an ould grudge agin him, for a dirty turn he did). So with that he spakes up, and says his say, out o' the face, and fitted his jacket nately, like an honourable, honest man.

"Well, they began talking in an unknown tongue, after the fashion of a batch of crows—caw—click—

caw—caw—and at last the Bishop says, 'You know that a Dispensation is a grate expinse, and those who expect the like favours from the church must help to support it.'

"'To be sure,' says I, 'but as I mane all this as a surprise—and thinking of the state the craturs are both in, dying with such a complaint, and all, I trust y'er reverence's Holiness will be light upon me.'"

"Sure, I 'd have given hundreds for it," exclaimed Alick.

"It 's you 'ud be the fool then," observed Walter:

"It 'ud be no better for that—I pulled out my bag—(I had five guineas in all)—"

"Where did ye get the money?" inquired his father.

"Don 't ye remember," replied the young man, "that whenever my head is steady enough to do a turn o' work, ye pay me for it?—and I saved it all up—for my heart tould me that some o' ye might want it, one of these days; wild Watty has no right to it—for sure he 's been a pain or a reproach to ye all his life—little better than a born natural." The tone of deep feeling, with which the poor fellow uttered these words, contrasted painfully with his former cheerful voice; it was like the tolling of a funeral knell, even while the sound of joy-bells lingered on the air; but after a brief pause he resumed:

"'Five guineas,' said the Bishop, 'is the lowest penny.'

"'Och, murder!—y'er honour's reverence 'ud never think of that, sure;' said I—'three guineas and a half

—(I 'd scorn, poor as I am, to offer ye trash o' paper) I 'll give that any how.' Well, he considered a bit, and the two began the ci—caw—cawing, in the foreign language, which I own I didn't think manners—except for quality—to be sure they 've ways of their own—well, he offers me the thing for four guineas; and done, says I, and tould it down to him on the sod, honest, as the saying is, as a judge. Well (now listen, boys, for the flower of the story!) he takes up the gould, and he looked at me somehow—so kind that my heart went bob—bobbing—and my eyes felt quare. 'Take it back,' said he—and with that he handed it across to me—'and keep it to buy a wedding *shute*, and an old man prays that at the day o' judgment all may make as *clane breasts* as you have now: keep the money, and there's the Dispensation.'

"Now, boys and girls," added Watty, grinning—"isn't it the hoight o' condescension in me to be discoorsing you here—after talking face to face to a bishop? Look at me, I've seen *one* of the world's wonders—a priest return money!—but I expect to see another—a wife that won't *scowld*. Ye all know the rest," he added, when the merry laugh had subsided, excited by his last remark; "how I was returning by way of a short cut through the wood, and—but where's the good o' going back, as ye say that spillogue of a villain got off?—well, may-be so best—only I don't like to think of it."

After many demonstrations of Irish joy, which I beg it clearly to be understood is much more boisterous than

sober English custom would warrant, and various congratulations, the party separated.

"Now I'm off to the priest," exclaimed Watty.

"You're not, take my word for it," replied his father; "what 'ud you go to the priest at this hour for?"

"Jist to do the Bishop's bidding—sorra' a thing else—didn't he tell me to tell Father Neddy, with his compliments, that he'd be with him the morrow?—and—by the powers, I clane forgot it!—he said he'd have the pleasure of marrying Mary and Alick, his holy self, the next day."

As he concluded this sentence, there commenced in the cottage a confusion of tongues, and noises not easily described. Mary, who had been exchanging a few parting words with her lover on the narrow step leading to her little chamber, leaned against the rail for support; the only face that beamed unalloyed pleasure, and the perfection of happiness, was Alick's—he pressed Mary's hand closely to his heart; and then, with a delicacy of feeling that would add a new grace to any rank, however exalted it might be, beckoned Jessie to assist her to her room; and, giving utterance to the joy and hope which filled his bosom, gently and affectionately bade her good night.

"It's quite an impossibility! Watty, ye'll never come to good for not telling us afore—sure that was the first thing ye should ha' thought of!" said the father of Mary.

"A Bishop, body and bones, coming to marry a child o' mine!" exclaimed the mother; "and not a thing in

the house!—the hens in the laying time—thin as frosty snipeens; and the chickens not as big as larks! Sorra' a grain o' tea have we, nor a drop o' wine—it can't be, that's sartin!"

There was too much anxious conversation going forward in the kitchen, for Jessie to remain long in Mary's room; from which she soon flounced forth, exclaiming, "It's out o' the question; and a dirty turn o' ye, Watty, not to tell it at once, and ye more nor two hours in the house; and not a stitch o' book muslin to be had nearer nor Ballybay, nor so much as a yard o' satin ribbon. Oh, joy be with you, sweet Dublin!—one has only to cross a street, and the most beautifulest o' things for funerals or weddings are to y'er hand. If y'er pockets are full o' money, sure it's there ye can empty them, and that without any trouble to signify; while *hers*, one may live for ages, and see nothin' worth dressing for—nothing but the likes o' ye, Watty, and folk too busy in love to think of any but thimselves, and a pack of old fogies that I wouldn't be seen spaking to in darlint Dublin."

"Ye're wrong, Miss Jessie," replied Walter, "in one thing; sorra' o' the likes o' me, here or elsewhere, ye'll ever see. As to Dublin, or any other place, you girls 'ill contrive to spend y'er money, if ye have it; but look I'll go off in the morning to Ballybay, and bring ye as much finery as ye want—and tay, and sugar, and wine, and every thing—for a wedding we must have; and now I'm off to the priest's."

The miller accompanied his son; and neither family

went to bed that night, so busy were they with preparations for the coming feast—for in that light an Irish wedding is always considered. After the seniors had maturely deliberated on the affair, it was an agree-upon-matter that it was perfectly impossible to put off a priest, much less a bishop; and I confess myself unable to describe the extreme preparations that consequently occupied the next morning, day, and night. Such doings had never been heard of in the country. Literally, the fatted calf was killed; and Walter executed his commissions to the satisfaction of everybody, except Jessie, for he brought her white calico instead of muslin —declaring that it was worse than mad to pay so much more money for what was no better than a cobweb.

Sweet Mary Sullivan!—she appreciated too highly the affection of Alick, the wild, devoted kindness of poor Walter, and the condescension of the Bishop, to urge obstacles which she did not feel ought to exist. The desire of her heart was fulfilled—the affection that had grown with her growth was to flow on undisturbed in its unpolluted course; and she silently thanked God, and prayed that she might continue worthy of Alick's love.

To a delicately-minded woman, the wedding-day is one of mingled mournfulness and hope. To be another's —to resign to another's care her will, her happiness— to think that every feeling must be moulded to please one, who accepts her submission as a duty, not a favour —is a sacrifice indeed; but, the hope, that, in return for the homely comforts, the cheerful acquiescence, the

soothing voice, the ready smile, the delightful tranquillity that woman's love sheds over the humblest home, — the hope that these tendernesses will be repaid by the wise guidance, the steady counsel, the noble friendship into which the tumultuous feelings of the lover subside, when he is called husband, cheers and supports the most sensitive mind under a change so decided and entire.

Doctor O'Brien was received with slavish obsequiousness by Father Neddy Cormack, and the house was put in especial order for the purpose. He, however, declined accepting the priest's invitation to remain. He was going on to the squire's, he said, to spend the night; but hoped to have the pleasure of meeting his reverence to-morrow at the Bleach House. Father Cormack must see, he added, the necessity of his appearing there; as he had heard on his way that a very dreadful outrage had been committed on the Sullivan family, into which some inquiry must necessarily be made.

I am sorry for it—but the next day Father Neddy was at the "pint o' death wid the agee, and a smodering about his heart, and a pain in his head, and not able to touch a drop o' liquor"—according to Katty O'Flinn, who smelt the wedding preparations afar off; as did some dozens of variegated beggars, who afterwards, seated on the greensward, enjoyed the remnants of the treat—a peculiar privilege, which that class of persons have enjoyed time out of mind; to them a wedding or a funeral are alike signals for feasting; and I

have often been amused at the mixture of rags and happiness such gipsy-like groups present.

Need I add that our bride looked lovely—that the bridegroom was grateful for his long-sought treasure—that the bishop was gracious, and departed with the heartfelt prayers of his people? No!—but I must add that the air of that part of the country disagreed so much with Father Neddy Cormack, he soon found it necessary to "quit," for another province; and that the bishop's nephew was appointed to his parish—a circumstance at which Walter rejoiced exceedingly; the more so, as the young priest good naturedly promised to forego his once-favourite amusement of "shooting wood-queests."

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